30 DAYS OF NIGHT

DELUXE EDITION

BOOK TWO

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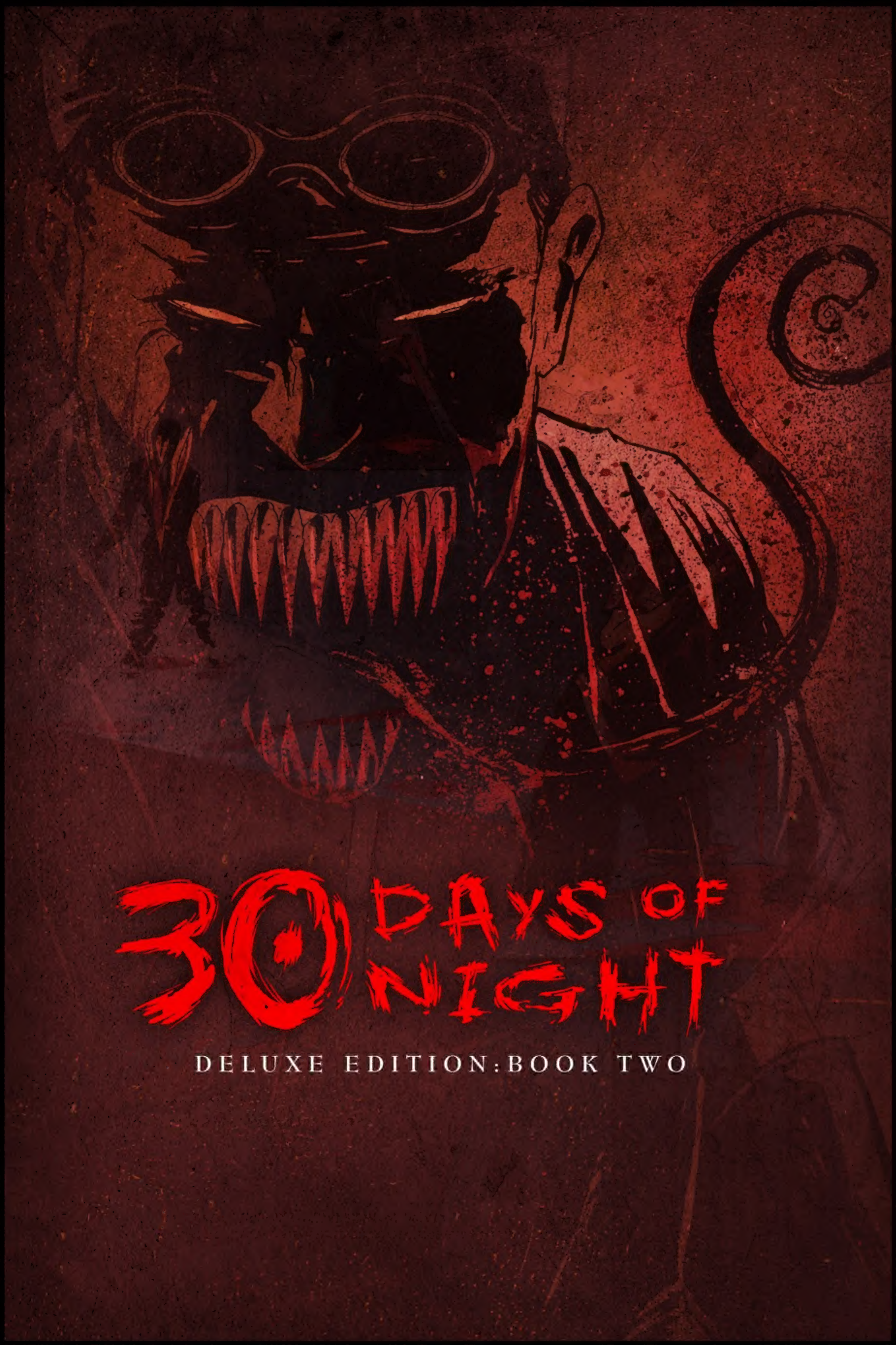
30 DAYS OF NIGHT
DELUXE EDITION:BOOK TWO

IDW @IDWpublishing
IDWpublishing.com

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EISBN: 9781649362216 DIGITAL

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Originally published as 30 DAYS OF NIGHT: BLOODSUCKER TALES issues #1–8, "PICKING UP THE PIECES" in 30 DAYS OF NIGHT: THREE TALES, 30 DAYS OF NIGHT 2005 ANNUAL, 30 DAYS OF NIGHT: DEAD SPACE issues #1–3, and 30 DAYS OF NIGHT: SPREADING THE DISEASE issues #1–5.

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30 DAYS OF NIGHT CREATED BY
STEVE NILES AND BEN TEMPLESMITH

DEAD BILLY DEAD

ART BY KODY CHAMBERLAIN

SOME JACKASS TOLD ME ONE TIME THAT YOUR LIFE FLASHES BEFORE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU DIE.

WHAT A LOAD OF SHIT.

I'M DYING AND THE ONLY SHOW I'M GETTING IS THE SIGHT OF MY BLOOD POURING FROM MY NECK.

I DON'T WANT TO DIE.

THAT'S ALL I REALLY REMEMBER THINKING, BUT I DIDN'T GET NO CRANIAL SLIDESHOW.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, LITTLE HUMAN?

I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU.

MY COMPANION OF SEVERAL DECADES GOT HIMSELF KILLED LAST MONTH. A HUMAN MURDERED HIM.

I TOLD HIM NOT TO GO TO BARROW. I TOLD HIM IT WAS A FOOL'S ERRAND. BUT HE DIDN'T LISTEN. I WAS TOLD HE DIED BEHEADED BY A SHOTGUN AND THEN BURNED. TERRIBLE.

I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND. THIS ISN'T PERSONAL. I DON'T LIKE BEING ALONE.

UHHHHHH...

I'M SORRY IT HURTS.

IT WILL PASS ONCE YOU'VE DIED.

PLEASE, DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER THAN IT HAS TO BE.

NUUUUH...

AHHHHH!

AAAARRRGH!

FUCK YOU.

...SHIT...

NUH.

NUH, NUH, NUH-

PHONE

PHONE

...MAGGIE, IT'S ME, BILLY...DON'T HANG UP!

PLEASE, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN CALL...

YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T. YOU SAID WE'D HAVE A CLEAN BREAK. NO DRAMA.

BABY... SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED.

THAT MUCH IS OBVIOUS.

PHONE

NOW...YOU PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM AND START EXPLAINING ALL THAT BLOOD ON YOU.

"BILLY?! BILLY?!"

BILLY?! BILLY?!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

SAVE IT FOR THE—

HOLY!

AHHH!

STEP BACK!

DON'T MOVE! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

GET ON THE GROUND! GET ON THE GROUND!

WAIT.

GET ON THE...

...GROUND.

I SAID *WAIT.*

BANG

KICK 'EM.

HE DEAD?

HE'S NOT BREATHING.

STOP. KICKING. ME.

WE GOING AFTER HIM?

FUCK NO.

THEN HOW DO WE WRITE THIS UP, GERRY?

METH-HEAD WENT APESHIT AND GOT AWAY.

WHAT ABOUT THE SHOT?

WELL, BRIAN, I GUESS I JUST FUCKING MISSED.

HEADQUARTERS, THIS IS CAR 73. WE HAVE A 1061 TO REPORT. SHOTS FIRED...

FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.

I'M DEAD. I KNOW IT.

NO "U" TURN

DO NOT BLOCK

I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHAT I'VE BECOME.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE THINGS ANY EASIER.

I'D RATHER BE DEAD. REAL DEAD. *DEAD DEAD.*

MAGGIE?

I DON'T WANT THIS.

M... MAGGIE.

OHMYGOD, BILLY! WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DID YOU HANG UP?

SHIT, BILLY! YOU'RE HURT!

I GOT ATTACKED BY SOME GUY.

SO MUCH BLOOD. ARE YOU-?

THERE'S NOTHING HERE. WHOSE BLOOD IS THIS, BILLY?

WEIRD. I... IT WAS THERE... A COP SHOT ME.

SOME GUY? COPS? YOU BETTER GET YOUR STORY STRAIGHT.

THERE'S A BAG OF YOUR CLOTHES IN THE CLOSET. CLEAN UP AND GET OUT OF HERE.

AW, MAGGIE, I SWEAR I—

DON'T!

JUST DON'T.

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ME AFTER WHAT HAPPENED, BUT...

YEAH, WALKING IN ON YOU SCREWING JULIE REALLY PUT A CRIMP IN THE WHOLE *TRUST* THING.

...I'M NOT LYING TO YOU. I WAS ATTACKED.

OKAY... SORRY. WHO WAS IT? WHY DID HE ATTACK YOU?

I THINK... HE WAS... A *VAMPIRE.*

POLICE

POLICE

POLICE

HERE. I WROTE WHAT YOU SAID.

SMART.

DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD SAY *SOMETHING* ABOUT WHAT WE SAW?

NO, I WANT TO KEEP MY JOB.

BOTH OF US SAW-

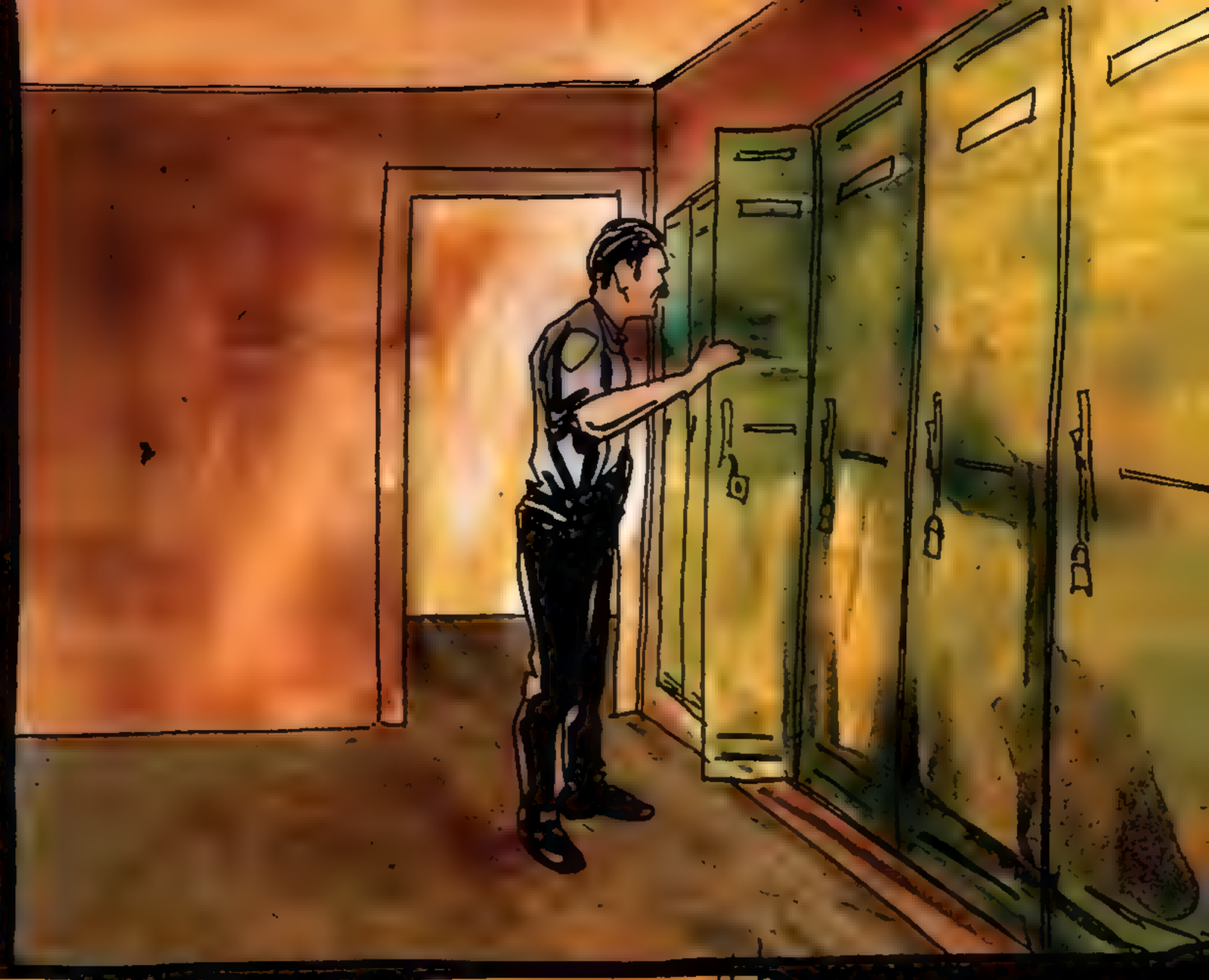
POLICE

A LOWLIFE JUNKIE *FREAK* ATTACKED US AND THEN GOT AWAY. *THAT'S* WHAT HAPPENED.

THAT'S WHAT I SAW. IF YOU THINK IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE, YOU'RE ON YOUR FUCKING OWN!

POLICE

LOCKERS



POLICE
30 DAYS OF NIGHT

MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL.

AND TELL THEM WHAT?

I... DON'T KNOW.

AND THE FACT IS... I FEEL KINDA GOOD RIGHT NOW. I MEAN, MAYBE IT WILL PASS.

MAYBE HE DIDN'T FINISH WHAT HE WAS DOING TO ME, YA KNOW?

EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO FAST. MAYBE THE COP MISSED ME. MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE ADRENALINE THAT MADE ME GO NUTS.

MAYBE.

OH!

BILLY!
OH, NO!
OH, NO!

MUUURAAAAAAWWW

GET AWAY FROM ME!

MAGGIE...

WHAT'M I GOING TO DO?

THE SUN'S COMING UP.

WE BETTER COVER THE WINDOWS.

A FEW DAYS LATER.

I'M GOING TO TAKE THE GIRLS TO TARGET WITH ME. CAN YOU PULL THE COVER OFF THE POOL SO THEY CAN SWIM WHEN WE GET BACK?

UH-HUH.

I THOUGHT WE'D FILL THE POOL WITH CHERRY JELL-O AND EAT OUR WAY OUT. HOW'S THAT SOUND, SWEETIE?

SOUNDS GOOD.

READING THAT SAME BOOK AGAIN?

WELL, IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT TO SPEND YOUR SATURDAY.

I LOVE YOU GUYS.

WE LOVE YOU, DADDY!

HAVE FUN! LEAVE SOME STUFF FOR OTHER PEOPLE TO BUY!

They are active again, the vampires; we can hear them moving outside around the clock searching homes for survivors. Sometimes, thankfully we hear nothing, but all too often the sounds of vampires searching are followed by the screams of people we know begging for their lives.

when Eben found an untouched stash of canned foods in a storage unit behind Sam Ikos diner we had no choice but to venture out once again among hungry invaders. They are active again, the vampires, we can hear them moving outside around the clock searching homes for survivors.

YOU COMING TO BED?

SOON.

But each time we go out into the cold night we learn a little more about their behavior, their tendencies and hopefully, someday, a weakness. The first few times we ventured out we varied our path and found that the vampires did not adjust their patrol paths. No matter how we varied, they did not adapt which Eben

adjust their patrol paths. No matter how we varied, they did not adapt which Eben takes to mean they are creatures of habit and tend to walk the same ground over and over, varying only when a new victim is found.

Eben commented that maybe the killer returning to the scene of the crime originated from the vampire legend. I told him flat-out, I thought that was probably not the case.

I GOT THE BLOODIEST MEAT THEY HAD.

THERE'S SLURP ALMOST SLURP NOTHING!

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?

I NEED MORE!

LET ME CALL A DOCTOR.

NO. THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

WHAT ABOUT PROFESSOR SAXON? REMEMBER THE GUY AT UCLA WHO TEACHES FOLKLORE AND MYTHOLOGY? HE'S INTO THIS KIND OF STUFF.

I... DON'T REMEMBER HIM.

SURE YOU DO. REMEMBER HE HAD THAT AUTHOR SPEAK LAST YEAR, THE WOMAN WHO CLAIMED TO HAVE SURVIVED A VAMPIRE ATTACK.

DIDN'T THE COPS SHUT THAT DOWN?

YEAH, YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE.

SAXON... I ALMOST TOOK THAT CLASS.

HE KNOWS THIS STUFF. MAYBE HE CAN HELP US.

I CAN'T... I CAN'T... IT HURTS TOO MUCH...

I HAVE THE FACULTY LIST. I CAN CALL HIM TONIGHT. YOU CAN MAKE IT.

NO... I CAN'T...

I HAVE TO HAVE BLOOD!

NO... BILLY... DON'T!

BILLY?

CRASH

VAMPIRE!

EATEN ALIVE

MAGGIE.

YES, YES, OF COURSE I REMEMBER YOU, MAGGIE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

MAGGIE.... PLEASE... SLOW DOWN. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE...

HE SAYS HE NEEDS... BLOOD.

DOCTOR? ARE YOU STILL THERE?

Campus Lecture Turns To Riot!

STELLA OLEMAUN

YES... I'M STILL HERE.

WHERE ARE YOU?

HOME... I'M HOME.

ARE YOU STILL AT THE... NORTH HOLLYWOOD ADDRESS?

YEAH, YEAH. SAME PLACE.

I'M SO SCARED, DOCTOR. I DIDN'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO CALL.

STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE. I'LL BE THERE AS SOON AS I CAN.

THANK YOU, DR. SAXON! THANK YOU!

THANK ME? IT IS I WHO WILL BE THANKING YOU, MY DEAR.

I FOUND ONE. SOON THEIR SECRETS WILL BE OURS, STELLA.

AND THEN, AT LAST, I WILL FIND YOU AGAIN AND SHOW YOU HOW MUCH MY LOVE HAS GROWN SINCE WE MET.

HOWSER
FUNERAL HOME

I'M SORRY. WE'RE CLOSED. IF THIS IS AN EMERGENCY YOU CAN-

I'LL GIVE YOU $500 FOR A QUART OF BLOOD DRAINED FROM A CORPSE AND ANOTHER $500 FOR YOUR SILENCE.

COME IN.

I DON'T WANT TO KILL.

BUT I NEED IT.

NEED IT SO BAD.

HUH!

KILLED FIRST, AND THEN THROWN.

THIS IS THE SPOT.

YESSSSSS. THIS IS THE SPOT!

HOLY SHIT!

THE SPOT WHERE I DIED!

AND NOW, WHERE *YOU* WILL DIE!

STAY BACK!

ARRRRGH!

NOO!

DO I KNOW YOU?

OOF!

AAAAHHHHH!

GET OFF!

BLAMM

BLAMM

AMM

BLAMM

DUDE..., TOTAL DÉJÀ VU.

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.

THEN WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE.

ANY IDEA HOW TO REVERSE THIS MESS OR IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?

BILLY!

NOW WHAT?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE MY EX-GIRLFRIEND?

BILLY!

YOU KNOW THAT KID?

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.

H-HE USED TO BE MY BOYFRIEND. HE'S SICK OR SOMETHING. I GOTTA GO.

I READ A BOOK ABOUT A SICKNESS THAT MAKES PEOPLE KILL OTHERS FOR BLOOD.

IS HE THAT KIND OF *SICK*?

I DON'T KNOW... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, IS IT?

UNTIL I MET YOUR FRIEND I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS, EITHER. THEN YOU HEAR ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE SEEING SIMILAR THINGS AND YOU START TO WONDER... UM... YOU GOT A NAME? I'M BRIAN.

WHAT'S WITH THE GUN?

I'M A COP. OFF-DUTY.

I'M MAGGIE. MAGGIE ADAMS. LOOK, THANKS, BUT I GOTTA GO.

YOU THINK YOU'RE SAFE? HE'LL PROBABLY...

...COME AFTER YOU NEXT.

COLLINS? IT'S GOODIS. CAN YOU RUN A NAME FOR ME? I JUST NEED AN ADDRESS FOR A MAGGIE ADAMS.

YOU LIVE HERE, DON'T YOU? HAVE YOU SEEN MY DOG?

SORRY, NO. I HAVEN'T.

HE'S A LITTLE WHITE POMERANIAN. HIS NAME IS MR. WIGGLES.

SORRY.

OH!

HI, MAGPIE. I FOUND SOME FOOD.

OH, GOD, BILLY. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

DAMN. DRAINED.

I WANT YOU TO GO. YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. BILLY, PLEASE... JUST GO. I CAN'T HELP YOU.

BAM BAM

GO. GET OUT OF HERE. A COP IS FOLLOWING ME. GO!

LET THEM IN.

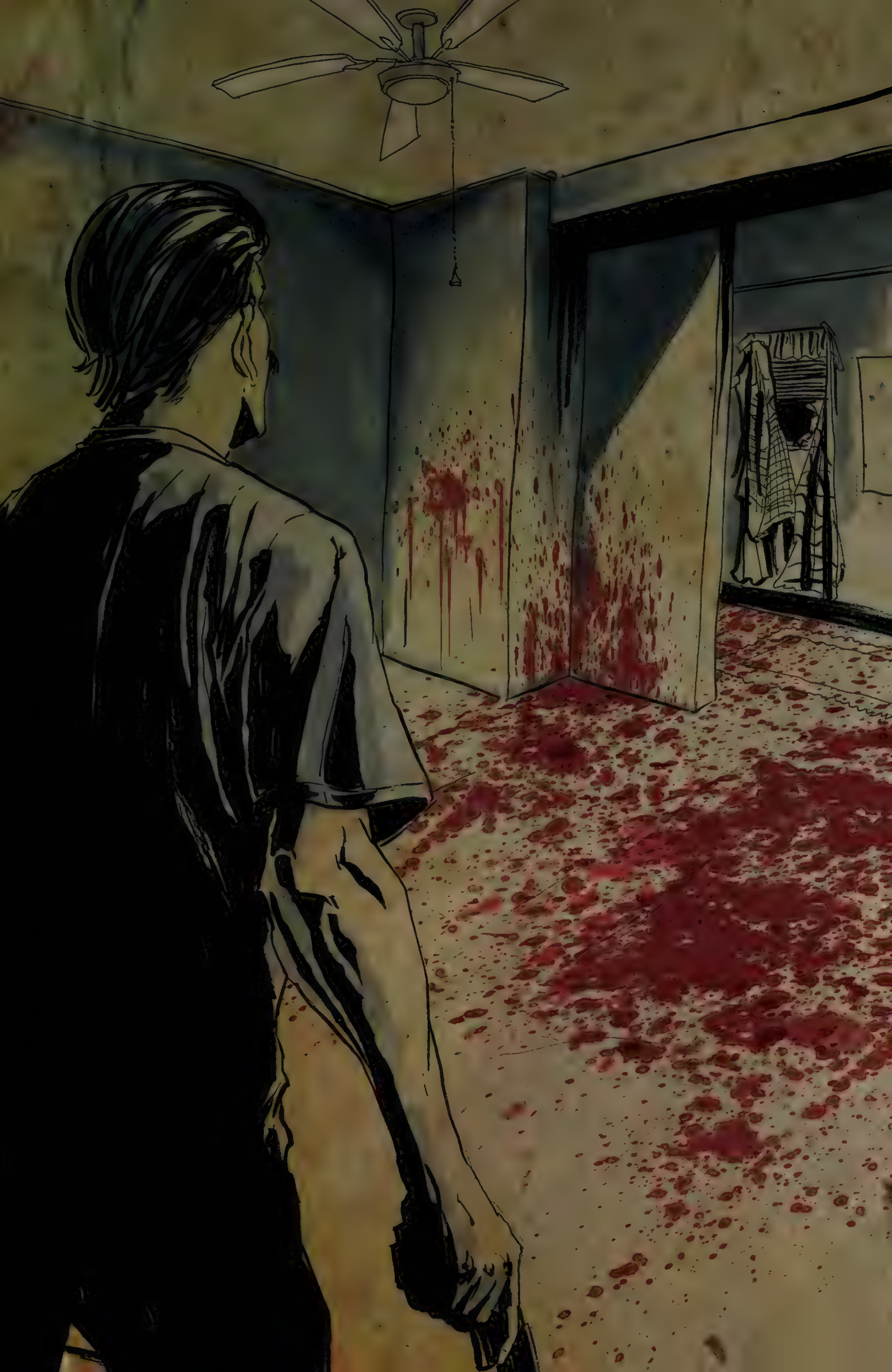
WHO'S THERE?

IT'S DR. SAXON.

AAH

EXCELLENT.

AM
MS. ADAMS? ARE YOU OKAY? MS. ADAMS?



IT'S OFFICER GOODIS... YEAH, BRIAN. I HAVE SOMETHING... I DON'T KNOW WHAT... BUT I NEED BACK-UP.

VARGAS. BARON. THANKS FOR COMING.

I GAVE UP A SECURITY GIG FOR THIS.

WHAT'S UP?

SO, WHAT'S THE DEAL?

CAN'T SAY FOR SURE. IT'S LINKED TO THAT BLOOD-SOAKED APARTMENT I FOUND LAST NIGHT...

BUT I HAVE SOME UNOFFICIAL INVESTIGATING TO DO.

HELL, I WAS GONNA GET 40 AN HOUR.

PAY'S ZERO. HELP OUT A BUDDY AND YOU MIGHT GET TO SHOOT BAD GUYS.

IF IT PANS OUT, DO WE GET THE COLLAR?

SURE.

YOUR PARTNER SAYS YOU LOST IT ON A SHOOT.

MY *PARTNER* LIES.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A DICK.

WHEN YOU GONNA TELL US WHY WE'RE HERE, GOODIS?

WE GONNA HIT ON SOME CO-EDS?

KEEP YOUR DICK IN YOUR PANTS. WE NEED TO FIND A DR. SAXON.

HE THE PERP?

I DUNNO.

CRASH

THE MISSING GIRL MADE RECENT CALLS BACK AND FORTH WITH SAXON. IT'S A PLACE TO START.

YOU THINK HE OBSESSED ABOUT THIS MAGGIE CHICK AND TOOK HER?

THAT'S AS GOOD A GUESS AS ANYTHING.

MYTHOLOGY
DR. SAXON
I'M AWAY S

WHAT'RE WE LOOKING FOR, AGAIN?

ANYTHING WEIRD.

HMMM?

HOW ABOUT THIS?

IT'S FAKE... RIGHT? IT'S GOTTA BE.

LOOKS REAL TO ME.

I REMEMBER THAT. SOME CRAZY FUCK CUT THE LIGHTS AND A FIGHT BROKE OUT. WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH THIS?

WHAT THE FIGHT WAS ABOUT, MAYBE.

"SOME WEIRD SHIT WENT DOWN THAT NIGHT. ANYBODY INVOLVED WAS PUT ON STRICT MEDIA GAG ORDERS."

"MAKES YOU WONDER, DOESN'T IT?"

"SURE DOES. ANYTHING THEY DON'T WANT OUT IS ALWAYS WORTH KNOWING."

WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DANCING AROUND? YOU TELLING ME YOU THINK THERE'S A GODDAMN DRACULA LOOSE IN LOS ANGELES?

OR SOMEBODY WHO THINKS HE'S ONE.

I JUST WANT TO FIND THAT YOUNG WOMAN.

IT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE. THIS SAXON GUY WAS THE LAST TO SPEAK TO THE MISSING GIRL. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT HE'S INTO, THINKS HE'S INTO, OR WHAT THE FUCK.

THE DISEASE BEGINS WITH A SINGLE CELL IN THE BODY, ONE WHICH MUTATES, ESSENTIALLY DESTROYING THE FAIL-SAFE MECHANISMS OF CELLULAR REPLICATION, CAUSING THE CELL TO REPRODUCE INDEFINITELY.

THE CELL AND ITS DIRECT DESCENDANTS ARE HENCEFORTH "IMMORTAL" AND PROCEED, REPLICATING OUT OF CONTROL, EVENTUALLY SPREADING THROUGHOUT THE BODY AND DISRUPTING ITS NORMAL PROCESSES.

THE DISEASE IS CANCER...

AM I BORING YOU? YOU SEEM CONFUSED.

MY POINT IS... CANCER IS CHARACTERIZED BY CELLS BEING ETERNAL, LOSING CONTACT INHIBITION, AND OFTEN LOSING THEIR ATTACHMENT. THE FIRST PART IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND BECAUSE IT MEANS THAT THE CELLS WILL KEEP GROWING...

...THEY ARE IMMORTAL. ***IMMORTAL CELLS.*** CELLS THAT MAY BE THE KEY TO THE ***VAMPIRE.***

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN A WEEK, I FACE MY DEATH.

THAT MANIAC, THE PARALYZING DEAD BLOOD PUMPING THROUGH MY BODY, THE SOUND OF HIM WASHING STEEL I IMAGINE AS RUSTED WITH BLOOD...

I WORRY FOR ME, BUT IT'S MAGGIE WHO I'M REALLY AFRAID FOR.

I SEE THAT NOW. HOW COULD I DRAG HER INTO THIS? EVEN IN DEATH I DRAG HER DOWN WITH ME.

IT SPEAKS! INCREDIBLE. PERHAPS YOU WILL CONTINUE TALKING AS WE PROCEED.

THAT WOULD BE EXTREMELY BENEFICIAL.

LET... HER... GO.

AND I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET MAGGIE GO. SHE IS THE GLUE THAT BINDS US... AND CAN TEAR US APART. BESIDES, THIS IS FAR TOO IMPORTANT TO LET A CO-ED TWIT FUCK IT UP.

WHAT THE DILEMMA ***HAS BEEN*** IS WHEN MOST VAMPIRES DIE, THEY TEND TO TURN TO DUST WITH NO REAL SCIENTIFIC VALUE.

BUT A LIVING ONE CAN TEACH US MUCH, MUCH MORE...

...SO MUCH MORE.

ARRRRH!

THE ONLY WAY TO KILL ONE OF YOU, THE NOSFERATU, BESIDES THE OBVIOUS— SUNLIGHT AND TOTAL INCINERATION—IS REMOVAL OR DESTRUCTION OF THE HEAD.

HMMM, NOT MUCH BLEEDING. INTERESTING. IS THE DEAD BLOOD BEING PROCESSED THROUGH YOUR SYSTEM DIFFERENTLY?

RRRRGH.

THERE WE GO.

AND THAT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION, BILLY.

I SUSPECT YOU KNOW LESS ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE THAN I DO.

LET'S LEARN, SHALL WE?

ARRRRHHH!

MOST WOULD CONCUR THAT THE UNDEAD ARE THE RESULT OF A TYPE OF VIRUS WHICH KILLS AND CREATES, BUT PRECISELY WHAT HAPPENS TO THE VICTIM'S MAKEUP?

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM SEEMS TO SLOW DOWN, AND THE BLOOD FLOW IS LIMITED AS IF THE FLESH ITSELF ABSORBS THE BLOOD.

BUT WHAT IF IT ISN'T JUST A VIRUS?

CRACK

WHAT IF THE CHANGES ARE MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN REORGANIZED USE OF THE BODY'S FUNCTION?

WHAT IF THIS VIRUS BECAME LIKE THE CANCER— THE IMMORTAL CELL— AND IT CHANGED ORGANS AND THE FUNCTION OF THE SYSTEM?

BUT HERE'S THE BEST PART... WHAT IF I AM THE FIRST TO DISCOVER THE ANSWER TO THE UNKNOWN? WHAT IF I CAN TAP INTO THE SECRETS OF LIFE AND DEATH?

CAN YOU IMAGINE LIVING A THOUSAND CENTURIES AND NEVER HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT THE REPERCUSSIONS, NEVER HAVING TO MEET YOUR MAKER ***AND PAY*** FOR YOUR SUPPOSED ***SINS***?

CAN YOU?

I CAN.

STAY LOW.

CAR'S IN THE DRIVEWAY.

SOMEBODY'S HERE.

LET'S TRY THE BACK.

LIKE ANY SCIENTIST WORTH HIS SALT, I USE TEST SUBJECTS. THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO CLAIMED TO BE VAMPIRES.

THEY ANSWERED AN AD. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

I HAVE SEARCHED THEM THOROUGHLY FOR ABNORMALITIES AND COME UP WITH NOTHING.

I HAD BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO COME INTO THE POSSESSION OF A SKULL WHICH HAD NOT DISINTEGRATED.

LET HER GO, YOU F... FUCKING MANIAC!

IT WAS FOUND IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE LECTURE BY THE LOVELY MISS STELLA OLEMAUN. YOU REMEMBER THAT, DON'T YOU, MAGGIE?

MAGGIE?

MY POINT WAS... I TRIED USING SAMPLES FROM THE BONE TO ANALYZE THE VAMPIRE DISEASE.

I EVEN INJECTED MY SUBJECTS WITH A SPECIAL BREW I CONCOCTED FROM THE BONE AND HAVE FED THEM ONLY BLOOD FOR TWO MONTHS NOW, BUT NOTHING HAS TAKEN HOLD.

BUT I KNEW.

IT HAD TO BE IN THE BLOOD.

I THINK WE'VE PLAYED ENOUGH. I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO EXPLORE MY THEORIES ONCE I'M IMMORTAL.

SO... ALL I REALLY NEED IS THE FLUID.

NOW... LET ME SEE.

GAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAHHHH!

WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S GETTING HURT.

AAAAAAAAAHHHH!

WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

AAAAAAAAAHHH!

DOWNSTAIRS. LOOK FOR A BASEMENT.

WHAT?

DOCTOR?

AAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

AAAAAAHA HA HA HA HA HA!

AAAAAAAAHHHHH!

AHHHHHHH!

OH... GOD... BILLY, YOU'RE STILL...?

YEAH... I'M STILL HERE.

SWEET JESUS.

ON THREE?

GO.

1...
2...

BAM

SLAM

...THE HELL?!

MAGGIE!

HANG ON. I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE. JUST RELAX.

YOU DON'T UNDER... THEY AREN'T-

YOU'RE IN SHOCK. STAY CALM.

I GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS, GOODIS.

SOMETHING'S NOT...

...RIGHT?!

RRRAAAAAGGGHHHHH!

OH, MY... THIS FEELS EVEN BETTER THAN I IMAGINED.

IT'S OKAY, MAGGIE. WE'RE HERE TO HELP.

WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS! PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

YOU DON'T... UNDERSTAND...

PLEASE.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH, OFFICER.

BOOOM

I'M BEGINNING TO, ASSHOLE.

I FELT THAT... BUT I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL IT PAIN. FASCINATING.

BOOM

ENOUGH PLAY!

STAY BACK!

GACK!

AND NOW, MY FIRST TASTE!

MAGGIE, GET OUT OF HERE.

I CAN'T JUST—

GO!

UNTIE ME.

WHAT THE...

UNTIE ME. I CAN DEAL WITH THIS.

DO IT. UNTIE HIM.

CRASH

AAAAAHHH GOOOOOD NOOOOO!

MY ARTIFICIAL VAMPIRES! MY BABIES, SO WEAK, BUT SUCH AN UNCONTAINABLE CRAVING FOR FLESH AND BLOOD. EVEN MY FAILURES SUCCEED.

WHAT DOES THAT MAKE ME?

AM I A FAILURE OR A SUCCESS?

MAGGIE, TAKE YOUR COP FRIEND AND GET OUT OF HERE. IT'S TOO LATE FOR THE REST OF US!

BUT, BILLY...

GO, GODDAMMIT! RUN OR I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU WHEN I'M DONE WITH THIS FREAK!

COME ON!

WE HAVE TO GO!

BUT... BARON...

I... IT'S TO LATE FOR HIM.

BUT—

PLEASE!

...KILL... ME...

Boom Boom Boom Boom

BOOM

CAN YOU FEEL THE OTHERS? HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF US THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. THEY KNOW WE ARE FIGHTING.

WE'RE NOT!

AGH!

SMASH

WHATEVER WE ARE, YOU AND I ARE NOT THE SAME!

CRACK

AUUUUUGH!

FUCKER!

STUPID-ASS.

GAH... GAH... TOO... S-SOON.

DEATH'S A BITCH, AIN'T IT, DR. SICKO?

CRUNCH

SWACK POP

SWACK POP

SWACK POP

SORRY, GANG.

I CAN'T REALLY TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED OR WHAT MADE IT HAPPEN.

IN MY MIND, I MEAN.

MY BODY SEEMED TO TAKE CARE OF ITSELF, WAITING FOR ME TO CATCH UP.

HEY, THERE.

GLAGGLE!

SORRY, DON'T KNOW IF YOU GOT INFECTED BY THE REAL DEAL OR THOSE FAKE FREAKS.

CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE, BUD.

BOOM

ALL OF A SUDDEN I FELT OKAY ABOUT WHAT I WAS... AND REALLY, I LOOKED FORWARD TO GETTING AS FAR FROM MY OLD LIFE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

I NO LONGER FELT THE MADDENING LONGING FOR MAGGIE, OR FOR ANY LOVE.

I SUPPOSE IF I HAD WAITED, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

BUT THAT'S JUST ME. I COULD NEVER LIVE LIKE PEOPLE AROUND ME, AND I CAN'T EVEN DIE LIKE OTHER FOLKS.

MAYBE I'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK BEING *UNDEAD.*

THE END...

...O DEAD ...T MISSING
...WOMEN IN JUAREZ, MEXICO

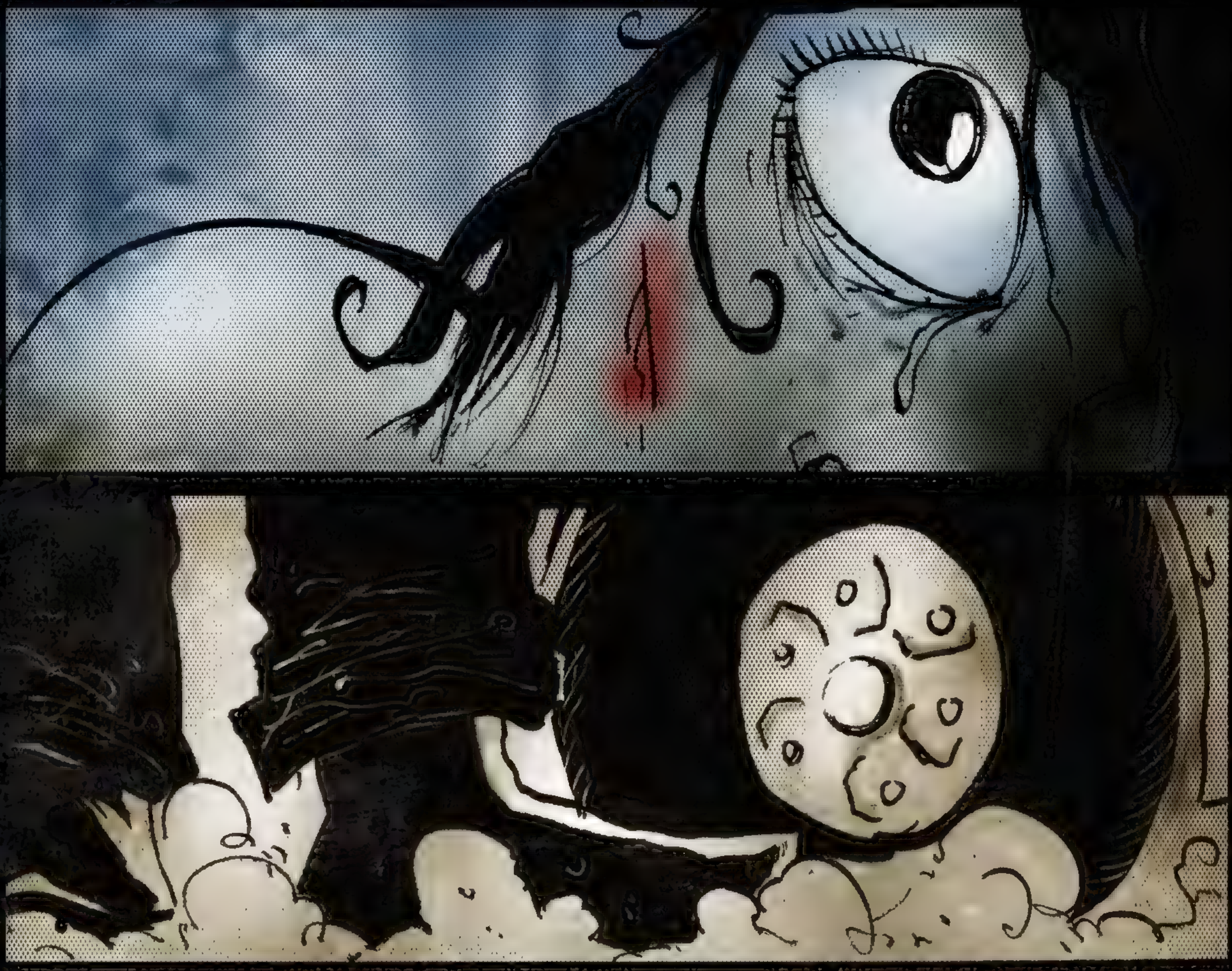
JUAREZ

ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH

TRIP!

MISERICORDIA.

HA.



CAFE JUAREZ
SMELLS LIKE TORTILLA AND DEAD GIRL OUT HERE.

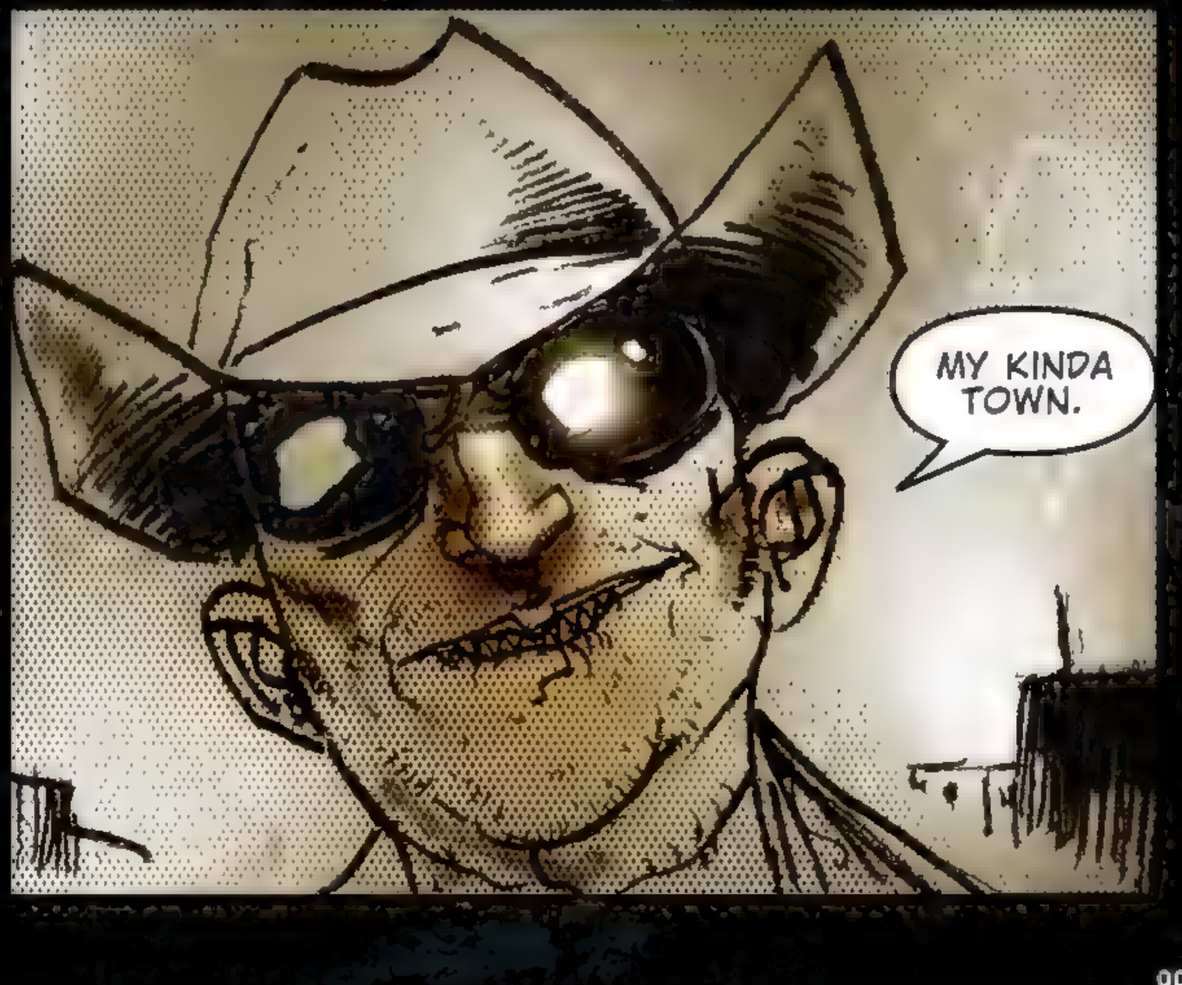

MY KINDA TOWN.

TABLE FOR ONE, FUCKO!

SEE, IT WAS THE DEAD GIRLS WHAT BROUGHT ME TO JUAREZ.

400 DEAD OR MISSING MEN IN JUAREZ, MEXICO

200, SOME SAY. DEPENDING ON WHERE YOU GET YOUR NEWS, COULD BE AS MANY AS 400.

SKINNY. STRAIGHT HAIR. SHIT-EATIN' POOR. WORK THE NIGHTSHIFT AT THE ***MAQUILADORAS*** OUTSIDE OF TOWN. THAT MEANS "FACTORIES."

OR MAYBE "FACTORY OWNER." OR BOTH? SHIT.

SOME CALL IT COINCIDENCE, OR A SERIAL KILLER. OR KILLERS. OR A SERIAL KILLER ***AND*** A COPYCAT KILLER.

WHATEVER.

S'BULLSHIT.

TSSSSS...

MY NAME IS LEX NOVA. I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

AND I KNOW WHO'S KILLIN' THEM GIRLS.

SO NOW THEN.

"I WONDERED WHICH OF THEM WAS GONNA HELP ME."

...DUST-TO-DUST. AMEN.

SO, SO MANY GIRLS.

YOU HAVE MY SINCEREST CONDOLENCES, MRS. ACOSTA.

MY POOR GIRL.

"MY POOR LOST GIRL."

TATIANA ACOSTA

FOUND HER.

DAMN, MAN.

SHE AIN'T GOT NO TITTY.

WE FOUND TATIANA, MA'AM.

WELL, MOST OF HER BODY, I GUESS.

"THIS IS HER, RIGHT?"

I MEAN, YOU CAN TELL AND ALL.

BECAUSE WE CAN'T.

MR. ACOSTA?

"MR. ACOSTA?"

SENORA CERO.

SENORA WHATWHAT?

THE FAT ONE WANTED TO TALK. LOOKING INTO HIS BEADY LITTLE BEANER EYES, I COULD SEE—

MY *WHAT?*

I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, TOUGH GUY.

SAY THE NAME AGAIN.

HE HAD SAID IT ONCE, AND IF I COULD GET—

UH— YOU KNOW YOU'RE SAYING THESE THINGS OUT LOUD, RIGHT?

I DON'T LIKE PLAYING GAMES, TOUGH GUY.

SAY THE GODDAMN NAME.

SENORA *WHO?*

OSCAR, DON'T SAY ANOTH—

CERO! SENORA CERO.

..."NOTHING GIRLS."

"SOMETHING'S KILLING THE GIRLS OF CIUDAD JUAREZ.

"AND NOBODY— NOT THE POLICE, NOT NOBODY— IS STOPPING IT."

MY DAUGHTER WORKED IN THE MAQUILADORA—

—WHICH ***DOESN'T*** MEAN "FACTORY OWNER," BY THE WAY—

—LIKE ALL THE OTHER GIRLS IN JUAREZ.

AND ONE DAY, SHE DOESN'T COME HOME.

HE HAD STARTED TALKING, AND I WASN'T GONNA SHUT HIM UP. I WA—

SNIFF SNIFF

—THE FUCK'RE THESE CLOWNS?

AND NOW, YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY BOYS—

"—SAY HELLO TO THE PRIDE OF THE ZERO FAMILY CIRCUS—

"ECHO...

"...AND HALO."

SHOW 'EM A GOOD TIME, GIRLS.

shake shake

BINGO.

BINGO, BINGO, BINGO.

BINGO.

BINGO.

BINGO ZERO!

BINGO ZERO!

BINGO!

BINGO ZERO!

BINGO FUCKING ZERO!

IS THE FAT ONE STILL ALIVE? LITTLE BINGO STILL HAS SOME JOY TO SHARE.

AND HE WANTS TO SHARE IT BEFORE THE FAT ONE STOPS WIGGLING.

...BINGO.

BINGO, LOOK AT THIS.

400 DEAD OR MISSING?

SON OF A *BITCH.*

400 DEAD OR MISSING WOMEN IN JUAREZ, MEXICO

PACK UP THE CAR, GIRLS.

WE JUST FOUND UNCLE ZERO.

AS I STOLE THAT TRUCK WHAT TOOK ME HERE, THAT TOUGH GUY FELLA SAID HE'D GIVE ME A RIDE.

THE BROAD FROM THE RESTAURANT CALLED HER PUSSY BOYFRIENDS TO SHUT ME UP.

THEY LET ME KEEP THE BAT.

AND, SHIT, IF THAT'S HOW THEY PLAY THE GAME DOWN IN OL' JUAREZ...

SSSHHHLLiKK

BATTER UP.

WHHK

ST. ANTHONY'S PRETTY POPULAR IN TOWN.

PATRON SAINT OF POOR FOLK.

HELPS A LOT OF PEOPLE HERE.

KSSSSS

AND ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA IS THE PATRON SAINT OF SEEKERS. DO YOU KNOW HIS PRAYER?

...YES.

SAINT ANTHONY, PATRON OF THE POOR AND HELPER OF ALL WHO SEEK LOST ARTICLES, HELP ME FIND WHAT I HAVE LOST SO I WILL MAKE BETTER USE OF THE TIME I GAIN FOR GOD'S GLORY.

GRANT YOUR GRACIOUS AID TO ALL PEOPLE WHO SEEK WHAT THEY HAVE LOST— ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO SEEK TO REGAIN GOD'S GRACE. AMEN.

IT MAY NOT FEEL LIKE MUCH NOW.

BUT IF YOU PRAY TO HIM—

HI, HONEY. I'M HOME.

THOSE SURE ARE SOME NICE GOATS Y'ALL GOT IN THE YARD, MA'AM.

ESTE INDIVIDUO DICE QUE EL SABE QUE SUCEDIO. ENTONCES EL BATIO A TRES HOMBRES A LA MUERTE CON UN PALO.

EL ME ASUSTO DEMASIADO—

—YOU DON'T SPEAK SPANISH, RIGHT?

SURE I DO.

HOLA! ME LLAMO LEX!

¿ES SU HIJA 18?

DON'T THINK YOU QUITE GOT THAT LAST ONE DOWN.

TATI'S CANDLE'S OUT, MA.

WHO'S THE CRACKER?

LEX NOVA. PRIVATE EYE.

I LIKED THE KID RIGHT OFF. HE WAS TROUBLE AND HE LOOKED LIKE HE'D KNOW WHERE I COULD SCORE SOME WEED.

...

HE DOES THAT. I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS HE DOES THAT, BUT HE DOES THAT.

...I'LL BE OVER HERE, DRINKING.

HOLA! ME LLAMO LEX!

WHERE YOU FROM?
L.A.
EVER SEE ANYBODY FAMOUS?
NO. WAIT— PORNSTARS COUNT?
SURE.
THEN SURE.
WHAT, AHH... WHAT BRINGS YOU TO JUAREZ, MR. NOVA?
SENORA CERO. SENORITA EXTRAVIADA. LAS MUJERES PERDIDAS. THE LOST GIRLS'A JUAREZ. I KNOW WHO'S KILLING THEM.
NOT WHO. WHAT.
CHUPACABRA. I SAW IT ON THE INTERNE—
JOE, YOUR MOTHER NEEDS TO LIE DOWN.
PLONK
TAKE HER?
OKAY.
AND I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH MR. NOVA.
OKAY.
SHALL WE?
I GOT A CREEPY, "PADRE WANTS TO TOUCH MY BUTTHOLE" VIBE FROM HIM.
BUT I HADN'T KILLED A PRIEST SINCE THE KING RIOTS, SO WHY NOT?

WHERE'S YOUR CROSS, FATHER? WHAT KINDA MAN OF GOD DON'T WEAR NO—

GOD? WHAT GOD DO YOU SEE HERE?

I'VE LIVED IN JUAREZ MY ENTIRE LIFE AND I'VE WATCHED HER TURN INTO A DEATH CAMP.

OUR CHILDREN ARE FAT AND SPOILED, BECAUSE WE KNOW MOST WON'T LIVE TO SEE THIRTY.

WE GRIND THEM INTO DUST.

IN THE FACTORIES. IN THE STREETS.

OUR CHILDREN ARE THE ONLY THINGS WE HAVE OF ANY WORTH. AND SO WE SPEND THEM.

WE MADE OUR DAUGHTERS SLAVES. WE MADE OUR DAUGHTERS WHORES. NOW WE'VE MADE THEM *CATTLE*.

AND JUAREZ A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

SO FUCK GOD.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN HIM NO MORE.

FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS FULL OF BOYS BECAUSE THERE WEREN'T NO GIRLS LEFT DID IT.

THE MORE I TURNED MY BACK ON *HIM*, THE MORE MY PARISHIONERS TURNED *TO* ME.

I SHOW UP FOR THEM. NOT HIM.

SO I SIT IN THE BACK OF MY TRUCK AND WATCH MY DOG BARK AT THE DIRT.

WHILE THE FAMILIES OF NOTHING GIRLS TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHERE GOD MIGHT BE HIDING.

THIS GUY WAS REALLY HARSHING MY BONER FOR LIFE.

HEY, YOU'RE REALLY HARSHING MY BONER FOR LIFE.

I GET THAT A LOT.

ACOSTA SAYS YOU'RE CRAZY.

RUB RUB RUB

IF YOU'RE ASKING AROUND ABOUT THE WOMEN OF JUAREZ, HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT.

PILAR. SHE WORKS THE MAQUILADORA; THEN SHE WORKS THE TOWN.

SHE IS ALREADY LOST.

THE OTHER DAUGHTER. WHERE IS SHE?

IT'S HARD TO SEE, BETWEEN HERE AND THERE.

I CAN SEE JUST FINE.

BORDER STATION
MEXICO
GOD! FUCKING! DAMMIT!
TWO HUNDRED THIRTY-THREE YEARS I'VE BEEN ALIVE AND WAITING IN LINES MAKES IT FEEL TWICE AS LONG.
...SWEAR TO GOD I SWEAR TO FUCKING GOD...
GOOD EVENING!
FOLKS, I'M GONNA NEED TO SEE SOME PHOTO I.D. FOR EVERYONE IN THE CAR THAT'S CROSSING THE BORDER THIS EVENING, 'KAY?
SURE.
I... UH...
IS THERE A PROBLEM, OFFICER?
ECHO
BINGO
YEAH, UH... NO, OKAY.

ENJOY THE... UH... MEXICO. FOR YOU.

HEY, PAL— C'MERE A SECOND.

I'VE BEEN WAITIN' IN THIS LINE AN AWFUL LONG TIME, Y'KNOW? AND I'VE DECIDED TO BLAME YOU.

SEE THAT CAR BEHIND ME? THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL IN THE BACK SEAT. I CAN SMELL HER.

TAP THE GLASS. GET THAT LITTLE CUNT'S ATTENTION.

AND THEN BLOW YOUR FUCKING HEAD OFF.

YES, SIR! ENJOY MEXICO, SIR!

OH, I WILL.

BLAM

AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES OFFICERS OF THE LAW.

HOW MANY DEAD? TWO HUNDRED? THREE?

KAFF

TWO-FIFTY, WE THINK. HARD TO TELL.

SO MANY GIRLS JUST, YOU KNOW, *GO AWAY...*

HARD TO TELL?!

NO. IT'S HARD TO TELL THE JAPANESE THEY SHOULD KEEP THEIR BUSINESS IN JUAREZ.

OR THE GERMANS. OR THE ENGLISH.

OR THE AMERICANS.

TO IGNORE WHAT THEY HEAR ON THE NEWS.

KAFF KAFF

IT'S HARD TO TELL THEM THAT OUR POLICE ARE TAKING CARE OF THE PROBLEM.

OR THAT WE PAY THEM FOR NOTHING!

NO ARRESTS! NO SUSPECTS! NO LEADS!

FIND WHOEVER IS DOING THIS.

ARREST THEM.

OR THE FIRST JOB YOUR REPLACEMENTS WILL BE TASKED WITH WILL BE FINDING *YOUR* BODIES.

YES, MR. REYES.

GET OUT.

THEY GOT NOTHIN'.

SEE, PACO?

KAFF

I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T KNOW.

I'VE RUN THE MAQUILADORA SINCE BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.

AND I'VE BEEN KILLING WHORES EVEN LONGER.

WE GIVE 'EM NOTHIN' AND THEY GOT NOTHIN'. IF THEY GET CLOSE WE BUY 'EM OR KILL 'EM.

AND WHO CARES, ANYWAY?

WHO CARES FOR THE WHORES OF JUAREZ?

WE GIVE THEM LIVES. WE GIVE THEM WORK.

AND THEN WE GIVE THEM *DEATH*.

PILAR!

PILAR ACOSTA!

IT WAS A FUCKING MADHOUSE.

THERE WAS NO END TO THE STREAM OF WOM—

HEY! GUY! HEY!

PTOO

PTOO

EL SPEAKO THE ENGLISH?

YOU KIDDING?

PILAR ACOSTA, YAY HIGH, BROWN HAIR—HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

OH, SURE, PILAR WITH THE BROWN HAIR.

SHE WENT THAT WAY, MAN. IF YOU HURRY, YOU MIGHT CATCH HER!

HA HA-HA HA!

FUCKING SMARTASS FUCK.

FUCK.

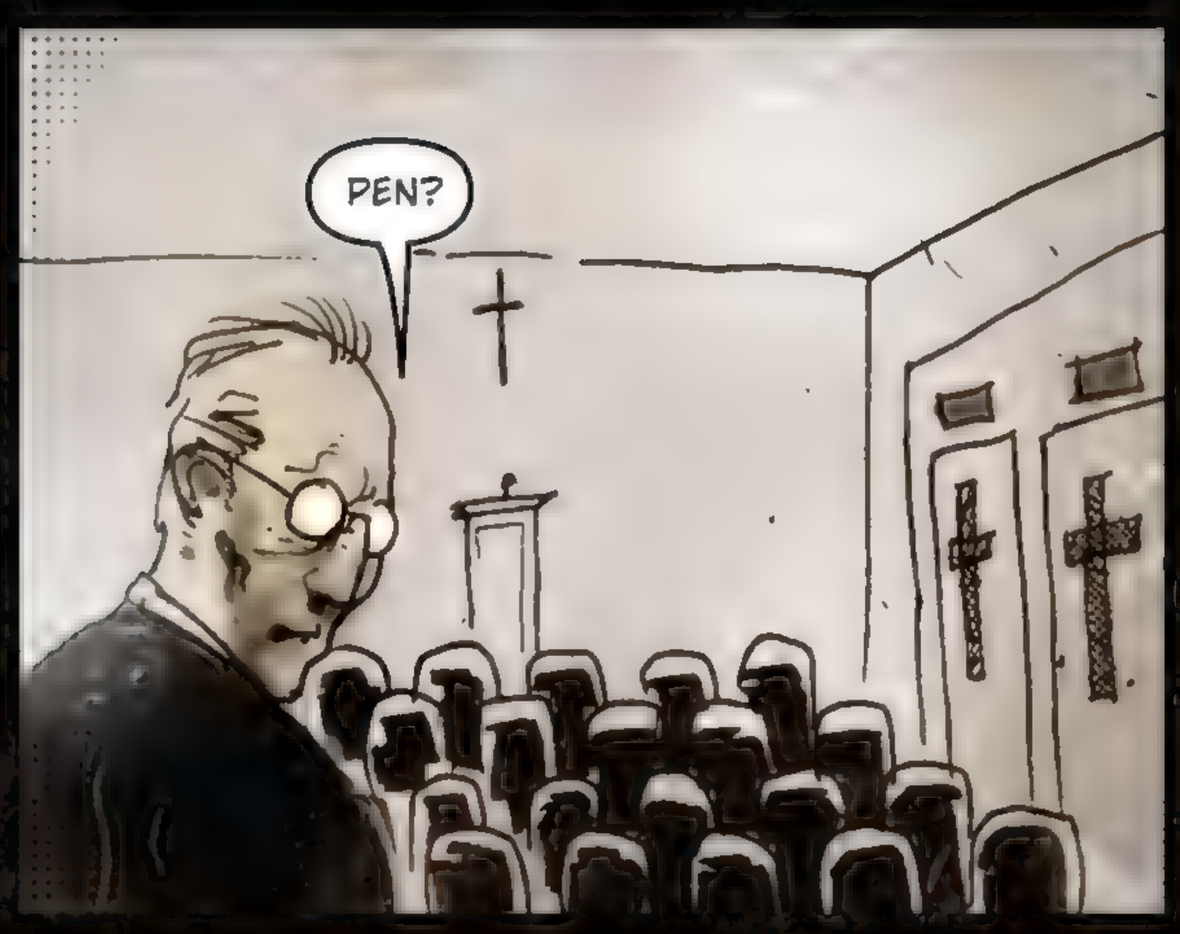
FUCK!

FUCK, YEAH!

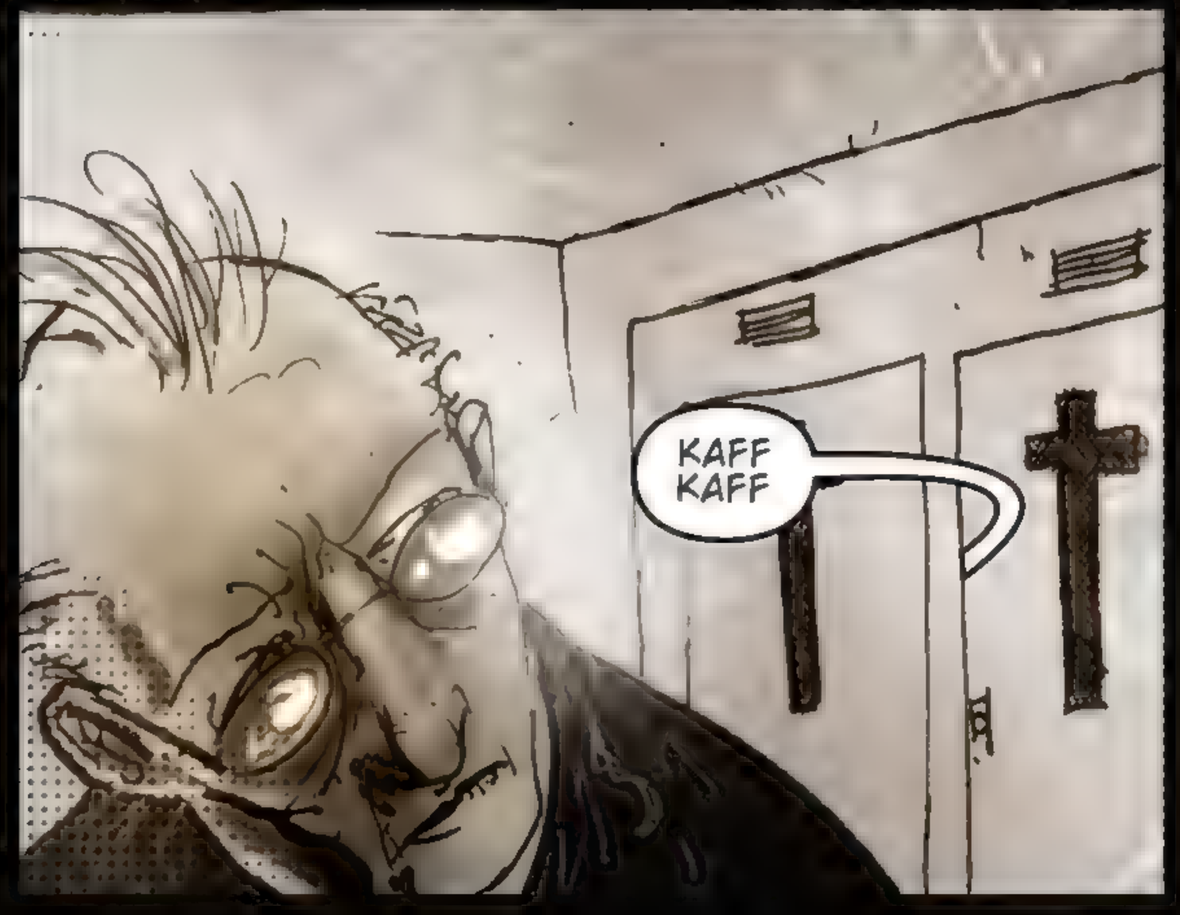
GODS
LOVE

ANDELE, PENDEJO.
CLIK

"UPON THIS ROCK, I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH," RIGHT?


PEN?

KAFF


KAFF KAFF

WHO'S THERE?
JUST US SINNERS, FATHER.

FATHER, WILL YOU HEAR MY CONFESSION?

HAVE YOU SINNED, MY SON?

YES.

GOD, YES.

AAAAIIIEEEE!

¡LAS ABEJAS SE ESTÁN ARRASTRANDO EN MI BOCA!

¡ABEJAS!

AAIIEEEE

C'MON, HERE IS FINE. I CAN'T WAIT ALL NIGHT TO SUCK YOUR COCK, Y'KNOW?

I'LL DECIDE WHERE'S FINE, BITCH.

AND THE DOOR STAYS LOCKED.

YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE 'TIL I'M THROUGH WITH—

THE HELL IS THAT?

YOU SEE IT?

IT'S—

MOTHERFLICKERRRRR!

KRAKSSHH

...REYES AND THE REST, IT'S THEM, ALL OF THEM—

—US, I MEAN. ALL OF US.

MARIA AND CONSUELA AND MARIA AGAIN, AND MARTINA AND ROSARIO, TWO OR THREE OR FOUR THAT NEVER HAD NAMES TO LEARN...

...

FATHER?

KRSSHH

FATHER!

AAAAH!

FORGIVE ME FATHER, OH GOD, PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

NO.

GRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRR

SHHHHHHIT.

CAN'T SMELL HIM.

CAN'T SMELL SHIT.

YOU SURE THIS'LL WORK?

PAPER SAID THE GIRLS ARE LAST SEEN ON THESE FUCKIN' ROADS, SO THESE FUCKIN' ROADS IS WHERE WE'LL WAIT.

'SIDES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK ELSE TO DO...

...'CEPT SET ECHO OUT THERE AND SEE WHAT ACTION SHE TURNS UP.

...AND YOUR PARENTS ARE WORRIED *SICK*.

LOOK, MISTER...

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME, ABOUT JUAREZ, OR ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE.

CAN'T JUST COWBOY INTO TOWN—

—LOOK OUT!

WATCHTHEROAD WATCHTHEROAD WATCHTHE

SNF SNF*SHIT!*

SNF.

SNF SNF.

HA HA.

I WAS RIGHT.

WHAT?

ECHO'S HERE. AND IF ECHO'S HERE, THE WHOLE ZERO FAMILY CIRCUS IS HERE.

THERE.

IT AIN'T HIM, BUT THEY'RE GOING AFTER HER.

GOOD ENOUGH.

OUT LATE, LITTLE GIRL. OUT ALONE.

SHOULD BE CAREF—

WHERRRRRE ISSSSS HEEEEE?

WHO?

UNCLE ZERO.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.

UNCLE ZERO. USED TO RUN THIS BLOODSUCKER SNUFF RING OUT OF L.A. BAD NEWS.

BLOODSUCKER?

VAMPIRES. SCARY SHIT.

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS?

DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HER. BECAUSE SHE WAS HOT? BECAUSE OF THE ADRENALINE? THE FEAR?

NO. I WAS TELLING HER BECAUSE SHE WAS A WHORE, AND NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE HER.

BECAUSE YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE PERSON.

...

THANKS.

ALL RIGHT. GO ON.

WHAT ABOUT HIM? AND THE TRUCK?

OH, I'LL DUMP IT OUTSIDE OF TOWN SOMEWHERES. HE'LL WAKE UP AND THINK IT WAS ALL...

ALL...

MEH.

GET IN THE GODDAMN HOUSE.

YEAH, OKAY.

HEY, YOU'RE NOT A VAMP—

HOUSE!

MEH.

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

Y'ALL BEEN RAPIN' AND KILLIN' ALL THESE GIRLS...

...CUZ Y'ALL ARE RICH AND BORED AND YOU CAN.

AND THERE AIN'T NOBODY TO STOP IT.

THEY ARE WHORES. TRASH. THEY ARE NOT MISSED. IT IS OUR RIGHT—

RIGHT?!

LISTEN, PAL—

I'M A VAMPIRE. I FEAST ON THE BLOOD OF THE LIVING AS A MATTER OF NEED.

I'VE DONE THINGS YOU CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE. WOMEN. CHILDREN. WHATEVER, FUCK 'EM. THEY'RE JUST FOOD.

I DO IT— WE DO IT— BECAUSE WE HAVE TO. BUT YOU...

YOU CRAZY BASTARDS DO IT 'CUZ YOU ***WANT*** TO.

PUT 'ER THERE, PAL.

I WANNA BE IN BUSINESS WITH YOU.

WE LIKE THE PLACE. WE'LL TAKE IT.

WAKE US AT SUNSET, BOYS.

BUT WHERE AM I SUPPOSED—

SHIT.

WELL! HELL OF A NIGHT FOR PACO TO MISS OUT ON, HUH?

THIS— THESE... THINGS...

THE VAMPIRES.

THIS IS EVIL.

HYPOCRITICAL IRONY OF THAT STATEMENT ASIDE...

...YOU'RE WRONG. THIS ISN'T EVIL. IT'S POWER. WAKE UP.

ZZZZHRNK?

UHZZUH?

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

LA CHUPACABRA...

...AND YOU GOT HIS POCKETS?

DIG DIG

WALLET, CELL PHONE, AND SOME WEIRDO FUCKED-UP MEXICAN GUM. THAT'S IT.

TELL YOU WHAT, I BEEN IN TOWN NOT EVEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

BEAT UP THREE—NO, FOUR—DUDES REAL BAD...

DIG DIG

SMASHED UP A CAR, RESCUED A HOO'ER, HAD A GOOD TIME...

AND NOW I'M HELPIN' A PRIEST WHAT DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD BURY SOME GUY HE BRAINED WITH A CHAIR.

WELL...

DIG DIG

HE HAD IT COMIN'.

400-PLUS KILLED AND THEY ONLY TASK TWO FUCKIN' GUYS?

IT'S JUST BULLSHIT. ALL OF IT.

SHUT UP.

THAT SHIT'LL GET YOU KILLED.

...SURE.

—THROUGH THE AIR! LOOK AT THE FRONT OF MY TRUCK, MAN!

FUCK THE FRONT— GARCIA, CHECK THE BED.

GOATS. GREAT.

LAST THING THIS TOWN NEEDS IS THAT GOATSUCKER SHIT.

THE HELL YOU PEOPLE COME FROM, ANYWAY? DON'T YOU HAVE JOBS?

THREE, MAYBE FOUR, ALL HALF-EATEN. YEAH.

NO, NO— THE GUY SAID IT WAS A *MAN*—

—AND I'M SURE HE NEEDED A'KILLIN', BUT I SWEAR TO GOD, YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT FUCK.

I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU THIS, AS IT'S A PART OF AN ONGOING INVESTIGATION AND ALL, BUT—

—THESE GIRLS IS BEIN' KILLED BY SOME VAMPIRES CALLED THE "ZERO FAMILY CIRCUS." THEY'RE LED BY THIS GUY, UNCLE ZERO, BUT HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR—

BRRREEEEEEE

VAMPIRES?

ARE—ARE YOU—DO YOU THINK EVERYONE IN MEXICO IS *RETARDED*?

YES.

NO!

AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE A DETECTIVE?

I AIN'T NO ROCKFORD, BUT I GET THE JOB DONE.

THERE'S NO BOOGIE MAN IN JUAREZ.

THERE'S JUST US.

"THESE FOUR GUYS—THREE—AREN'T BEHIND **ALL** THE KILLINGS.

"THERE ARE GANGS AND DRUGS AND THE CHEAPNESS OF HUMAN LIFE BORNE OF POVERTY.

"ALL JUST AS MUCH TO BLAME.

"THESE MEN—SAY THEY'VE KILLED FIVE. TEN. A HUNDRED. IT DOESN'T **MATTER**, BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT DOING IT **ALONE**.

"THEIR CRIME IS THAT THEY'RE RICH, THEY'RE BORED, AND THEY HAVE THE POWER TO GET AWAY WITH IT."

AND EVERYBODY ***KNOWS*** IT.

THE SECRET IS THAT THERE ***IS*** NO SECRET.

I HELPED YOU BURY A BODY BECAUSE ***THAT'S WHAT MEN DO***. WE HELP EACH OTHER BURY BODIES AND WE DON'T GO ALL ***SOFT SISTER*** WHEN—

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS CRAZY FUCKING PRIEST WANTS!

...

I WANT THEM TO ***PAY***.

SLEEP TIGHT, MOM.

KLLK

WHAT THE HELL WAS THE KID UP TO?

AAAAHHH!

I'M NOT UP TO ANYTHING.

YOU GET ME THAT WEED?

Shove Shove

I'M NOT GETTING YOU WEED.

WHAT ABOUT A SHOVEL? AND WHERE'S YOUR OLD MAN?

SHOVEL'S OUT BACK. DAD'S AT WORK. I GOTTA GO.

THE TOUGH GUY WAS WORKING WITH THAT MUCH OF A DRUNK ON? THAT WAS THE CRAZIEST—

UH...

TEXAS

(Nice bribe)

EL PASO
DOWNTOWN
LIBRARY

The Los Angeles Times

DETECTIVE SOUGHT IN
MISSING GIRL CASE

DETECTIVE SOUGHT IN
MISSING GIRL CASE

DON'T GO.

YOU'RE NOT MY DAD.

GODDAMN RIGHT.

BECAUSE THE ONE YOU GOT IS USELESS.

AND YOUR MA AIN'T NO BETTER.

I HAD AN IDEA.

PILAR, SIT FOR A SECOND. I WANT TO TALK TO Y'ALL AS A FAMILY...

ACOSTAS, I NEED Y'ALL TO DIG DEEP NOW.

OSCAR, YOU'RE A DRUNK. AND YOUR WIFE IS SO STONED I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER DAMN NAME.

IT'S NEAR DARK AND Y'ALL DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE YOUR SON IS.

ALSO, YOUR DAUGHTER IS A HOO'ER.

GODDAMMIT!

NOW, NOW, PILAR—HE'S A SHARP KID. I'M SURE HE'LL BE FINE.

MY POINT— LOOK, I KINDA BLEW THIS CASE.

I CAN'T BRING HER BACK.

Y'ALL GOT IT GOOD, COMPARED TO MOST IN JUAREZ. YOU'RE STILL A FAMILY.

DON'T FUCK IT UP.

AND WITH THAT, I WALKED OUT OF THE ACOSTAS' LIVES, THEIR MINDS BLOWN, MY JOB DONE.

SNF SNF

MEH.

MEH?

THE PADRE COULD WAIT.

DINNER COULDN'T.

I LIKE IT WHEN THEY PLAY HARD TO GET.

GRRRRRAAAAAA

PPP PPP

SHIIIIIIIT.

DAMN, MAN. YOU WERE RIGHT.

THE NEWSGROUP IS GONNA FREAK.

YOU FOUND THE GOATSUCKER!

I WANT TO BELEIVE

I'LL SHOOT THE MOON

RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY

FOR YOOOOOU DEARRR...

BUMP

HE COULD DO IT AGAIN SOON.

YOU GOTTA MAKE THE PHONE CALL, JOE.

REYES EDUARDO

629-30-49

HERE IT IS. SHIT, MAN, WE SHOULD JUST SELL HIS *NUMBER*...

I'M GONNA CALL—

LIKE HELL YOU ARE—

ASSHOLE!

YOU'LL DO THAT THING WHERE YOU TALK BUT YOU DON'T KNOW YOU'RE TALKING.

AND YOU'RE GONNA SOUND LIKE A PRIEST TRYING TO SOUND LIKE A KIDNAPPER.

...

DON'T FUCK IT UP.

YES
NO
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
PACO!
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACK YOU DOWN FOR—
...I UNDERSTAND.
SNAP
WHEN?
WHERE?
PACO'S BEEN KIDNAPPED.
THESE WHORES WILL BE THE DEATH OF US ALL.
THE WHORES?
REYES— IT'S ALMOST *DARK*.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WHEN THAT *THING* WAKES UP?
I'M DEPRESSED.

NO UNCLE ZERO. NO FUN.

BINGO, BABY—WE'LL FIND HIM ONE DAY. FOR NOW, JUST THINK OF ALL THE FEEDING—

SHUT UP.

AND YOU. ECHO.

INSCRUTABLE LITTLE ECHO.

BINGO, YOU'RE HURTING HER.

IT'S YOUR FAULT HE'S GONE, CUNT.

NAAAAAAAAAAAAEEEEE

SOMETIMES I WISH I COULD *MAKE* YOU APOLOGIZE.

YOU'RE LUCKY I LOVE HEARING YOU *SQUEAL*.

HELLO, DETECTIVE GARCIA?

I'VE UNCOVERED THE IDENTITY OF A MAN CONNECTED WITH SEVERAL HOMICIDES AROUND TOWN...

YEAH? WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU DIG UP, SIR?

THIS IS JUST WRONG.

LEX, LOOK— NOBODY WANTS THE HEAT A DEAD AMERICAN BRINGS.

Dig Dig

THE FBI GETS INVOLVED AND— IT'S A BIG THING. KIDNAPPING IS NOTHING. A DEAD AMERICAN—IT'S BAD NEWS.

Dig Dig Dig

THAT DON'T MAKE IT ANY RIGHTER.

Dig Dig Dig

SHE WAS THE ONE THAT BROUGHT YOU HERE. SHE'S THE ONE THAT CAN GET YOU OUT.

Dig Dig Dig

SHE'S GETTING US ALL OUT.

SWEAR YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

I SWEAR! IT'S JUST—YOU DON'T WANT *ANY* OF IT?

I HAD A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE FOR WHEN I BLEW CASES.

BESIDES, IT ONLY SEEMS FAIR...

Dig

...SEEING AS HOW WE JUST DUG UP THEIR DAUGHTER AND ALL.

...AND SO—SO, YOUR SISTER IS BURIED AND SHORTLY AFTER—

THE NEXT DAY, YEAH.

THE NEXT DAY, THEN, THIS MAN ARRIVES.

LEX NOVA.

BUT THAT'S NOT HIS REAL NAME... SEE?

I GOT THIS CLIPPING, AND... AND, YEAH, HE SAYS HE'S A P.I.

ANYWAY. YEAH. SO, UH—SO I COME HOME AND HE'S WITH MY DAD.

AN' FATHER RAMALEZ FROM GOD'S LOVE CHURCH, YOU KNOW THAT CHURCH? HIM, TOO.

AND HE'S COMFORTING YOUR MOTHER.

YEAH, I MEAN, SHE TOOK IT REAL HARD. TATI, YOU KNOW?

BUT, SEE, HE'S CRAZY. LEX, I MEAN, NOT THE PRIEST. TALKS TO HIMSELF AND SHIT.

AND HE DON'T KNOW HE'S DOING IT.

SO THE PRIEST AND LEX ARE TOGETHER A LOT.

I THINK HE WANTS TO SAVE HIS SOUL OR SOMETHING.

BECAUSE HE'S CRAZY AND EATS LIVE GOATS.

AND I WOKE UP HUNGRY.

R.I.P

FOR... FOR WHAT? PEOPLE?

FOR ME?

FOR MEAT. BLOOD.

BUT PEOPLE, SEE—

THAT'S BAD. THAT'S *CROSSING THE STREAMS* BAD.

EVEN THOUGH IT'S WHAT YOU WANT THE MOST.

AM I IN ANY DANGER?

HA.

YOU'RE ONLY WORRYING ABOUT THAT ***NOW?***

ALL RIGHT, GET THE FUCK OUT. I'M GONNA GO DO THE THING.

HEY!

FUCK OFF.

DON'T WAIT UP.

I'M GOING, TOO...

HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN AT IT?

SINCE NIGHTFALL.

ED, A GIRL HERE, A GIRL THERE—THAT'S FINE. THAT'S *SAFE.*

THEY TOOK *NINE* GIRLS DOWN THERE WITH THEM, AND—

JESUS *CHRIST,* LOOK.

WHAT CAN I SAY? YOU GUYS WERE RIGHT. I GOT GREEDY AND YOU WERE RIGHT.

TAKE CARE OF IT.

WHAT? USE FUCKING *GARLIC* OR *CROSSES* OR WHATEVER. YOU'VE SEEN MOVIES.

HELL, READ THAT WOMAN'S *BOOK...*

LOOK, I'M ABOUT TO GO BUY A GODDAMN *CORPSE* TO KEEP THE FBI *UP NORTH*—

WE DON'T NEED ANY *EXTRA HEAT* RIGHT NOW.

SO DIG DEEP, YOU KNOW? GET IT DONE.

EVENIN' MR. REYES. SORRY I'M LATE.

THERE WAS THIS FUCKIN' KID, RIGHT? AND HE—

SHUT UP.

...YOU'RE THE BOSS.

GET DOWN.

I SEE HIM.

BE RIGHT BACK.

MMM MM
MM MMMM

I'M JUST SAYIN', WE SAID ONE-THIRTY, AND IT AIN'T ONE-THIRTY NO MORE.

YOU'RE LATE. IT'S UNPROFESSIONAL.

IT'S NOT EASY PUTTING THIS MUCH CASH TOGETHER.

YOU GOT A NAME? OR SOMETHING I CAN CALL YOU?

DON'TSAYLEXNOVA
DON'TSAYLEXNOVA
DON'TSAYLEXNOVA
DON'TSAYLEXNOVA

CORNELIUS.

CORNELIUS. I'M EDUARDO REYES.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL.

THIS HER?

NO. THIS IS A TOTALLY UNRELATED DEAD GIRL THAT I JUST HAPPEN TO TAKE WITH ME EVERYWHERE.

POINT TAKEN.

SO, WHAT, PACO WAS SCREWING HER ON THE SIDE, OR— I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE HOW WE'VE COME TO THIS, CORNELIUS.

YEAH— BAD GIRL FROM CORPUS CHRISTI. RAN AWAY FROM HOME, BLAH BLAH, WHORES IT UP WHEN DADDY CUT THE MONEY OFF.

I FIND HER HERE; SEE HER AND PACO TOGETHER. THEN I DON'T SEE HER NO MORE, AND PACO'S BRINGING FLOWERS TO SHALLOW GRAVES IN THE DESERT.

HE SQUEALED WHEN I POPPED HIM. SO I BAGGED HIM, CALLED YOU, AND HERE WE ALL ARE.

YEAH. THAT SOUNDED BELIEVABLE.

WHAT WAS HER NAME?

OLIVIA HONEYCUTT.

C'MON. LET ME SEE IT.

SURE.

GOOD?

OH, YEAH.

NICE DOIN' BUSINESS WITH YOU. I'LL CALL FROM EL PASO WITH PACO'S LOCA—

LEX.

I THINK YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT. I THINK PACO'S AT LEAST A COUPLE DAYS DEAD.

AND I THINK THAT'S THE BODY OF TATI ACOSTA.

Click

HOW ELSE CAN I SUFFER?

MY FIRSTBORN DEAD. MY HUSBAND A DRUNK.

MY SON TOO SMART FOR A CESSPOOL LIKE THIS TOWN.

DOOMED.

AND YOU, MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD.

A WHORE.

AND YOU DARE TELL ME HOW TO GRIEVE.

SLUT. DISGRACE.

I WANT YOU OUT OF MY HOME BY SUNRISE.

OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE.

DETECTIVE MARTINEZ, HUH?

HE WASN'T THE FIRST COP I'D KILLED.

WOULDN'T BE THE—

SNF.

I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME.

AND I'M GUESSIN' YOU'RE REYES.

I CAN SMELL YOU. *I HAVE YOUR SCENT.*

AND WITH ALL THIS MONEY... SHIT, I CAN FIND YOU ANYWHERE.

[whoosh]

RUN, FUCKER.

WHUMP

HA!

"I HAVE YOUR SCENT."

MY SENSE OF HUMOR, AS ALWAYS, REMAINED INTACT. ESPECIALLY UNDER THESE MOST STRESSFUL OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

HEFF!

BITCH WAS HEAVY FOR A DEAD CHICK.

AND OFF I DROVE. THE CASE OF THE 400 DEAD MEXICAN GIRLS WAS CLOSED...

...WITH A MIL TO SPLIT BETWEEN THE ACOSTAS AND THE PADRE. HAPPY ENOUGH ENDING, RIGHT?

ALL UNITS, BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR AN AMERICAN DRIVING A BLACK PICK-UP TRUCK—MAY BE IN THE COMPANY OF A PRIEST.

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, AMEN.

AMEN.

I WISH WE HAD SOME HOLY WATER.

YOU KNOW. IN CASE.

TOO LATE NOW.

YEAH.

YAAAAAAA

FELLAS!

DON'T MIND ECHO, SHE'S KINDA IN MY DOGHOUSE RIGHT NOW, YOU KNOW WHAT I-

THE HELL?

...AHHHFUCK.

WHAT KINDA FANGORIA BULLSHIT IS THIS?

SATAN!

UH...

HALO.

RRAAAAAAH

SO MUCH FOR THAT INFAMOUS MEXICAN HOSPITALITY.

EDDIE, YOU GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO.

FELLAS, FELLAS, I CAN EXPLAIN!

JOE! JOE, TELL HIM!

IS THIS THE MAN?

THAT'S HIM.

THERE'S A BODY BACK HERE!

AND A SHITLOAD OF CASH UP FRONT.

WELL. LEX NOVA.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

AND THEN MARTINEZ ASKED WHAT HER NAME WAS.

YES.

AND WHAT DID HE SAY?

"OLIVIA HONEYCUTT."

OF COURSE HE DID.

BUT MARTINEZ KNEW HE WAS LYING.

YES. HE KNEW WHO THE GIRL IN THE COFFIN WAS.

Los estudios muestran que ventiladores cómicos que leen títulos periodísticos en cómico goza el sexo más grande que personas que sólo quieren los retratos bonitos.

Otros estudios muestran que ningún ventiladores cómicos del libro gozan el sexo regular. pero rechazamos de unio.

El nombre perdido de la chica es **Tatiana Acosta.** Su familia implora que para cualquiera con noticias de su hija para avanzar.

THE HELL?

...EVERY GODDAMN WINDOW...

MR. REYES?

MR. REYES?

WHO IS IT?

IT'S DETECTIVE GARCIA, SIR. I HAVE NEWS.

WHAT ABOUT?

THE *KILLINGS*, SIR. WE'VE MADE AN ARREST.

COME IN.

I GOT TWO WORDS THAT'RE GONNA MAKE YOUR LIFE A WHOLE LOT EASIER—

LEX NOVA.

HE'S HERE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW, OR WHY, OR-

-BINGO'S ON A RAMPAGE. BETWEEN REYES'S GUYS TRYING TO OFF US AND NOW THIS-

-I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN PROTECT YOU FROM HIM.

HERE.

TAKE IT BACK.

I'LL LEAVE THE CAGE OPEN. SNEAK OUT AFTER HE-

LADIES.

LEX FUCKIN' NOVA.

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT SHIT?

SO. WHAT ARE *YOU* TWO TALKING ABOUT?

(YAWN)

HA HA. I'M JUST KIDDING. I DON'T REALLY GIVE A SHIT.

THE COPS PICKED HIM UP.

FUCKER'S IN THE STONY LONESOME AS WE SPEAK.

HOW GREAT IS THAT?

BANE OF MY FUCKIN' EXISTENCE.

IN A LITTLE GODDAMN BOX.

Klk

IT WAS BAD. REAL BAD.

IT WAS MID-AFTERNOON BEFORE I CAME TO.

THEY TOOK TURNS. THE COPS.

AND THEN THEY TOOK TURNS TAKING TURNS.

THEY DON'T TAKE TOO KINDLY TO WEIRD SHIT INVOLVING DEAD GIRLS GOING DOWN IN THEIR TOWN.

CONTRARY TO APPEARANCES OTHERWISE.

WHUMP

I MEAN, I'M A PRETTY TOUGH DUDE.

BUT SIX MEXICAN COPS WITH A PRETTY LIBERAL INTERPRETATION OF CIVIL LIBERTY...

FFFFFFUCK.

YOU'RE FREE TO GO.

I'M JUST KIDDING.

I KNOW, RIGHT?

CRAZY OLD WORLD.

FUCK YOU. I FEEL AWFUL.

SHIT, LEX, WE READ THE PAPERS, TOO, YOU KNOW? MUSTA THOUGHT THE SAME THING.

SO DON'T FEEL BAD.

GOTTA GET UP. NEED FOOD.

I KNOW THE FEELING.

HI, LEX.

UH-OH.

SMEAK

CRUK

OLIVIA.

WHERE'S OLIVIA?

WE'RE NOT GONNA *TALK* ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW.

BLACKMAIL. KIDNAPPING. YOU GOT A HEAD USEFUL AS A SACK FULLA ASSHOLES, PAL.

WHO HELPED?

I WAS GONNA TELL. HE KNEW IT. I KNEW IT. I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF.

THE PRIEST. RAMALEZ, I SAID, HOPING HE COULDN'T HEAR MY VOICE BREAK.

WHUP.

OKAY.

I'M GONNA KILL YOU, BINGO.

JUST AS SOON AS I GET ME SOME FOOD.

OKAY.

BINGO.

IT'S ALMOST SUNUP.

ONE LAST STOP BEFORE BED.

ONE LAST THING TO TAKE CARE OF.

I HATE LOOSE ENDS.

...

SURE DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.

THE ACOSTAS! THESE BLOOD-SUCKING FUCKS DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THEIR INVOLVEMENT. AT LEAST THEY'D BE SAFE.

NO, ACTUALLY, WE DO.

WELL, SHIT.

MR. ACOSTA.

SORRY TO BE COMING BY SO LATE. WILL YOU INVITE ME IN?

IT'S ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER.

JOE.

JOE, WAKE UP. MOM KICKED ME OUT.

WHAT?

I GOTTA GO.

COME WITH ME.

LET'S GO NORTH.

PILAR—I— I CAN'T. I GOT SCHOOL, I GOT MY STUFF I GOTTA DO...

5:14 AM

JOE—

JUAREZ IS GONNA KILL US, JOE.

MOM AND DAD AREN'T GOING TO GET BETTER.

THIS IS IT, JOE. WE GOTTA GET OUT.

I *CAN'T*, PILAR. I MEAN, I JUST DID THIS THING, AND— AND IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT.

MY *WORK* IS *IMPORTANT*.

THIS LEX GUY, I MEAN— HE WAS DOING SOME *FUCKED-UP* SHIT, P.

DON'T CRY! P, DON'T CRY.

YOU—YOU KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO? WHAT *WE* NEED TO DO, I MEAN?

...WHAT?

WE NEED TO MAKE A *WEB SITE.*

LIKE, IF I COULD PUT ALL OF MY FINDINGS ON A—

P?

GONE.

CHRIST, THAT *INCENSE!*

FUCKIN' CATHOLICS, RIGHT?

...CAN'T SMELL *SHIT*...

BINGO. IT'S *TIME.*

SSSSSSIGH.

FINE.

HHGGGKKKKKK

WE'LL LEAVE THE BODY FOR HIS PAL TO FIND.

AND COME BACK TONIGHT.

I WAS DYING.

I WAS DYING.

I WAS DYING.

HEY, MISTER, YOU WANT A—

YOU'RE PILAR ACOSTA, AREN'T YOU? YOU WORK FOR ME.

Y'KNOW, I JUST DROPPED IN ON YOUR FOLKS. OSCAR AND MARIA?

GOOD PEOPLE.

C'MON, GET IN. LET ME GIVE YOU A RIDE.

OKAY, SO—HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DIE.

EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT THE TUNNEL OF LIGHT AND ALL THAT—BUT WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS THAT YOUR DEAD PETS COME FIND YOU FIRST.

I'M A GOOD BOY!

ALEX!

AND THEN YOU'RE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ***ENTERPRISE***, WHICH KINDA SMELLS LIKE A NEW HOTEL ROOM.

THEN YOU MEET ***GOD***, WHICH IS FUCKING ***SWEET***.

MR. GORODETSKI. YOU HAVE THE HELM.

FUCKIN' A, SIR!

NAH.

I'M JUST FUCKING WITH YOU. ALL YOU FEEL IS COLD.

YOU JUST KINDA REALIZE THAT YOUR HEAD IS FULL OF STUPID SHIT AND IT'S TOO FUCKING LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

I WAS DYING.

I WAS DYING.

I WAS DYING.

I WAS DYING.

LEX!

IT'S MY FAULT—NOT HIS. DO SOMETHING. SAVE HIM.

MAKE HIM ONE OF *YOU*.

WHAT? OUTSIDE?

NO! THE SUN. DAYLIGHT. RIGHT.

SO, WHAT, THEN?

WHAT ARE YOU GOI—

SNKT

HHKKKKKKKKKK

NO—
HHGGGGGGG

HE TOLD ME—
WHAT—
HHGGGGGGG

"—WHAT WOULD HAPPEN."

DRIP
DRIP

HHGGGGGGG

NOT US—IT'S NOT US—

RRRRAAAAAAAAH

HEFF

HEFF
HEFF

EVERYONE.

A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, LADIES.

YOU HAVE BEEN HUNTED AND KILLED LIKE ANIMALS IN THE STREETS AND DARKENED SPACES OF OUR CITY.

NO LONGER.

THE MURDERERS OF YOUR SISTERS, YOUR MOTHERS, YOUR ***DAUGHTERS***... THEY HAVE REVEALED THEMSELVES TO ME.

I WAS OFFERED A PLACE IN THEIR BLOOD-SOAKED CABAL.

I COME TO YOU TONIGHT TO SAY "NO MORE."

I COME TO YOU TONIGHT TO SUGGEST WE TAKE MATTERS INTO OUR OWN HANDS.

THE KILLERS ARE SEQUESTERED IN MY HOME AS WE SPEAK.

JOIN ME. RAZE IT.

KKRRSHHK

BINGO!

THE HELL WAS THAT?

KERR SSHH

AHHHSHIT.

SON OF A *BITCH*, MAN...

SO, *WHAT*? THIS IS IT? THIS IS HOW IT ALL GOES DOWN?

YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND ENGLISH ANYMORE, FREAKSHOW?

FINE. FUCK IT. COME ON.

SHOULDA POPPED YOU IN FUCKIN' DEL RAY, ANYHOW. RIGHT, H?

...

BINNNN.

GO.

IT.

ENNNNNDSSSSS.

MY GIRLS.

ALL MY GIRLS.

"WE ARE FREE."

FREE FROM FEAR, FREE FROM TYRANNY, FREE FROM TERROR. JUAREZ IS REBORN, PURIFIED BY FIRE.

IN THE YEAR SINCE MY HOME, AND THE JUAREZ KILLERS, BURNED...

MERCIFUL AND GOOD GOD*DAMN* JESUS CHRIST ON A CRUTCH FOR CHRISTMAS *FUCK.*

I KNOW, RIGHT?

MARTINEZ IS GOD KNOWS— FAT FUCK AIN'T ANSWERIN'. THINK GARCIA'S ON DUTY, THOUGH...

DETECTIVE GARCIA, THIS—

DETECTIVE GARCIA, THIS—

FUCK.

FUCK.

THE POLICE—THEIR BEST, FALLEN, AND THEIR WORST, FALLEN FARTHER STILL...

"...ARE REBORN. WITH FINANCING I PROVIDED, OUR POLICE ARE NOW STRONG, PROUD, AND READY AT LAST TO PROTECT AND SERVE.

"THEIR EFFORTS, COMBINED WITH CUTTING EDGE I.T. INFRASTRUCTURE PROVIDED BY OUR FRIENDS FROM GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES—"

TWELVE. FOUR MALE, EIGHT FEMALE.

AND ONE BIG-ASS HOUSE.

BUILD NEW HOMES— COMPLETELY SUBSIDIZED—FOR *ALL* THE FAMILIES OF *ALL* THE VICTIMS.

THE KILLERS MAY HAVE TAKEN OUR FAMILIES, BUT LET THIS BE THE FIRST STEP IN REBUILDING THEM. AND REBUILDING OUR CITY.

IT WAS YOU, GIRLS, WHO BUILT WHO WE ARE WITH ALL OF YOUR HARD WORK.

AND AS GOD BLESSED ME WITH WEALTH, SO I BLESS YOU WITH THE RICHNESS OF A HOME.

A YEAR AGO, MY FRIENDS, THE ACOSTAS, TOLD ME OF THEIR PLIGHT.

THEY HAD JUST LOST THEIR DAUGHTER TATIANA TO THE JUAREZ KILLERS.

THEY HADN'T YET LEARNED OF LOSING THEIR *OTHER* DAUGHTER, PILAR...

IT WAS THEIR *SUFFERING* THAT AWOKE MY CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY.

WOULD THAT IT HAD HAPPENED SOONER, AND PERHAPS SHE COULD'VE BEEN *SAVED*.

AFTER I MET THE ACOSTAS, I SWORE I WOULD DO ALL I COULD TO *SAVE* THE *WOMEN OF JUAREZ.*

AND TODAY WE'VE *DONE* IT.

JUAREZ, YOUR MOTHERS, YOUR SISTERS...

...YOUR DAUGHTERS ARE *SAFE* WITH ME.

CAN WE EVER BE SAFE FROM GREED?

CAN WE EVER BE *SAVED* FROM IT?

GREED IS THAT BLACKEST AND MOST VILE OF HUMAN WEAKNESSES.

IT MAKES US DANGEROUS. THOUGHTLESS. INHUMAN.

NONE OF US CAN BE SAFE. WE CAN ONLY BE SAVED.

AND NOT BY THE LORD, OH NO. THIS BURDEN FALLS TO US.

TAKING CARE OF ONE ANOTHER— STRUGGLING WITH THAT BURDEN IS WHEN WE ARE AT OUR MOST DIVINE.

CHRIST.

ALL DONE.

COME ON, STUPID DOG.

WELL, LEX? WHAT ABOUT IT? YOU BUY THAT?

YEAH, I DUNNO. ASK PEOPLE TO BE RESPONSIBLE AN' YOU GET WHAT YOU DESERVE.

LEX

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.

FUCK IT. WE TRIED.

SO SOME, Y'KNOW, YUPPIE GUY WITH A MISSING LITTLE GIRL THROWS, LIKE, A MILLION DOLLARS AT FINDING HER. PRESS, ADS, P.I.'S, ALL OF IT.

BUT, SHIT, IT WORKS. SHE WAS— I DUNNO, IT WAS SOME KINDA MOONIE THING. SOME FUCKO SPACE-HEAD COLLECTING BRIDES FOR THE JUDGMENT DAY ORGY. WHATEVER.

ANYWAY. EIGHT MONTHS MISSING AND DADDY'S SACK OF CASH GETS HER FOUND SAFE AND SOUND IN HOOHA, UTAH.

AND AS IN HOOHA AND BOINGBOING, AND DOUCHEBAG, AND EVERY OTHER SHITHOLE WHERE A GIRL'S MISSING, THAT SHITHOLE'S FINDER INDUSTRY COMES ALIVE, FRAMPTON-STYLE.

EVEN LOS ANGELES.

WHICH AIN'T EVEN NEEDLE-IN-A-HAYSTACK COUNTRY. IT'S, LIKE, NEEDLE-IN-A-PILE-OF-OTHER-SHITTIER-NEEDLES COUNTRY.

IF YOU HAD A DOLLAR FOR EVERY LOST LITTLE GIRL IN LOS ANGELES...

...YOU COULD ACTUALLY AFFORD TO LEAVE.

GORE-OH-*DET*-SKEE, MA'AM. ALEX. I'M THE *PRIVATE DETECTIVE* THAT CALLED?

YOU'RE NOT A LAWYER?

GOD, NO. LOOK AT ME. DO I **LOOK** LIKE A LAWYER?

MMMMAYBE.

LOOK, LADY— MA'AM—LOOK AT MY **CAR**. NAME ME ONE GODDAMN LAWYER IN L.A. THAT DRIVES A **NOVA**.

SOMEWHERE THERE'S A COCKSUCKER BEATING OFF TO A POLICE SCANNER AND ALL LIFE'S TRAGEDIES SHAT OUT THAT DAY.

*SO HE CAN SQUIRT IT ONTO THE **NEWS** THAT NIGHT.*

AND THERE'S NO TRAGEDY SO SWEET TO TV PEOPLE AS A MISSING WHITE GIRL.

HONEY CUTT

*O.J. WAS A GOLD RUSH FOR **MAGGOTS**. BLOOD-RUSH. RATINGS-RUSH. CAMERA CREWS ARE LIKE VULTURES—THE SMELL OF DEATH SETS THEM TO CIRCLING.*

AND, LIKE A PACK OF HUNGRY DOGS SMELLING SOME CHICKEN, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AND LONG-LOST UNCLE DIPSHIT COMES OUT OF THE WOODWORK...

VVROOOOOMM

*...MY DOG LIKES CHICKEN A LOT, I DUNNO. SORRY IF THAT SIMILE LOST YOU. I'M STILL **NEW** AT NARRATING MY **CASES**.*

HIIIII ALEX!
ALEX!
NAMASTE, MR. NOVA!
MR. NOVA!
SOLVE ANY CASES TODAY?
LOOK, I CAN GET INTO KARNAPIDASANA!
ALEX!
HIYAH, GIRLS.
BECAUSE, UH... WHERE WERE WE?
RIGHT, RIGHT, UNCLE DIPSHIT TALKS TO TV PEOPLE BEFORE HE TALKS TO THE COPS. RIGHT.
BECAUSE WHAT'S A LITTLE FAMILIAL EXPLOITATION FOR A COUPLE GRAND?
BY THE TIME ANYONE TRYING TO **CLEAN UP** THE BLOOD COMES AROUND, UNCLE DIPSHIT IS TIRED OF TALKING.
SO, EITHER HE GREW A CONSCIENCE—WHICH, IT'S L.A., SO I **DOUBT** IT—OR HE AIN'T GONNA TALK WITHOUT ANOTHER PAYDAY.
I KNOW COPS THAT REGULARLY SUBPOENA INTERVIEW TAPES FROM THE NEWS BECAUSE WITNESSES DON'T GIVE 'EM THE SAME INFO THEY GIVE THE TV PEOPLE.
I HATE MY JOB.
I TELL MYSELF I'M A—I'M A **HUNTER**. I'M A **SCOUT**. I'M TRYING TO **DO GOOD**.
BUT THE MONEY SPENDS THE SAME.
I GET 800 DOLLARS A DAY AND EXPENSES.
OLIVIA HONEYCUTT'S BEEN MISSING FOR 5600 DOLLARS NOW.

AND HOW DID WE EARN OUR PAY *THIS WEEK,* MR. NOVA?

MR. HONEYCUTT, SIR, I—I MAY HAVE FOUND SOMETHING. I FOUND SOMETHING I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING BEFORE.

THE, AH, THE NIGHT BEFORE OLIVIA DISAPPEARED, SHE— THERE WAS A HALLOWEEN PARTY, YEAH?

BECCA SANDERS'S HALLOWEEN PARTY. WE TOOK OLIVIA. *ALL* OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD PARENTS—HAVEN'T WE ALREADY GONE OVER THIS?

RIGHT, WELL—ON THE LIST OF EVERYBODY'S COSTUMES, I COULDN'T FIND...WHO WAS THE *CLOWN*?

I FOUND A *PHOTO.* LOOK.

I DON'T REMEMBER ANY CLOWNS.

"THAT'S JUST *IT.* NOBODY REMEMBERS ANY CLOWNS. AND NONE OF THE PARENTS OR KIDS *DRESSED UP* LIKE CLOWNS.

KNOCK KNOCK

2601

"BUT SURE AS SHIT THERE'S A CLOWN REFLECTED IN THE LIVING ROOM MIRROR."

HERE'S THE THING—I MIGHT BE NUTS, BUT I KEEP THINKING THAT YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE HIM OVER HERE... NOT JUST IN THE REFLECTION.

COULD BE A TRICK, A WEIRD ANGLE, I DUNNO.

SON OF A **BITCH.**

NOBODY KEPT TRACK OF **WHO** SHOT **WHAT.** THANKS, L.A.P.D. SO IT TOOK **DAYS** TO GET ALL THE PHOTOS MATCHED.

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T REMEMBER TAKING THE PICTURE?

NO, NO, GOSH NO, NO, SIR.

BUT THERE IT IS, AND—

AND YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANY CLOWNS?

WELL, I'LL BE SURE TO CALL IF...

YEAH, JUST IF—YOU KNOW, YOU THINK OF ANYTHING.

THIS BIT BREAKS THE RULES OF FIRST-PERSON NARRATIVE:

MISTER ZERO? IT'S JOE HANSEN. SOMEONE WAS JUST *HERE.*

I'M NOT IN THE ROOM. HOW DO I KNOW THIS IS HAPPENING?

I DIDN'T. I DO NOW.

PLEASE... MAY I SPEAK TO MY GIRL?

I JUST PUT THIS HERE FOR FORESHADOWING AND NARRATIVE CLARITY. DETECTIVE STORIES GET COMPLICATED SOMETIMES.

"FORGET IT, JAKE, IT'S CHINATOWN!"

WHAT?

IT'S FROM A DETECTIVE MOVIE!

RIGHT, RIGHT.

...

"ANYTHING WEIRD IS NORMAL IN THIS WHORE OF CITIES."

PSHH.

"DETECTIVE MOVIE." GIVE YOU A DETECTIVE MOVIE..

TALKING TO YOURSELF?

WHAT KIND OF DETECTIVE TALKS TO HIMSELF?

I'D WANT MY MONEY BACK.

YOU'RE THE CLOWN IN THE PICTURE.

YES. MY NAME IS UNCLE ZERO.

THE LADY TOOK MY NECKLACE.

ARE YOU HERE TO SAVE ME?

ARE YOU OLIVIA?

I CAN'T— OLIVIA, I CAN'T SEE ANYTH—

I THINK NEW LUNCH IS AWAKE.

HEY, NEW LUNCH, ARE YOU AWAKE?

WHERE IS SHE?

EAT MY FUCK AND SUCK MY BALLS, SHITASS. THAT'S WHERE SHE IS.

ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

WELL. LOOKS LIKE I GOT YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.

"TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER." FUNNY.

AND I KNOW FROM FUNNY, ASS-HAT. I'M GONNA USE THAT ONE.

YEP. THIS CASE WAS COMING TOGETHER NICELY.

AWWW, MAN. I WANTED TO—

BINGO!

I DIDN'T INVITE DEBATE.

RIGHT. OKAY.

SORRY.

UNCLE ZERO.

HERE.

MY PRINCESS. LET ME SEE YOU.

SERIOUSLY, HOW LONG CAN YOU BE UPSIDE-DOWN BEFORE ALL THE BLOOD IN YOUR HEAD TURNS YOU RETARDED?

BLOOD. IN THE HEAD.

DAMN.

GRRRAAAAAAA

NONO NONONO NONO

HOLD STILL, SALLY MAE.

YOU WANNA KNOW THE STUPIDEST THING I EVER DID?

NNGAAAAAIIIIEEEEE

I BIT FIRST.

AND THAT WAS IT FOR ME.

I COULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING. I COULDN'T THINK ANYTHING.

Ptoo-

JESUS CHRIST!

HE BIT OUT HER TONGUE!

HEFF.
HEFF.
HEFF.

GUY

NOVA

WELL, GREAT.

ANYBODY GOT ANY USE FOR A GODDAMN SCOUT?

THOSE GREASEPAINT FUCKHOLES BETTER NOT'VE FUCKED UP MY *RIDE*.

NOVA INVESTIGATIONS

PORNOYOGA

GIFTS

ALEX?

THEY SAID YOU DID SOME HORRIBLE THINGS.

THEY'RE WRONG.

I DIDN'T.

I'VE SEEN YOUR DOG. I LEAVE CHICKEN OUT FOR HIM.

YEAH. HE *LIKED* THAT.

DID YOU DO IT?

DID YOU KILL THOSE GIRLS?

NO. I TRIED TO SAVE THEM.

CRAK

MY NAME IS LEX NOVA.

I FIND GIRLS.

THE END.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH

30 DAYS OF NIGHT™

PICKING UP THE PIECES

Story by Steve Niles • Art by Ben Templesmith

I DID A BAD THING.

I KNEW IT WAS STUPID, BUT I GUESS I LET MY CURIOSITY GET THE BEST OF ME.

AFTER THE LAST ATTACK ON BARROW—AND WE HAVE ASSURANCES IT WILL BE THE LAST—I FOUND SOMETHING IN THE SNOW, FROZEN OUT BY THE OLEMAUN HOUSE WHERE SHERIFF KITKA AND HIS BOY LIVE NOW.

WHAT I FOUND WAS ONE OF THEM, DEAD, FROZEN LIKE A GODDAMN POPSICLE.

SO I TOOK IT.

AND KEPT IT IN MY LODGE.

FIGURED I COULD KEEP IT FROZEN, MAYBE TO STUDY THE DAMN BLOODSUCKING MONSTER, LEARN WHAT THE HELL IT WAS.

HELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING.

IT SURE AS SHIT GOES DOWN AS ONE OF THE DUMBEST THINGS I'VE EVER DONE.

WELL, THAT AND HOOKING UP WITH DONNA. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

MY NAME'S JOHN IKOS. I LIVE IN BARROW, ALASKA, AND I MAY BE ONE OF THE DUMBEST MOTHERFUCKERS EVER TO WALK THE EARTH.

HOW WAS YOUR NAP?

JUST DO WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO AND BE DONE WITH IT.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE. I OWE YOU.

ALL I WANT IS YOU GONE.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, OLD MAN. I GOTTA TELL YOU, I THOUGHT ME AND MY FRIENDS WOULD STROLL IN HERE AND HAVE OURSELVES A FEAST. THIS IS ONE TOUGH TOWN.

NO TOWN LIKES TO BE SERVED UP FOR DINNER.

TRUE, TRUE.

YOU KNOW, WHEN I WAS HUMAN HONOR MEANT SOMETHING TO ME.

NOW WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU? NOW THAT YOU'RE...

DEAD? YOU CAN SAY IT. WHAT DOES HONOR MEAN TO A DEAD MAN? THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT. I HAVE ALL THIS NEW SHIT SWIMMING AROUND IN MY BRAIN... AND I THOUGHT BEING HUMAN WAS COMPLICATED.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF TO ME. WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME BECAUSE I DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR MURDERERS.

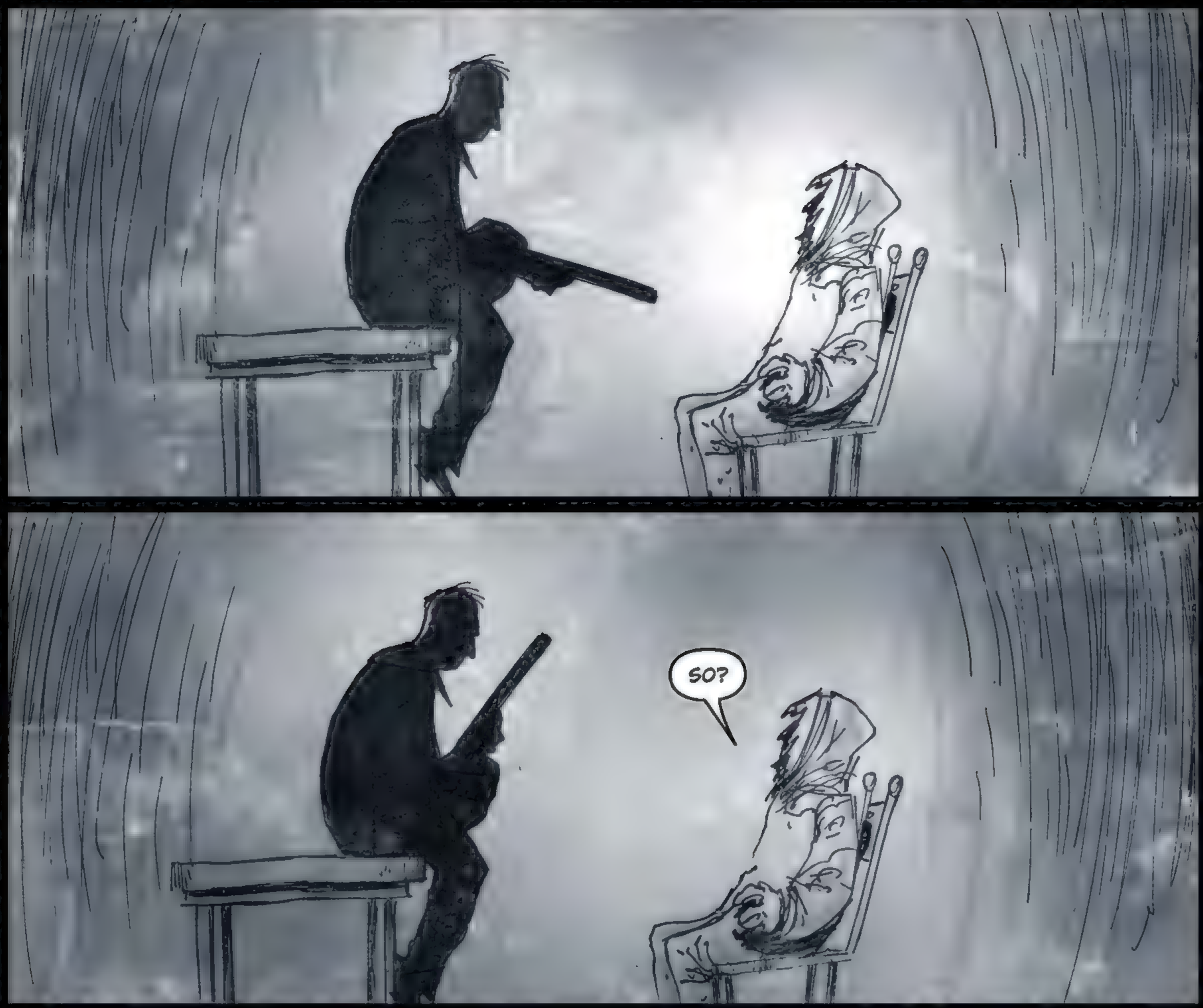
THAT'S NOT FAIR AND YOU KNOW IT.

HOW'S THAT?

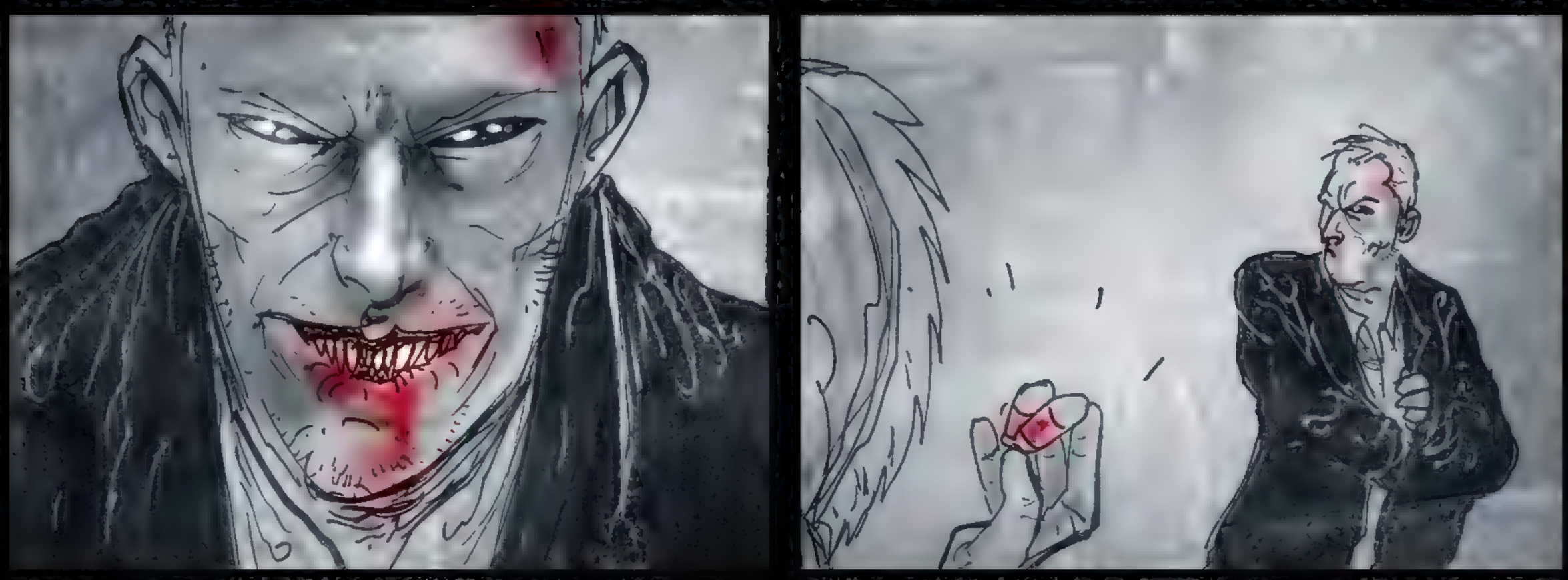
YOU'RE A HUNTER. YOU KILL.

I EAT WHAT I KILL.

SO DO I.



SO?



THWAM

BLAM

URGH!

GODDAMMIT.

AS... I SAID BEFORE. I OWE YOU... BUT... YOU'RE NOT MAKING IT EASY.

I WASN'T TRYING TO SAVE YOU. I PLANNED ON CUTTING YOU UP AND SENDING THE CHUNKS TO SCIENTISTS AND LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES!

heh heh heh heh

THIS IS FUNNY. ALL OF THIS.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

NOT LONG AGO I WAS A FATHER AND A HUSBAND. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

ANYWAY, THANKS FOR THE ASSIST.

I'LL BE SURE TO STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM THIS CRAZY FUCK-ASS TOWN.

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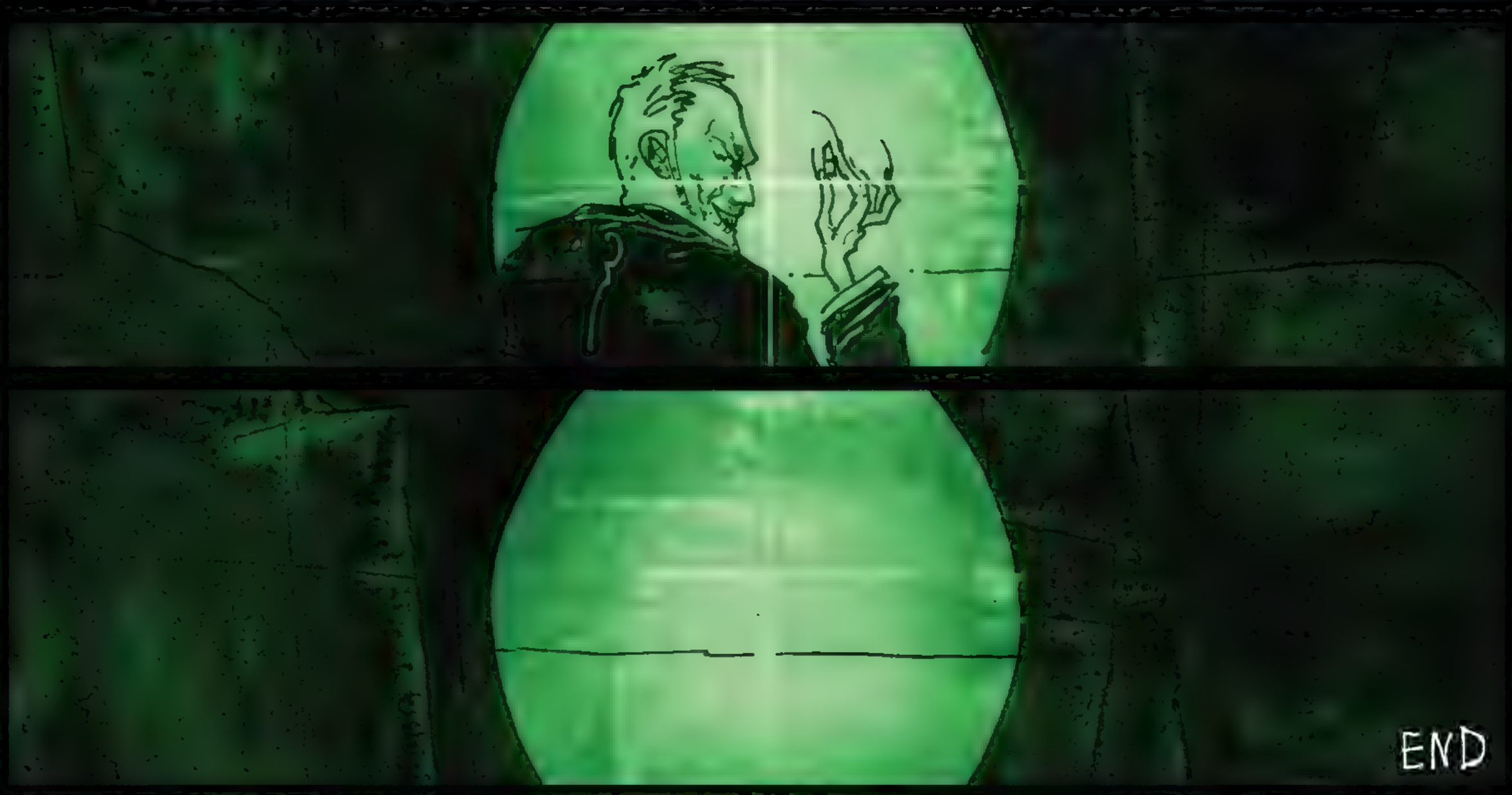
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THE JOURNAL of JOHN IKOS

ART BY NAT JONES COLORS BY JAY FOTOS

I HATE TO ADMIT IT. MAKES ME SOUND LIKE SOME KINDA QUEER, BUT THE REASON I LEFT BARROW WAS BECAUSE OF SOME DREAMS.

AND JUST TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT– I KNOW HOW YOU ALL GET DOWN HERE IN THE LOWER STATES–I GOT NO PROBLEM WITH WHO POKES WHO IN WHAT.

WHEN I SAY QUEER I MEAN ODD, OFF, OR JUST PLAIN CRAZY... IT AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE GAYS.

STRANGE HOW WORDS CHANGE MEANING.

I REMEMBER WHEN NIGHTMARES MEANT SOMETHING THAT ONLY HAPPENED IN YOUR SLEEP.

ANYWAYS, THE DREAM AND WHY I LEFT BARROW...

I'M ALWAYS IN A DARK ROOM WITH NOTHING BUT UNARMED WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. ALL OF A SUDDEN-LIKE, UGLY BASTARDS ARE FALLING THROUGH THE CEILING, COMING IN WINDOWS.

I JUST START SHOOTING, BUT I DON'T HIT MUCH, JUST SPRAY THE ROOM WITH FLASHING LIGHT AND HOT LEAD.

KIDS AND WOMEN ARE TAKEN ONE BY ONE. AIN'T NOTHING I CAN DO.

'CEPT SHOOT AND WATCH 'EM ALL GET KILLED.

THEN *HE* APPEARS IN THE DOOR.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, IT'S THE TWO OF US. NOTHING LEFT OF 'EM EXCEPT BLOOD ON THE FLOOR AN INCH DEEP.

IN THE DREAM I JUST KEEP SHOOTING UNTIL EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM HAS BEEN SPLINTERED.

THE BLONDE-HAIRED GUY STANDS THERE AND TAKES A COUPLE IN THE GUT, BUT HE NEVER MOVES.

AND THEN HE SLAPS THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND LIKE I'M NOTHING.

I SEE HIS FACE- THE FACE THAT I SAVED- AND IT WANTS ME DEAD.

THEN I WAKE UP.

THE BLONDE-HAIRED FREAK'S NAME IS... WAS... WHATEVER... AGENT NORRIS. HE USED TO BE FBI. NOW HE'S A VAMPIRE. I MADE A BIG MISTAKE ONCE AND BROUGHT THAT BASTARD BACK TO LIFE.

GUESS YOU COULD SAY I LEFT BARROW BECAUSE OF A DREAM, BUT YOU COULD ALSO SAY I LEFT TO CORRECT A MISTAKE I MADE.

THAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT COULD BRING ME TO THIS HOT, DISGUSTING, HELLHOLE.

LOS ANGELES.

I FUCKING HATE IT.

BUT THIS IS WHERE STELLA OLEMAUN WENT AFTER SHE WROTE THAT BOOK.

THIS IS WHERE NORRIS FOUND HER, THE FIRST TIME.

SECOND TIME HE FOUND HER, SHE TORE HIM TO PIECES.

UNTIL I FUCKED UP.

I FIGURE THIS IS WHERE I MIGHT FIND THAT RAT BASTARD AND FIX MY MISTAKE.

AND BY *FIX*, I MEAN BLOW NORRIS' VAMPIRE BRAINS ALL OVER THE PAVEMENT.

HUUUUUMAN. HUUUUUMAN.

YOU TALKIN' TO ME?

KEEEEEEP MOVING OR YOU WILL HAVE NO LEGS TO FLEE.

SHIIIIT. I KNOW THAT BULLSHIT BANTER. HOW ABOUT I STAY RIGHT HERE AND WE CHAT IN THE DARK?

THEN YOU WILL DIEEEEE!

THIS IS A SAWED-OFF, SEMI-AUTOMATIC, COMBAT SHOTGUN WITH CUSTOM INCENDIARY ROUNDS. IF THE MOLTEN SHARDS DON'T BURN YOUR HEAD OFF, THE HEAT WILL BOIL YOUR BRAIN RIGHT ON THE PAVEMENT.

I'M LOOKING FOR A BLOODSUCKER THAT GOES BY THE NAME NORRIS. GIVE ME SOMETHING AND I *MIGHT* NOT PULL THE TRIGGER.

TR- TRY THE PIT. THEY ALL GO THERE.

WHERE?

KOREATOWN. ALLEY BETWEEN THE BBQ AND PAWN SHOP AT THIRD AND WESTERN.

SEE, YOU CAN TALK NORMAL WHEN YOU WANT. THANKS FOR THE TIP, JACKHOLE. NEXT TIME I SEE YOU, I'LL KILL YA.

JEEZ.

THE PIT.

I WILL HAVE HER FIRST.

HOLD STILL!

PLEASE... D-DON'T... H-HURT ME.

TRUST ME, WOMAN, YOU WON'T HURT LONG.

ENOUGH PLAY. LET'S EAT.

-:AHEM:-

GET AWAY FROM THAT WOMAN!

AGH!

THUNK

CLICK CLACK

GAK!

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE. TELL YOUR FRIENDS BARROW'S COME TO L.A. LOOKING FOR A FIGHT.

TWO PALE-HEADS STAKED IN TWO SECONDS. THAT'S GOTTA BE SOME KIND OF RECORD.

HUH?

COME ON, YOUNG LADY. LET'S GET YOU OUT OF THIS HOLE.

H... HE... HE...

P- PLEASE... MISTER.

HELP... ME... MISTER.

HEEEEEEELP MEEEEEEEE!

SHIT! SHE'S BIT!

CLICK

BOOM

SPLISH

THEY TELL ME GOD FORGIVIN, EVERYTHING YOU DO BUT I DON'T CARE WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY I'M GONNA KILL THAT WOMAN, I'M GONNA KILL THAT WOMAN, GOD KNOWS I'M GONNA GET DOWN ON MY KNEES-

MESSAGE SENT.

I FIGURED IT WOULD TAKE A WHILE FOR THE ASSHOLES TO COME LOOKING FOR ME.

THEY'RE A STRANGE, VENGEFUL LOT. FOR CREATURES CLAIMING TO HAVE SUCH STRENGTH: THEY POSSESS AN ODD MIX ODD BAD HUMAN TRAITS: JEALOUSY, HATRED, GREED.

I BEEN STUDYING ON THESE THINGS SINCE THEY FIRST TORE THROUGH BARROW AND NOTHING HAS SURPRISED ME MORE THEN HOW SIMULTANEOUSLY BRUTAL AND FUCKING PETTY THEY COULD BE.

AND CHRIST, HOW THEY LOVE TO TALK.

I HEARD 'EM SAY THAT THE FACT THAT NOBODY BELIEVED IN THEM WAS THEIR GREATEST STRENGTH.

IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN BEING TOO HUMAN IS THEIR WEAKNESS.

TURN AROUND, HUMAN.

SEE WHAT I MEAN? CHRIST. SHOOT UP A FLARE AND THEY COME RUNNING EVERY TIME THE STUPID MOTHER-

-FUCK...

WE HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING FOR VAMPIRES.

WILL WE DO?

THE NIGHT CREW-AN ORGANIZED GROUP OF VAMPIRES WITH MORE THAN JUST BLOOD ON THEIR MINDS. THEY WANT TO DESTROY ALL HUMANS, TURN THEM TO SLAVES, CATTLE FOR BLOODSUCKERS TO FEAST.

SPECIFICALLY, I'M LOOKING FOR ONE IN PARTICULAR... AN FBI AGENT TURNED FANGED PRICK NAMED NORRIS.

WHY SHOULD WE HELP YOU?

BEATS GETTING KILLED BY ME.

ME AND MY BIG FUCKIN' MOUTH.

KRAK

AHH!

OOF!

THWAP

NO! LEAVE HIM.

IT WOULD BE THAT EASY FOR US TO KILL YOU.

I HAVE HEARD OF THIS NORRIS. I WILL LOOK INTO IT.

IN THE MEANTIME...

...THINK ABOUT HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO DEATH.

YEAH... UGH... THANKS.

I SCOUTED THE PLACE FROM BARROW. AN OLD FACTORY WITH SOME NASTY ASBESTOS AND OTHER TOXINS PREVENTING ANYONE FROM REFURBISHING THE PLACE.

TOO EXPENSIVE. TOO DANGEROUS.

PERFECT FOR AN OLD FUCK LIKE ME.

REMINDS ME OF HOME.

ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS HEAT UP SOME BEANS AND WAIT FOR MY WOUNDS TO HEAL.

COUGH

WHO'S THERE? MIGHT AS WELL SPEAK UP. I'LL FIND YOU IF YER HERE.

ESPECIALLY IF YOU KEEP COUGHING.

COUGH

POOR STUPID BASTARD.

LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE...

BUT AS USUAL, I WASN'T GOING TO GET A BREAK, OR MY BEANS.

...HERE?

HELP... ME.

YOU'RE CUT TO RIBBONS, KID. WHO DID THIS TO YOU?

S- SAXON.

THE ACTOR?

THE D- DOCTOR.

I WAS JUST KIDDING, KID.

DR. SAXON... HE WAS A TEACHER... DESTROYED EVERYTHING... MY LIFE.

KIDDO, DON'T WORRY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. MY NAME IS JOHN. JOHN IKOS.

YOU SAYING A DOCTOR DID THIS TO YOU?

I'M BILLY.

A NIGHT LATER.

YOU SURE YOU AIN'T HUNGRY?

CALL ME AN IDIOT, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW.

I... AM... NOT.

HRMM.

BUT I SURE FOUND OUT... KNOCKED RIGHT OVER THE HEAD WITH A FRYING PAN.

WHAT'D YOU DROP IN THE BUCKET?

N- NOTHING.

WHAT THE HELL'S THIS?

LOOKS LIKE A KIDNEY TO ME.

YEAH? WHOSE?

MINE.

MOTHERFUCKER... I DID IT AGAIN.

YOU SAVED ME. I WOULD NEVER HURT YOU.

YEAH... WELL.

I GUESS IF YOU WERE GONNA ATTACK, YOU WOULD HAVE BY NOW.

KER TSH

MORE GOOD NEWS?

THANKS, JOHN.

MAYBE IT WAS THE DAD IN ME BUT I COULDN'T LEAVE THE KID BEHIND EVEN IF HE WAS A DAMN DIRT BLOODSUCKER.

COME ON KID, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SEEMED THE NIGHT CREW WAS DETERMINED TO TORMENT ME BEFORE THEY TOOK ME OUT.

THEIR ARROGANCE REALLY PISSED ME OFF.

BEEN WANTING TO TEST THE CUSTOM INCENDIARY ROUNDS.

KA-BLAM

WORKED.

TRY TO WALK, KID.

WEAK... I NEED–

KID, DON'T SAY IT, OKAY?

DON'T GIVE ME A REASON TO LEAVE YOUR ASS BEHIND.

WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE?

NOT PEOPLE. THEY'RE ONE LIKE YOU. DON'T ALL OF YOU HANG OUT AT THE SAME SOCIAL CLUB?

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME THAT THE KID WAS UNTRAINED, RECENTLY CHANGED OR JUST PLAIN OUT OF THE LOOP.

I KNEW ENOUGH NOT TO TRUST THE KID, BUT I ALSO KNEW THAT NOT ALL OF THESE SUCKERS WERE AUTOMATICALLY BAD GUYS.

I'D MET ONE OR TWO BACK HOME WHO WERE LIKE GUARDIAN ANGLES.

BILLY HAD EVERY CHANCE TO GUT ME AND HE HADN'T. I DECIDED TO TRUST HIM.

ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS GET AWAY.

BUT GETTING AWAY JUST WASN'T IN THE CARDS THAT NIGHT I GUESS.

SHIT.

TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH, KID.

BOSS SAID WE GET TO KILL YOU THIS TIME. SAID NORRIS IS ONE OF US... PROPER-LIKE.

OH... NO.

IF YOU'RE ONE OF HIM, THAT MAKES ALL OF YOU A WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT FREAK... SO... WHICH ONE OF YOU PUSSIES WANTS TO DIES FIRST?

WHAT WAS THE POINT IN PUTTING IT OFF?

THEY HAD US TRAPPED.

I HAVE YOU!

AT THE VERY LEAST, I'D GO DOWN FIGHTING.

NOOOOOO!

STEP ASIDE, IKOS! I'M HERE TO HELP! I WILL DEAL WITH THESE VERMIN!

AHHHH!

POW CHACK

SCHKRIIP

NICE WORK.

THANK YOU, JOHN IKOS.

UHHH.

YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW YOU KNOW ME?

I WAS IN BARROW, THE LAST TIME, BUT I LEFT BEFORE...

IS IT TRUE... WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT STELLA AND EBEN OLEMAUN?

I SAW THEM WITH MY OWN TWO EYES.

INCREDIBLE.

I'M DANE.

WITHOUT GOING INTO LONG EXPLANATIONS... I KNEW STELLA OLEMAUN. I AM SYMPATHETIC TO HUMANS AND DO NOT AGREE WITH THE WARRING WAYS OF THE NIGHT CREW AND THEIR LEADER, SANTANA LUTZ. YOU KILLED SOME OF HIS CREW.

WHO'S THE BOY?

NAME'S BILLY. CAN YOU HELP HIM?

COME HERE, BOY.

COME, BOY. DRINK.

YOU HAVE A SYMPATHETIC HEART, IKOS-

JUST DON'T GO SUCKIN' ON IT AND WE'LL BE FINE.

FEEL BETTER, KID?

MUCH.

GOOD, CUZ I THINK WE HAVE A FIGHT AHEAD OF US.

LET'S FUCK THOSE PANSY-ASS MOTHERFUCKERS UP.

BUT THE ALLIANCE OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD WOULD LAST A SHORT TIME AS BILLY, IN AN EFFORT TO PROVE HIMSELF TO DANE AND IKOS, VENTURED OUT ALONE TO CONFRONT THE NIGHT CREW AND THEIR LOATHSOME LEADER...

LOOK WHAT WE FOUND CRAWLING AROUND OUTSIDE, MASTER.

PLEASE, DON'T CALL ME THAT. IT'S SO... SO HUMAN.

HE WAS COMING OVER THE FENCE. SAYS HIS NAME IS BILLY.

I CAN SPEAK FOR MYSELF. I CAME HERE TO TELL YOU YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE. YOU'RE ELITIST WAYS ARE FINISHED.

HE'S A TALKER, BOSS. WANT WE SHOULD DECAPITATE HIM.

A FIRM SLAP SHOULD SUFFICE FOR NOW.

SMACK

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

SANTANA. LEADER OF THE NIGHT CREW.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT WE BELIEVE?

YOU BELIEVE THAT HUMANS ARE CATTLE AND SHOULD BE TREATED AS SUCH. YOU BELIEVE THAT WE ARE THE SUPERIOR SPECIES AND WE SHOULD TAKE OUR PLACE AS RULERS OF THE STREETS.

I ALSO BELIEVE THAT YOU ARE WRONG, AND ME AND MY FRIENDS ARE GOING TO STOP YOU.

THAT WAS QUIET A RANT. DID YOU REHEARSE IT BEFORE YOU CAME?

FIRST YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS KILL MY PARTNER–AND NOW YOU HAVE THE BALLS TO COME HERE AND CHALLENGE ME?

I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, BOY. AND YOU WILL BE PROOF OF OUR ACCEPTANCE. HOLD HIM!

HAND ME THAT RAZOR!

THE WORST OF THE VAMPIRES SEE HUMANS AS NOTHING MORE THAN FOOD.

BUT THESE EXTREMISTS WANT WAR. THEY WANT TO TAKE OVER AND DESTROY HUMANKIND WITHOUT ACCEPTING THE TRUTH THAT IT WOULD MEAN THEIR OWN DEMISE.

SOUND LIKE DAMN FOOL FANATICS TO ME. PROBLEM WITH CRAZY FUCK FANATICS IS THEY DON'T CARE WHO DIES, OR HOW MANY, SO LONG AS THEY PROVE WHATEVER FUCKING CRAZY-BRAIN BULLSHIT THEY GOT TO PROVE.

YES, I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHAT I WAS TRYING TO SAY.

WELL, LET'S GET THE KID AND FIGURE OUT HOW WE CAN STOP THEM. I'M ITCHIN' TO KILL ME SOME BLOODSUCKERS. NO OFFENSE.

NONE TAKEN. LET'S GET BILL AND FIGURE OUT HOW WE CHALLENGE SANTANA AND HIS GANG.

HEY, KID, WE GOT-

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

I'D SAY WE HAVE AN ANSWER.

GOOD LORD.

IF YOU HAD A CHANGE OF HEART, IKOS, I WOULD THINK NO LESS OF YOU. THESE CREATURES ARE MADMEN.

YOU KIDDING? I'M PISSED NOW. LET'S TRACK THESE BASTARDS DOWN AND KILL 'EM LIKE THE MURDERING DOGS THEY ARE.

MY FEAR IS THAT THEY ARE MUCH MORE THAN THAT.

SANTANA IS A ONE OF A GROWING NUMBER OF UNDEAD WHO BELIEVE WE SHOULD BE AT WAR WITH HUMANS. THIS SHIFT IN ATTITUDE IS QUITE ALARMING.

I'VE SEEN IT IN ACTION. I AIN'T SURPRISED. HOW MANY WE TALKING ABOUT HERE?

IT IS NOT THE NUMBERS THAT MATTER IT IS THE INTENT.

AS YOU MAY OR MAY NOT BE AWARE, THE ATTACKS OF YOUR TOWN OF BARROW WERE FROWNED UPON BY MOST OF MY PEOPLE. THERE IS HONOR IN VAMPIRISM AND THESE THUGS DO NOT REPRESENT WHAT WE HAVE SPENT DECADES FORMING.

YEAH, WHAT'S THAT?

A WAY TO LIVE AS A MINORITY SPECIES IN A WORLD WHICH DOES NOT EVEN ACCEPT OUR EXISTENCE.

YOU LOST ME. WHAT MAKES THAT HONORABLE?

THEY, SANTANA, LIKE THE GROUP THAT ATTACKED BARROW, BELIEVE IN A WORLD WHERE THEY CAN BE THE DOMINATE SPECIES, THE MAJORITY IN STRENGTH. CONTROLLING MANKIND AS A FOOD SOURCE AND NOTHING MORE. I BELIEVE WE ARE MEANT TO BE A MINORITY AND THAT WE CAN EXIST WITHOUT THE VIOLENCE.

HAHA. ACTUALLY, I CONSIDER MYSELF OLD FASHIONED. I THINK THERE ARE ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE A PRECIOUS FEW OF US. WHAT WE ARE DICTATES THAT WE CANNOT BE THE DOMINANT SPECIES AND SURVIVE.

SO, YOU'RE KIND OF LIKE A HIPPIE VAMPIRE.

HONESTLY, MISTER, I CAME HERE TO LOOK FOR THAT BLONDE PRICK I LET GET AWAY AND PUT A BULLET IN HIS SKULL. NOW I'M MIXED UP IN THIS SO I CAN KILL MORE LIKE HIM, LIKE YOU. I REALLY DON'T GIVE A CRAP ABOUT THE POLITICS.

IT'S LIKE HEARING WHY RATS HATE COCKROACHES, YA KNOW?

SORRY TO BORE YOU.

HAHA.

NICE PLACE. WHO'D YOU KILL FOR IT?

I ASSURE YOU I PAID FOR IT WITH MY OWN FUNDS, MR. IKOS.

WHO'S YOUR REALTOR, JONATHAN HARKER?

AH, A LITERARILY REFERENCE. DRACULA. I GET IT.

IT'S BAD JOKES OR GUNFIRE WITH ME. SORRY. LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE DONE PRETTY WELL WITH YOUR FUNDS.

I HAVE HAD MANY YEARS OF PRACTICE.

DO PEOPLE EVER SUSPECT... YOU KNOW?

THE LONGEST I HAVE LIVED IN ONE HOME IS TWO NORMAL LIFETIMES. PEOPLE EVENTUALLY NOTICE, BUT TRUTHFULLY LIVING UNNOTICED IS NOT THAT HARD IN THE MODERN WORLD.

AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH. THANK FUCKIN' CHRIST.

THEN WE SHARE A CERTAIN NEED FOR SOLITUDE YOU AND I?

EXCEPT YOU DON'T LIVE IN A SHACK.

TRUE. BUT I HAVE. DO YOU MIND IF I FEED, MR. IKOS?

DAMN STRAIGHT I DO.

YOU MISUNDERSTAND. I DO NOT NEED TO HUNT. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS I CAN FEED.

WHERE'D YOU GET IT?

I CONFESS I AM A THIEF, BUT ONLY FROM A HOSPITAL.

AFTER YOU HAVE YOUR OVALTINE DO WE GET TO IT? I CAME HERE BECAUSE YOU SAID YOU HAD WEAPONS AND A PLAN.

OH, I HAVE WEAPONS.

CHUK

SKRIK

KLICK

THAK

CLACK

FWIP

READY?

LET'S GO.

WHAT'S THAT?

I HEAR HEARTBEATS.

LOOKS LIKE THE PLAN CAME TO US.

SHHH.

GO TO THE PERCH. TAKE THE JEEP. I WILL DELIVER HIM!

CHA CRACK

GO! NOW!

DIE, YOU BLOODSUCKING FREAKS!

NO OFFENSE.

NONE TAKEN.

ARRRRRGH!

KRAKRAV

SKREEEEEEEE

WE SEPARATE AHEAD IKOS!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

I THINK YOU MIGHT BE MOVING AGAIN, SOON.

I'M MOVING ALRIGHT. I SUGGEST YOU DO THE SAME.

BUT I'M HAVING SO MUCH FUN.

SERIOUSLY, IKOS. BE SAFE. LOOKS LIKE I'M FREE AND—

KER

TAK

SANTANA!

LOOKING FOR ME, TRAITOR?!

SKREEEEEEEE

DANE? DANE?! OH YEAH, WE'RE DOING GREAT.

AAAAAAAAAHHHH!

HA HA!

BOOM

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE TRAITOR.

AH!

I AM NOT THE TRAITOR!

IT IS THUGS LIKE YOU, VERMIN, WHO WILL BRING THE ENEMIES UPON US!

LET THEM COME!

I AM NO COWARD LIKE YOU. I WILL FACE THE ENEMY AND CONQUER THEM!

SPOKEN LIKE THE FOOL YOU ARE. ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD WIPE OUT THEIR OWN FOOD SUPPLY.

FOOL?!

IDIOT?!

HOW. DARE. YOU!

I AM TWICE YOUR AGE, TRAITOR. I KNOW WHAT I SPEAK.

IKOS... HURRY.

DON'T WAIT FOR ME.

I'LL BE THERE.

DAMMIT.

DANE?

YOU CAN RUN ALL YOU LIKE.

BUT I WILL WIN. I WILL HOLD YOUR HEART IN MY HAND...

...AND THEN I WILL FEED IT TO YOUR HUMAN FRIEND!

THE BIGGER THE EGO, THE TACKIER THE BANTER.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT.

TELL ME YOU'VE NEVER IMAGINED A WORLD WHERE HUMANS ARE OFFERED UP LIKE MEAT ON A SPIT AND I WILL LET YOU JOIN US.

NEVER... BUT I HAVE DREAMED OF A WORLD WHERE VAMPIRES DON'T DRESS LIKE EVIL KNIEVEL.

GURK!

AAAAAHHHHHH!
AAAARGHH!

THAT'S GOTTA BE THEM.

SMILE FUCKER.

OH, YEAH.

NICE JOB. I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO PUT A SLUG IN MY HEAD TOO?

NAW, I GUESS IT AIN'T AS CUT AND DRY AS I LIKE TO THINK SOMETIMES.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.

THANKS FOR SHOWING ME DEAD GUYS GOT HEART, TOO.

SO MAYBE I DIDN'T GET WHAT I CAME FOR. I DIDN'T FIND NORRIS, BUT I FOUND A LOT MORE IN A STRANGE WAY.

GOOD BYE, MISTER IKOS.

WHAT A CRAZY FUCKING WORLD.

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO BARROW.

END.

art by Nat Jones. Colors by Jay Fotos

DEAD SPACE

ART BY MILX

"LONG BEFORE PRESIDENT KENNEDY VOWED TO PUT A MAN ON THE MOON, WE HAVE GAZED UP AT THE STARS WITH A LONGING TO EXPLORE.

"SINCE ITS INCEPTION IN 1958, NASA HAS BEEN HONORED TO LEAD THE CHARGE INTO SPACE. THROUGH TRIUMPHS AND TRAGEDIES, THE UNWAVERING DEDICATION TO REACHING THE STARS AND BEYOND HAS KEPT US MOVING FORWARD.

"TODAY, AFTER TWO YEARS, AND WITH AN INCREASED FOCUS ON SAFETY, WE RETURN TO THAT EXPLORATION. WE RETURN TO THE VISIONARY STRATEGY THAT WILL TAKE US FROM THE EARTH, TO THE MOON, TO MARS, AND BEYOND."

NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM PROUD TO INTRODUCE TO YOU THE CREW OF STS-143.

RALPH "ROCKY" ROCHE, PILOT.

RONALD ERICKSON, MISSION SPECIALIST.

JAMES COBB, COMMANDER.

GILBERT DIZON, MISSION SPECIALIST.

LINDA COOPER-WILSON, MISSION SPECIALIST.

KATHLEEN RAINBOLT, MISSION SPECIALIST.

SERGIO BENITEZ, MISSION SPECIALIST.

FOR MORE DETAILS ON THE MISSION SPECIFICS, I NOW TURN THE PODIUM OVER TO MISSION COMMANDER JAMES COBB.

CLAP CLAPCLAP

CLAP

THANK YOU. MY CREW AND I WILL BE FLYING THE ICARUS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION. WE WILL BE TESTING NEW PROCEDURES FOR FLIGHT SAFETY, SHUTTLE INSPECTIONS AND REPAIR TECHNIQUES.

WE WILL ALSO BE INSTALLING A NEW GUIDANCE THRUSTER TO THE SPACE STATION THAT WILL HELP CORRECT ITS DECAYING ORBIT AND INCREASE THE LONGEVITY OF THE SPACE STATION'S MISSION.

NOW, ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?

DO YOU FEEL THE NEW SAFETY PRECAUTIONS ARE ENOUGH TO PREVENT ANOTHER TRAGEDY?

I HAVE FAITH IN EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WORKING ON THIS MISSION.

ISN'T THIS A VERY EXPENSIVE USE OF TAXPAYERS' MONEY JUST TO TEST SAFETY EQUIPMENT AND INSTALL A QUICK-FIX ROCKET?

WE BELIEVE WHAT WE LEARN ON EACH MISSION OUTWEIGHS THE MONETARY COSTS IN THE END.

WHAT ABOUT THE COST IN HUMAN LIVES?

OVER TWO-DOZEN PEOPLE HAVE DIED OVER THE YEARS TRYING TO EXPLORE SPACE. DO YOU THINK THEIR FAMILIES AGREE THAT ADVANCEMENTS IN TECHNOLOGIES OUTWEIGH THEIR CHILDREN'S, SPOUSE'S, AND PARENT'S LIVES?

EVERY PERSON TO EVER ACCEPT THE TITLE 'ASTRONAUT' DID SO KNOWING THAT IT COULD COST THEM THEIR LIVES– BUT STILL THEY STRIVE FOR THE FANTASTIC

AND LIKE EVERY ASTRONAUT BEFORE ME, I COULDN'T DO THIS WITHOUT THE LOVE AND SUPPORT OF MY FAMILY. BUT THEY KNOW ME AND KNOW THAT THIS IS WHAT I'M HERE ON THIS WORLD TO DO.

OUR FAMILIES ARE PRAYING FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF THIS CREW, BUT NOT ONE OF THEM IS PRAYING FOR US NOT TO GO AT ALL.

AS YOU CAN PROBABLY TELL, BEING AN ASTRONAUT MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME AND I GET PRETTY WORKED UP WHEN SOMEONE QUESTIONS THE VALIDITY OF MY JOB.

BUT LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT EVERY POSSIBLE SAFETY MEASURE HAS BEEN INSTITUTED AND EVERY SYSTEM CHECKED AND RE-CHECKED.

I WILL BE BRINGING THIS CREW HOME SAFE AND SOUND.

NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, WE HAVE A LONG TRIP TO PREPARE FOR TOMORROW...

WITH ALL THE STRESS PUT ON SAFETY, IS IT NASA'S BELIEF THAT ANOTHER ACCIDENT WILL END THE SPACE PROGRAM ALTOGETHER?

I CERTAINLY HOPE NOT. THE FUTURE OF MANKIND LIES IN THE STARS.

PLUS, BEING AN ASTRONAUT IS THE ONLY CHANCE GUYS LIKE ERICKSON HAVE OF EVER GETTING LAID.

HEY!

DON'T EVEN START, KAT.

"STRIVE FOR THE FANTASTIC?"

"THE FUTURE OF MANKIND LIES IN THE STARS?"

WHAT ARE YOU, CHANNELING STEPHEN HAWKINGS?

ALL RIGHT, THAT STUFF WAS CORNY AS HELL...

BUT THE THING ABOUT ERICKSON WAS TRUE.

HEY!

LATER THAT EVENING.

ASTRO DEVIL

ASTRO DEVIL

JUST ONE MORE BEER.

THAT'S YOUR THIRD TIME SAYING THAT.

BUT I MEAN IT THIS TIME.

STOP BRINGING THE FACTS INTO THIS.

YOU SAID THAT THE LAST TWO TIMES.

YOU SEEM TO HAVE AN ADMIRER, COBB.

WHAT? WHERE?

OH...

I'M GOING TO GO... UHM..

GET ME ANOTHER BEER?

YEAH... GET SERGIO ANOTHER BEER.

YOU'RE ONE OF THE ASTRONAUTS GOING INTO SPACE TOMORROW, RIGHT?

YES, MA'AM.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU THE THOUGHT OF A MAN IN A SPACESUIT TURNS ME ON?

I'D SAY THAT'S ONE OF THE NICEST THINGS I'VE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE.

I LIVE JUST DOWN THE STREET.

CARE TO COME BACK TO MY PLACE AND PRACTICE SOME RE-ENTRY?

I'D LOVE TO... BUT MY WIFE MIGHT FROWN ON THE IDEA.

WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW...

I SHOULD PROBABLY... UHM.. GET BACK TO MY FRIENDS.

UHM.. NICE MEETING YOU.

IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, I'LL BE RIGHT HERE.

HURK

DEFINITELY TOO MANY BEERS.

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE COMING BACK.

AND MISS HANGING WITH YOU IDIOTS? NEVER.

HE'S PASSING UP THE HOT GIRL, AND *WE'RE* IDIOTS?

TO OUR FEARLESS LEADER!

AND TO THE ICARUS!

TOMORROW WE GO TO THE STARS!

T-MINUS TEN HOURS AND COUNTING.

IT'S A PROVEN MEDICAL FACT THAT SEX BEFORE A SPACE FLIGHT HELPS THE BODY PREPARE FOR THE RIGORS OF TAKE-OFF...

SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, COMMANDER.

GOODNIGHT, LINDA.

TO INFINITY AND BEYOND!

I WONDER IF IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE CREWS?

VAMPIRES AT DUSK
NOW SHOWING

T-MINUS 30 MINUTES AND COUNTING.

ERICKSON CHECKS OUT.

RAINBOLT CHECKS OUT.

HOLD UP, COBB... YOU FEELING OKAY?

FIT TO FLY.

NONE OF YOUR READINGS ARE RIGHT. PULSE IS LOW. BLOOD PRESSURE IS OFF.

THIS IS COBB. I'M FEELING FINE AND IF WE DELAY, WE'LL MISS OUR LAUNCH WINDOW.

ALRIGHT, I AGREE- THE LAUNCH WINDOW IS TOO TIGHT.

CONTINUE THE COUNTDOWN.

COBB, ONCE IN ORBIT, SWITCH TO ANOTHER SUIT THE FIRST CHANCE YOU GET.

MED-TECH TO MISSION CONTROL- DELAY THE COUNTDOWN. I'M GETTING ODD READINGS OFF OF COBB'S SUIT. RECOMMEND GOING TO BACK-UP SUIT.

CAM 01

THAT WEATHER SYSTEM SEEMS TO BE MOVING IN FAST.

ARE WE GOING TO LOSE OUR LAUNCH WINDOW?

IT'S GOING TO BE TIGHT BUT WE SHOULD BE OKAY.

THE FUELING IS COMPLETE. IF WE GET THE CREW ABOARD AND WARM UP STARTED, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MOVE UP THE LAUNCH FIVE MINUTES.

LET'S DO IT.

COBB, GET YOUR PEOPLE ABOARD.

I ADVISE CAUTION, MISSION CONTROL.

COBB APPEARS TO BE PALE AND SWEATING. I STILL RECOMMEND DELAYING.

LOOK, MAN, I'M FINE. I HAD A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DRINK LAST NIGHT, WHICH SHOULD EXPLAIN THE PALE LOOK.

BUT IT'S NOTHING TO ABORT A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR MISSION OVER.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR DEBATE- I NEED A DECISION AND I NEED IT NOW.

YOU'RE MISSION COMMANDER, COBB, YOU MAKE THE CALL.

WE GO.

THEN GET YOUR ASS INTO THAT BIRD.

WE'VE GOT A WEATHER SYSTEM MOVING IN PRETTY QUICKLY SO WE'RE MOVING UP LAUNCH BY FIVE MINUTES.

START RUNNING SYSTEM CHECKS AS SOON AS YOU GET SEATED.

WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO BYPASS A FEW SYSTEMS TO SAVE TIME.

NO, DO IT BY THE BOOK. I'M ALREADY GOING TO GET CRAP FOR LETTING YOU GO UP IN A BAD SUIT.

YOU GOT IT.

COBB TO ERICKSON- BEGIN SYSTEM CHECKS.

T-MINUS THIRTY SECONDS AND COUNTING.

ALL SYSTEMS ARE GO-GIVE US THE WORD MISSION CONTROL.

EVERYTHING IS READY. WEATHER IS HOLDING. ICARUS, YOU HAVE PERMISSION...

START YOUR ENGINES.

ALL CANDLES ARE LIT.

"T-MINUS TEN AND COUNTING...

"NINE...

"EIGHT...

"SEVEN...

"SIX...

"FIVE...

"FOUR..."

"THREE...

"TWO...

"ONE...

"IGNITION."

"WE HAVE LIFT-OFF."

"GOD'S SPEED."

"ICARUS HAS ACHIEVED GLOBAL ORBIT."

I JUST LOST MY READINGS ON ROCHE AND ERICKSON.

AND I'M GETTING NO PULSE RATE AT ALL FROM COBB.

MISSION CONTROL TO ICARUS– COME IN, PLEASE.

OH, MY GOD! NOOOO!

AAAAARRRGGGGHHHHH!!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON UP THERE?

GET ME SOMEONE ON THAT SHIP, *NOW!*

ICARUS, COME IN, PLEASE. CALLING COMMANDER COBB...

ANY AVAILABLE CREW OF THE ICARUS, PLEASE RESPOND.

"HOUSTON CALLING ICARUS...

"PLEASE RESPOND."

ICARUS

HEY KITTY-KAT, WANNA PLAY?

SWEET JESUS!

NO... PLEASE... THE CABIN ISN'T PRESSURIZED!

RRIIIP

GAAAAH!

AWWW, CAN'T CATCH YOUR BREATH?

LETS SEE IF I CAN HELP.

KRAK

MMMM... TASTY.

RRRRRAAAAAARRRRR!

OH, MAN... HE KILLED KAT... HE KILLED THEM ALL!

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO DO?

COBB CUT COMMUNICATIONS– WE CAN'T EVEN CALL HOUSTON.

AND HOW WOULD THEY BE ABLE TO HELP US UP HERE?

WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIM ON OUR OWN.

THE COCKPIT SHOULD BE PRESSURIZED BY NOW.

I'M GOING AFTER HIM.

GILBERT, OPEN THE DOOR ON THREE.

READY?

1... 2...

KER TISH

JESUS!

LINDA! LOOK OUT!

AAAAAAAH!

SHE'S GOING TOWARDS THE TANKS!

BOOM!

WHAT THE–?

OH, NO... NO...

SIR... MY READINGS INDICATE THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION...

THE ICARUS IS GONE.

INCIDENT REPORT.

CONFIDENTIAL
VSVV STS-174 ICARUS

CREW EVALUATIONS.

CONFIDENTIAL
VSVV STS-174 ICARUS

IT'S BEEN OVER FORTY-EIGHT HOURS SINCE WE LOST CONTACT WITH THE ICARUS.

EVERYONE FROM THE MEDIA TO THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN ASKING ME WHAT HAPPENED. I CAN ONLY STALL SO LONG AND–

AND THE BEST I'M GETTING FROM MY TOP PEOPLE IS "NO CLUE." NO MECHANICAL ERROR HAS BEEN DETECTED. WORSE, SOME ARE SUGGESTING THAT A CREW MEMBER WENT... INSANE AND KILLED EVERYONE.

IF WE DON'T FIND SOME ANSWERS FAST, AASA AND THE FUTURE OF THE SPACE PROGRAM ARE SCREWED!

SO GIVE ME SOME IDEAS HERE... THEORIES... WILD-ASS GUESSES... SOMETHING.

WELL, I HAVE A THEORY, SIR.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE FBI STUDY CALLED OPERATION RED BLOODED?

TS-174
ARUS

FULL REPOR
01-AA-PG

I'VE HEARD OF RED BLOODED. IT WAS SHUT DOWN AFTER AN AGENT NORRIS WENT BALLISTIC OR SOMETHING.

COBB'S SUIT READINGS SHOWED HIS PULSE RATE WAS DROPPING AND HIS BLOOD PRESSURE WAS ERRATIC. MISSION CONTROL LISTED IT AS A FAULTY CONNECTION ON HIS SUIT.

BUT YOU THEORIZE THAT HE WAS ACTUALLY TRANSFORMING INTO SOMETHING... IF I'M UNDERSTANDING CORRECTLY HERE.

YOU MEAN LIKE A VAMPIRE?

HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING, AGENT?

CERTAINLY NOT, SIR... BUT IF YOU'RE OFFERING, I THINK WE'LL ALL NEED ONE BEFORE THIS IS OVER.

JUST HEAR ME OUT.

I KNOW THIS SOUNDS INSANE, BUT OVER THE LAST COUPLE YEARS THERE HAVE BEEN A HANDFUL OF INCIDENTS THAT CAN ONLY BE EXPLAINED BY THE EXISTENCE OF... VAMPIRES.

LOOK AT THE MASSACRE IN BARROW, ALASKA. I KNOW THE OFFICIAL REPORTS WERE A PIPELINE EXPLOSION, BUT WHEN A TOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE THAT STAYS DARK FOR THIRTY DAYS HAS A MASS OF DEATHS... AND BARROW IS ONE OF DOZENS OF INCIDENTS IN THAT REGION OVER THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.

WHERE IS YOUR EVIDENCE?

SURELY, WITH ALL THESE INCIDENTS YOU SPEAK OF, THERE HAS BEEN SOME INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE THAT PROVES THE EXISTENCE OF THE UNDEAD.

THESE... UNDEAD... ARE VERY CAUTIOUS... KEEP THEMSELVES IN THE SHADOWS.

BUT EACH DAY WE ARE GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE TRUTH. AND THE TRUTH SEEMS TO BE THAT WHATEVER VAMPIRES ARE IN LEGEND... IN SCIENCE THEY ARE VERY REAL CARRIERS OF A DEADLY, CONTAGIOUS CONDITION.

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE LEARN A PAINFUL LESSON BETWEEN LEGEND AND FACT.

AND TIME IS SOMETHING WE JUST DON'T HAVE.

WE CAN SIT HERE DISCUSSING AND DEBATING THEORIES, BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO GET US THE ANSWERS.

SEVEN ASTRONAUTS ARE DEAD... AND THEIR FAMILIES AND THIS COUNTRY WANT MORE THAN GUESSES.

WE NEED TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WENT WRONG.

AND HOW EXACTLY DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO THAT?

BY GOING UP THERE AND INVESTIGATING.

I THINK WE SHOULD LAUNCH ONE OF THE FLIGHT TRAINERS WITH A SALVAGE TEAM.

ACCORDING TO MY CREW, WE CAN HAVE THE ARMSTRONG FLIGHT-READY IN THIRTY DAYS.

PROJECT ARMSTRONG

	Overall Shuttle	Orbiter
Length	184.2 feet	122.17 feet
Height	76.6 feet	56.67 feet
Wingspan	-	78.06 feet
Approximate weight • Gross lift-off which will vary depending on payload weight and onboard consumables	4.5 million pounds	
• Nominal end of mission landing with payload,		230,000 pounds

YOUR CONCERNS ARE VALID, AGENT HENSON, BUT WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

WE'LL INCLUDE MILITARY PERSONAL AMONG THE FLIGHT CREW.

WITHOUT KNOWING THE CAUSE OF THE FIRST INCIDENT, HOW CAN WE GUARANTEE, THE CREW'S SAFETY?

ALRIGHT. GOD SAVE US. GET THE ARMSTRONG READY.

THIRTY-SIX DAYS LATER...

SO, LOCKE, DID YOU GET A CHANCE TO LOOK THROUGH THE FILES I SENT YOU?

YEAH. VAMPIRES? FUCKING RIDICULOUS. YOU KNOW NO ONE IS TAKING YOU SERIOUSLY.

I GET THAT A LOT.

ARMSTRONG

JAMES COBB WAS A FRIEND OF MINE... I WENT THROUGH TRAINING WITH ALMOST EVERY MEMBER OF THAT CREW. THE IDEA THAT ONE OF THEM SNAPPED AND KILLED THE OTHERS IS ALMOST AS OUTRAGEOUS TO ME AS YOUR THEORY.

SO YOU ARE GOING UP THERE WITH AN OPEN MIND?

NOT SOMETHING I'M USED TO DEALING WITH AROUND HERE.

I'M WILLING TO BELIEVE IT WAS GREMLINS ON THE WINGS UNTIL I GET EVIDENCE THAT SAYS DIFFERENT.

AND IF I'M RIGHT?

THEN I'LL BRING YOU BACK YOUR PROOF.

"WE HAVE LIFT-OFF.

"THE ARMSTRONG IS AWAY."

OKAY, ARMSTRONG, ALL SYSTEMS CHECK.

BEGIN SEPARATION OF THE BOOSTER ROCKETS.

BOOSTER ROCKETS ARE CLEAR.

MOVING INTO ORBITAL POSITION.

HOUSTON, THIS IS THE ARMSTRONG...

WE ARE MOVING TOWARDS THE EXPECTED COORDINATES OF THE ICARUS.

WE HAVE VISUAL CONTACT.

DEBRIS EVERYWHERE...

WHAT ARE YOU SEEING OUT THERE, CRAWFORD?

LOOKS LIKE PART OF THE THRUSTER ASSEMBLY.

THIS MAY BE PART OF THE COCKPIT.

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE FLIGHT RECORDER.

AYE, SIR, SCANNING FOR ITS SIGNAL.

GOT IT. RIGHT THERE, SIR.

GREAT. SEND THE COORDINATES TO WILSON SO HE CAN MOVE US INTO RANGE.

LOCKE TO JACOBS, WE'VE FOUND THE BOX. MIND STEPPING OUT AND GETTING IT?

AYE, CAPTAIN. OPENING BAY DOORS.

I'M CLEAR OF THE SHIP. IT'S A MESS OUT HERE.

PRESSURE HOLDING. THRUSTERS FUNCTIONING.

TIME TO GO FISHING.

OH, MAN... ARE YOU GUYS SEEING THIS?

THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.

STAY FOCUSED. CAN YOU SEE THE BOX?

NEGATIVE ARMSTRONG...

WAIT...

I SEE IT NOW. MOVING TO RETRIEVE.

I'VE GOT IT.

THE RECORDER IS INTACT.

RETURNING TO THE SHIP.

HOLD ON, JACOBS.

THERE'S AN OBJECT BEHIND YOU I WANT YOU TO CHECK OUT.

ROGER. WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR?

IT SHOULD BE ABOUT TEN DEGREES TO YOUR LEFT-IT'S MIXED IN WITH SOME OTHER DEBRIS... BUT IT'S READING AS ORGANIC.

I'VE GOT VISUAL... BUT IT CAN'T BE.

WHAT ARE YOU SEEING?

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS ARMSTRONG...

BUT I'VE FOUND COMMANDER COBB!

I DON'T SEE A MARK ON HIM.

RETURNING TO THE SHIP.

BRING HIM IN. DOC THINKS AN AUTOPSY MAY TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.

COMMANDER LOCKE.

WHAT IS IT, JONES?

HOUSTON WANTS US TO CHANGE COURSE.

THEY'RE CONCERNED ABOUT BRINGING THE BODY BACK TO EARTH.

DO THEY WANT US TO PUT IT BACK?

NO, THEY WANT US TO DOCK WITH THE ORBITER AND PERFORM THE AUTOPSY THERE.

"HAVE YOU EVER DOCKED A SHUTTLE WITH A SPACE STATION BEFORE, JONES?"

"NO SIR, BUT I'VE RUN IT A FEW TIMES IN THE SIMULATOR."

"YEAH, WELL TRY NOT TO SCRAPE THE PAINT JOB."

SOON...

CLAMPS ARE SECURE. WE'RE READY ON OUR SIDE.

AIRLOCK READY.

THE CAPTAIN IS ON HIS WAY TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR YOU PERSONALLY.

THE DOC IS GOING TO NEED ACCESS TO A LAB.

I'LL HAVE ONE PREPARED IMMEDIATELY.

OPENING THE AIRLOCK.

REQUEST PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD.

PERMISSION GRANTED.

WELCOME TO THE ORBITER. I'M CAPTAIN ROBERT THOMAS.

COMMANDER CORY LOCKE.

HELL OF A JOB YOU'RE ON, LOCKE.

NOT MY IDEAL FIRST SPACE MISSION.

L2

AND I TAKE IT THAT'S COMMANDER COBB.

YEAH. WE FOUND HIM FLOATING IN THE DEBRIS.

HE WAS WEDGED IN BEHIND PART OF THE FUSELAGE.

HOUSTON IS HOPING BETWEEN AN AUTOPSY AND WHAT'S ON THE FLIGHT RECORDER WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO PIECE TOGETHER WHAT HAPPENED.

US ARMY

CAPTAIN, I'VE GOT LAB THREE READY FOR THE DOC.

JACOBS, HELP THE DOC WITH THE AUTOPSY. I'M GOING TO START REVIEWING THE MISSION DATA.

AYE, SIR.

WHERE YOU GOING, NINA?

I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S ON THE FLIGHT RECORDER.

OKAY, COMMANDER, LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR INSIDES SAY.

THIS IS WORSE THAN MY DVD PLAYER AT HOME. CHEAP GOVERNMENT CRAP.

AH... AUXILIARY INPUT. THAT SHOULD DO IT.

LOADING...

HOW'S IT COMING ALONG, COMMANDER?

I THINK I'VE GOT IT SORTED.

THIS SHOULD BE THE INTERIOR CAMERAS.

ZZZXXT

LOADING...

NO... PLEASE... THE CABIN ISN'T PRESSURIZED!

PLAY

RRIIIP

PLAY

GAAAAH!

PLAY

START THE RECORDER.

DOCTOR CHRISTOPHER WALTON...

PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY ON THE BODY OF COMMANDER JAMES COBB.

STARTING WITH THE CHEST CAVITY...

THE HEART LOOKS REMARKABLY HEALTHY FOR SPENDING THIRTY DAYS IN A VACUUM.

WHAT... THAT CAN'T BE...

WHAT IS IT?

HIS BLOOD HASN'T CONGEALED. IT'S AS IF HIS CIRCULATORY SYSTEM IS STILL FUNCTIONING...

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

I'M GOING TO REMOVE THE HEART. I NEED TO SEE IF THE INTERIOR WALLS HAVE DRIED OUT.

I DON'T THINK SO, DOC.

IT LOOKS LIKE COBB DID GO CRAZY.

THERE HAS TO BE A RATIONAL EXPLANATION. I'VE KNOWN COBB FOR YEARS.

IF HE CAN JUST LOSE IT LIKE THAT...

THEN ANY OF US COULD.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

WHAT?

LOOK!

OH, GOD...

PLAY

AWWW... CAN'T CATCH YOUR BREATH?

PLAY

LET'S SEE IF I CAN HELP.

PLAY

KRAK

RAAAAAARRRR!

HURRRK!

THRAK

I HAVE A FEELING I NEED TO KEEP THAT PART OF MY ANATOMY INTACT.

THEN HENSON WAS RIGHT.

COBB IS A-

THE AUTOPSY! GET ME THE DOC, QUICK!

I'M GETTING NO RESPONSE FROM ANYONE IN LAB THREE.

DAMN IT! KEEP TRYING!

DOC, THIS IS CRAWFORD- PLEASE RESPOND.

JACOBS, ARE YOU THERE?

COBB'S A VAMPIRE.

BUT THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE.

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!

FUCK. I WISH IT WASN'T, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IT IS AND WE BETTER JUST ACCEPT IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

CAPTAIN THOMAS, PLEASE REPORT TO THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM IMMEDIATELY.

WHAT'S GOING ON, COMMANDER?

THAT WACKO, HENSON, WAS RIGHT.

"IT LOOKS LIKE COBB HAS BECOME A VAMPIRE.

"HE KILLED THE CREW OF THE ICARUS.

"AND HE'S MOST LIKELY KILLED THE AUTOPSY TEAM.

"SO WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME."

YOU KNEW WHAT HE HAD BECOME?

IT WAS ONE OF A DOZEN SCENARIOS AASA MENTIONED, BUT NO ONE TOOK IT SERIOUSLY.

YOU BROUGHT A FUCKING VAMPIRE ONTO THE ORBITER! ARE YOU INSANE?

I THINK WE CAN TAKE A STAB AND SAY THAT THESE THINGS ARE EXTREMELY CONTAGIOUS TO SAY THE MOTHERFUCKING LEAST!

I WAS FOLLOWING ORDERS!

NOW, CAN WE STOP FIGHTING AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO CONTAIN HIM?

YOU MIGHT FIND THAT A BIT DIFFICULT, COREY.

ESPECIALLY SINCE I JUST TOOK CONTROL OF THIS SPACE STATION.

WE'RE FUCKED!

COBB HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF THE STATION.

AND HE'S BLOCKED ACCESS TO THE ARMSTRONG. EVEN IF WE COULD GET TO IT, WE COULDN'T TAKE OFF.

HE'S LOCKED US OUT OF THE COMPUTER SYSTEMS. I CAN'T EVEN OPEN A COMMUNICATION CHANNEL WITH EARTH.

WHAT ABOUT THE ESCAPE POD?

NOT WITHOUT GOING THROUGH ***THEM.*** OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET A MESSAGE OUT.

WE CAN USE THE RELAY BYPASS. TAP DIRECTLY INTO THE DATA FEED GOING TO AASA.

YOU CAN REACH IT THROUGH THE MAINTENANCE SHAFT.

COMMANDER... I KNOW HOW TO WORK THE BYPASS. I'LL GO.

ALL RIGHT, JONES. TAKE HARMS AND BLACK WITH YOU.

STRAIGHT THERE AND BACK. AVOID THE BLOODSUCKERS.

THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.

TWO MORE TURNS AND WE SHOULD BE THERE.

AND THEN WHAT? HOW ARE WE GETTING OUT OF HERE IF WE CAN'T USE THE SHUTTLE? ARE WE SUPPOSED TO KILL THE VAMPIRES?

I'M TRYING NOT TO THINK PAST THE JOB AT HAND.

CRACK

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

FUCK! THEY GOT IN BEHIND

AAAHH!

HANG ON, DAVE—I'M COMING!

NO! WE HAVE TO REACH THE BYPASS!

SHIT... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?

THEY MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO PAY THE BILL.

COME ON, BOYS—LET'S SUCK THEM DRY.

NICE TRY, COREY... BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR FRIENDS WON'T BE COMING BACK.

HEHEHEH-HEH

BAM

DAMN IT!

HOLD IT TOGETHER LOCKE—WE NEED YOU. I KNOW THIS IS FRIGHTENING, BUT—

I JUST SENT THOSE MEN TO THEIR DEATHS! THEIR BLOOD IS ON MY HANDS!

JESUS, LOCKE, HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED IT OUT YET?

WE HAVE NO SHUTTLE. THERE'S NO GETTING OFF THIS STATION. WE'RE ALL DEAD.

THE BEST WE CAN DO IS TO FIND A WAY TO TELL AASA ABOUT THOSE MONSTERS SO THEY DON'T SEND ANYONE ELSE UP HERE TO DIE.

WHAT?! JUST LIKE THAT? I DON'T WANT TO DIE UP HERE!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...

GOT TO REACH THE ESCAPE POD!

SHOULD WE STOP HIM?

NO, LET HIM GO. I HAVE AN IDEA.

"THE CAPTAIN MAY BE THE DIVERSION WE NEED.

"IF WE CAN REACH THE AIRLOCK, GRAB A SPACESUIT, AND GET OUT TO THE COMMUNICATION TOWER, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEND A MESSAGE.

"WE REALLY HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE."

WE STAY TOGETHER... KEEP MOVING...

AND WE DON'T STOP EVEN IF ONE OF US GETS ATTACKED.

BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING.

YOU MEAN SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

GOOD LORD!

IT'S JONES, HARMS, AND BLACK.

WAIT! HE MOVED! I THINK HE—

THWACK

AHHHHHH

IT'S A TRAP! RUN FOR IT!

I'LL HOLD THEM OFF, COMMANDER! KEEP MOVING!

DIE, YOU MOTHER...

AAAARRRGGH!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LOOK BACK AND DON'T...

SWEET JESUS!

YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF MEN, COREY.

EVEN YOUR LITTLE FRIEND THERE GOT SCRATCHED...

...HE'LL BE ONE OF MINE SOON.

OH GOD, HE'S RIGHT... I HADN'T EVEN NOTICED.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOU WANT HIM SO BAD, JAMES...

NOOOOO!

...YOU CAN HAVE HIM!

WE CAN CUT THROUGH HERE!

KEEP MOVING, LOCKE—I'M GOING TO JAM THE HATCH.

STOP THEM.

HANG ON...

... RIGHT... ABOUT...

...HERE!

AAARGH!

KEEP GOING! DON'T LOOK BACK!

WE'VE GOT THE GIRL, BUT LOCKE IS STILL MOVING.

YOU HAVE TO APPRECIATE THAT "NEVER SAY DIE" ATTITUDE.

SHOULD WE GO IN AFTER HIM?

NO. HE'S ALL ALONE NOW WITH NO OPTIONS.

MAKE THE WOMEN ONE OF US. THE REST OF YOU COME WITH ME.

IT'S JUST YOU NOW, COREY.

YOU ALONE ON A STATION FULL OF NOSFERATU.

AND WE'RE COMING FOR YOU.

WHY FIGHT THE INEVITABLE?

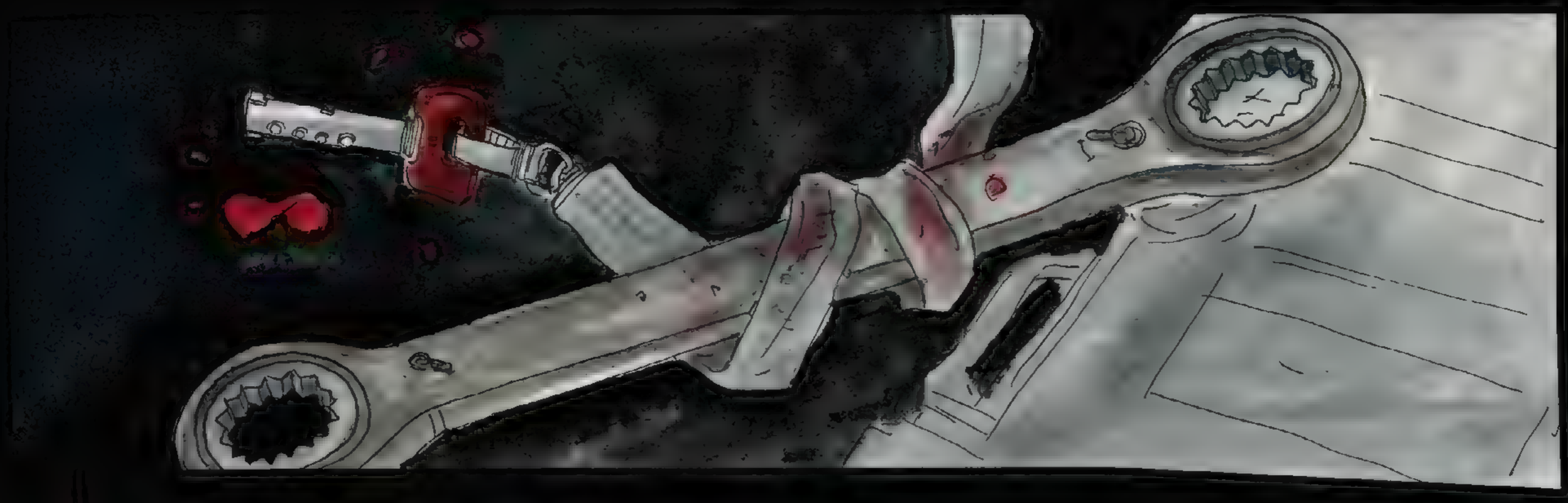
WAIT... DID YOU HEAR THAT?

HE'S OUTSIDE.

HE MUST BE GOING FOR THE COMMUNICATION TOWER.

"EVERYONE OUTSIDE NOW!"

NOOOO!



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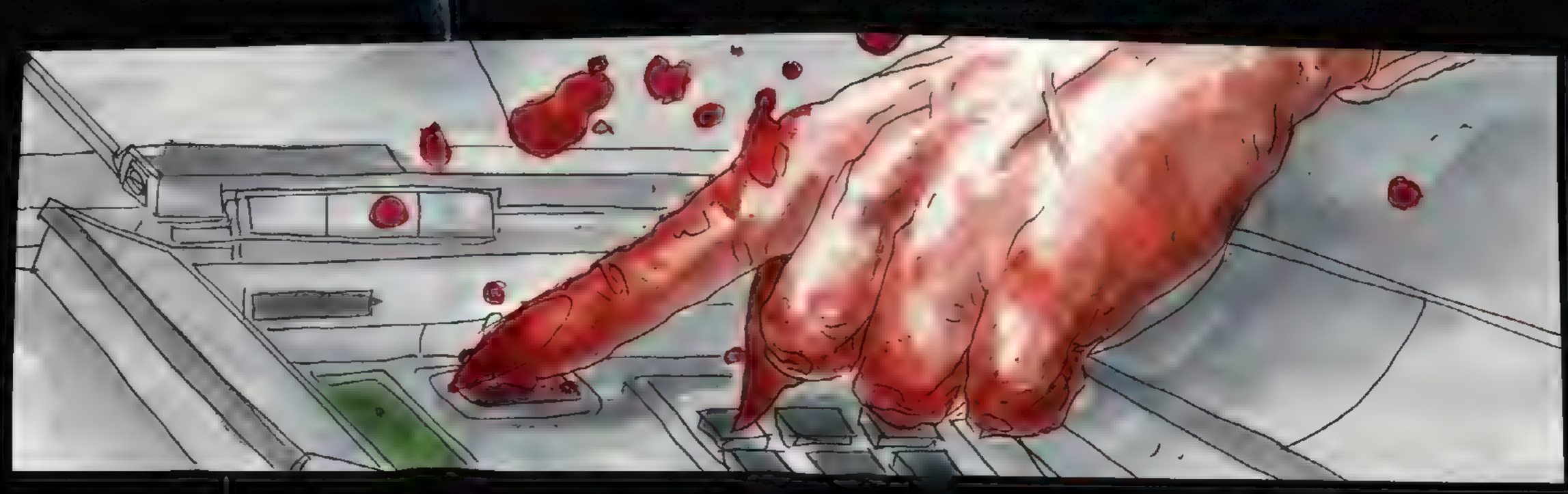


AH, NINA, SO NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US.

MMMMM, I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR ALL THE BLOOD IN IRELAND.

COMMUNICATION IS BACK ON LINE.

WELL THEN, WE BETTER PHONE HOME.

IT'S BACK! IT'S BACK! THE ORBITER IS BACK ON-LINE!

I'M RECEIVING A SIGNAL...

IT'S COMMANDER COBB!

SIR... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS...

RING RING

ONCE WE GOT THEM SEDATED WE WERE ABLE TO ISOLATE THE VIRUS THAT CAUSED THE CREWMEMBERS TO... GO INSANE AND COME UP WITH A CURE.

WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE A SKELETON CREW ON THE ORBITER AND THE REST OF US WILL BE RETURNING TO EARTH AS SOON AS YOU CAN GET A SHUTTLE UP TO US.

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO COMMANDER LOCKE?

HE WAS KILLED WHILE TRYING TO RESTRAIN JACOBS.

I APPRECIATE YOU CONTACTING US, COMMANDER...

...BUT WE ARE QUITE AWARE OF WHAT YOU AND THE REST ON BOARD THE ORBITER HAVE BECOME.

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE WE GOING TO ALLOW YOU TO RETURN TO EARTH.

YOU THINK LEAVING US UP HERE IS GOING TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

WHERE DO YOU THINK THE VAMPIRE WHO BIT ME IS? THE EARTH IS ALREADY INFESTED WITH MY KIND... IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE TAKE OVER COMPLETELY.

WELL, YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT!

THE PRESIDENT IS ON THE LINE.

IT'S AS WE HAD FEARED, SIR. THE ORBITER IS CONTAMINATED.

I UNDERSTAND.

YOU WERE A GOOD MAN, COBB...

BUT NOW YOU ARE A MURDERER...

AND A BLOODSUCKING PARASITE.

A MISSILE? YOU LAUNCHED A MISSILE AT US?

YOU PUSSIES!

GO TO HELL.

KA-KOOM!

COME IN, GENERAL.

I GOT YOUR REPORT, AGENT HENSON.

CONFIDENTIAL

STS-175

YOU KNOW NO ONE IS EVER GOING TO SEE THIS.

BUT EVERY WORD IS THE TRUTH! EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED IN SPACE.

AND THE PUBLIC IS NOT READY TO KNOW THAT VAMPIRES EXIST AND WERE THE CAUSE OF TWO SHUTTLES AND A SPACE STATION BEING DESTROYED.

WORD IS GOING TO GET OUT.

NOT FROM YOU, SON.

THIS WHOLE EVENT HAS BEEN CLASSIFIED AS TOP SECRET. YOU TELL ANYONE AND I'LL THROW YOUR ASS IN THE STOCKADE FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE.

THWAP

STS-175

CONFIDENTIAL

DAMN IT.

STS-175

CONFIDENTIAL

THIS IS CAPTAIN ROBERT THOMAS CALLING HOUSTON...

THOMAS CALLING HOUSTON, PLEASE RESPOND... OVER.

IF ANYONE CAN HEAR ME... I AM IN AN ESCAPE POD FROM THE USS ORBITER.

I AM ACTIVATING MY EMERGENCY BEACON NOW...

THE END

SPREADING THE DISEASE

art by Alex Sanchez colors by Jay Fotos

J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C.

AGENT M. HENSON

AGENT M. HENSON

YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST WAITED UNTIL I WAS OUT OF THE BUILDING.

I'M SORRY SIR, BUT I'VE GOT A VERY BUSY SCHEDULE TODAY.

MICHAEL! WAIT UP!

YOU DROPPED YOUR PEN IN THE ELEVATOR.

OH, THANKS, SARAH. IT'S ACTUALLY A U-V PENLIGHT. MY SISTER GAVE IT TO ME FOR CHRISTMAS.

HANDY AT CRIME SCENES.

SHE WAS THINKING MORE ABOUT CHECKING FOR SOILED SHEETS WHEN I TRAVEL.

YOU KNOW, YOU MAY END UP LIKING ALABAMA.

YEAH, IT WILL BE NICE TO BE AWAY FROM ALL THE POLITICS OF DC.

GIVE IT A YEAR OR SO AND MAYBE THEY'LL LET YOU TRANSFER TO L.A. OR SOMETHING.

SURE. THIS IS ALL BOUND TO BLOW OVER SOONER OR LATER.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

IF YOU GET OUT TO MOBILE, LOOK ME UP.

AND SHE WAITS TILL I'VE BEEN EXILED TO SHOW INTEREST— MY LIFE SUCKS.

DA-DUMM... DA-DUMM... DA-DUMM...

DEFINITELY.

HENSON HERE.

SO THAT'S IT, AGENT HENSON? A MINOR HAND-SLAPPING AND YOU TURN INTO A QUIVERING CHILD.

EXCUSE ME? WHO IS THIS?

SOMEONE WHO OBVIOUSLY MISJUDGED YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BUDDY, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO SIT HERE AND LISTEN TO YOU...

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO AGENT HENSON— BECAUSE I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE, AND ONLY ONCE CHANCE, TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT FOR THE FAMILIES OF THE CREW MEMBERS KILLED BY COMMANDER COBB.

THAT'S RIGHT, I KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED IN SPACE. NOW YOU CAN EITHER SHUT UP AND LISTEN OR HANG UP THE PHONE...

STILL THERE? GOOD.

NOW, MOST EVERYONE IN THE GOVERNMENT IS UNDER THE ASSUMPTION THAT THE VAMPIRE THREAT ENDED WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ORBITER. BUT WE BOTH KNOW THAT'S NOT THE CASE.

YEAH, I TRIED TO WARN PEOPLE AND I GOT TRANSFERRED TO ALABAMA FOR MY TROUBLE.

YOU TRIED TO GO OUTSIDE OF CHANNELS AND SEND THE REPORT DIRECTLY TO THE PRESIDENT. YOU HAD TO KNOW THAT WOULDN'T WORK.

AND EVEN IF HE DID SEE IT, YOUR EVIDENCE PERTAINS TO WHAT'S ALREADY HAPPENED. YOU NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.

AND JUST HOW DO YOU SUGGEST I DO THAT? CONSULT A PSYCHIC?

COBB DIDN'T CONVERT UNTIL THE *ICARUS* HAD JUST BLASTED OFF, WHICH WAS EITHER THE MOST AMAZING COINCIDENCE EVER... OR A PERFECTLY TIMED PLAN.

WHICH MEANS WHICHEVER BLOODSUCKER ATTACKED HIM, THEY DID SO KNOWING EXACTLY WHO HE WAS AND WHAT HE WOULD BE DOING THE NEXT DAY.

HAVE A NICE DAY!

ANIMAL FARM

ALL THAT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION... THAT'S WHAT THEY ***WANTED?***

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEIR TRUE PURPOSE IS, AGENT HENSON—BUT I HAVE A FEELING THEY ARE FAR FROM DONE. AND THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO NEXT IS TO FIND THE VAMPIRE THAT ATTACKED COBB.

YOU NEED TO GO DOWN TO FLORIDA AND FOLLOW THE FANGS.

I HAVE TWO WEEKS 'TILL I HAVE TO REPORT IN AT THE MOBILE OFFICE—I COULD CATCH A FLIGHT DOWN THIS AFTERNOON AND SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING.

GOOD. I WILL BE IN TOUCH.

WAIT! WHO ARE YOU?

A FRIEND.

CLICK

FLORDIA.

PRETTY DEAD IN HERE.

THERE'S A BIG STREET FAIR DOWNTOWN. COME SUNDAY, AND THE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, THIS PLACE WILL BE PACKED.

ANY CHANCE YOU WERE WORKING THE NIGHT BEFORE THE *ICARUS* LAUNCHED?

IF WE WERE OPEN, I WAS HERE. CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING?

A SODA AND SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THAT NIGHT.

I'M TOLD THAT IT'S TRADITION FOR THE FLIGHT CREW TO COME HERE FOR A TOAST THE NIGHT BEFORE BLAST-OFF.

ITS SOMETHING THE OLD TEST PILOTS STARTED BACK IN THE FIFTIES. YOU WON'T FIND A MORE SUPERSTITIOUS GROUP THAN PILOTS AND ASTRONAUTS.

THE MED-TECH'S REPORT SAYS COBB WAS HUNG OVER. IS THAT TRADITION, TOO?

YOU ASK ANYONE CURRENTLY IN THE PROGRAM AND THEY'LL TELL YOU THAT THEY'RE DRY FOR A MONTH PRIOR TO LAUNCH. BUT ASK ANY OF THE RETIRED ONES AND YOU'LL GET A DIFFERENT STORY.

BETWEEN BUDGET CUTS AND POLITICAL PRESSURE, THAT SHUTTLE ISN'T MUCH MORE THAN A FIVE-POUND COFFEE CAN WITH LOAD OF C-4 UNDERNEATH.

SO THE NIGHT BEFORE THE *ICARUS* LAUNCH WAS NORMAL?

I'VE KNOWN COBB SINCE HE FIRST JOINED THE SPACE PROGRAM AND I CAN'T REMEMBER HIM EVER GETTING DRUNK ENOUGH TO GET SICK, BUT HE DID THAT NIGHT AND ONLY AFTER A FEW BEERS.

HELL, HE SEEMED PERFECTLY NORMAL UNTIL HE TALKED TO THAT BRUNETTE— SUDDENLY IT WAS A QUICK TRIP TO THE BATHROOM AND THEN HE DRUG HIS CREW OUT OF HERE.

WHAT BRUNETTE?

ANY CHANCE SHE PAID WITH A CREDIT CARD?

SHE WAS A CUTE LITTLE THING. HALF THE GUYS IN THE PLACE OFFERED TO BUY HER A DRINK BUT SHE WAS HAVING NONE OF IT. THOUGHT ABOUT MAKING A MOVE MYSELF UNTIL COBB WALKED IN.

SHE WAS INTERESTED AND DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO HIDE IT. COBB CAME OVER, TOLD HER HE WAS MARRIED AND THAT DIDN'T SEEM TO DISSUADE HER. NOT SURE WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT. I WENT TO THE BACK FOR SOME MORE PEANUTS AND COBB RUSHED PAST ME. I HEARD HIM GETTING SICK IN THE JOHN.

WHEN I GOT BACK, SHE WAS GONE, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER COBB AND HIS CREW CALLED IT A NIGHT.

HEY, DWAYNE, YOU NEED ANOTHER...

WHERE THE HELL DID HE GO?

HE PROBABLY WENT TO THE RESTROOM. NOW, DID THE BRUNETTE PAY WITH A CREDIT CARD?

AFRAID NOT, SHE LEFT A PILE OF CASH. NOT MUCH OF A TIP EITHER.

BUT I MAY HAVE SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD...

I SHOULD HAVE HER ON CANDID CAMERA.

IT'S DWAYNE; LET ME TALK TO THE BOSS. I KNOW WHAT HE SAID, BUT IT'S REALLY IMPORTANT THIS TIME... I SWEAR TO GOD.

HEY BOSS. I'M AT THE ASTRO DEVIL LIKE YOU TOLD ME. THERE'S A FED HERE ASKING QUESTIONS AND THE BARTENDER JUST TOLD HIM ABOUT DINAH. YOU WANT ME TO TAKE HIM OUT?

NO SON, JOSEF IS IN THE AREA. I'LL HAVE HIM TAKE CARE OF THE AGENT.

I WANT YOU TO WAIT UNTIL AFTER HE LEAVES AND THEN MAKE SURE THE BARTENDER DOESN'T TELL ANYONE ELSE ANYTHING. UNDERSTOOD?

PERFECTLY SIR.

THAT'S AS GOOD A PLACE TO START AS ANY. THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION.

DAMN, DWAYNE! IF YOU'RE BLOCKING UP MY PIPES IN THERE I'M GOING TO USE YOUR HAND AS A SNAKE.

HERE YOU GO.

YOU'RE RIGHT, SHE'S CUTE.

OH, WHEN I WAS PRINTING THAT OUT, I REMEMBERED CARDING HER THAT NIGHT. I DIDN'T GET A NAME OR ANYTHING, BUT I REMEMBER SEEING A HOSPITAL ID BADGE IN HER WALLET. MAYBE SHE'S A NURSE OR SOMETHING.

HAVE A GOOD NIGHT.

STUPID LITTLE FREAK BETTER NOT HAVE RUN OUT ON HIS TAB.

WHAT THE HELL!

YOU'VE BEEN ASKING QUESTIONS YOU SHOULDN'T BE ASKING.

IT'S A BAD HABIT OF MINE.

NOT ONE THAT'S GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE THREATENING A FEDERAL AGENT.

OH, GOOD. I'D HATE TO THINK I MIGHT KILL THE WRONG PERSON.

ALL RIGHT, EINSTEIN, GET YOUR HANDS IN THE...

THWack

CLANG

KRIT

...AIR!

I THINK YOU DROPPED SOMETHING.

SON OF A BITCH.

COME ON, LETS FINISH THIS UP. I WANT TO GET DOWN TO THE STREET FAIR.

CRASH

77

I WAS TOLD THIS HAD TO BE A NORMAL HUMAN-STYLE MURDER.

A SHAME, REALLY, I BET YOU'RE VERY TASTY.

NOW I'VE NEVER FIRED A GUN BEFORE, SO FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T KILL YOU ON THE FIRST SHOT.

HA HA HA.

A PEN? YOU KNOW, THAT THING ABOUT IT BEING MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD IS JUST A METAPHOR.

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

THERE'S A USE THE MANUFACTURER DIDN'T THINK OF.

DAMN IT. BY THE TIME I COULD FIND A FIRE EXTINGUISHER, ALL THE USABLE EVIDENCE WILL BE GONE.

JOSEF!

YOU BASTARD!

WE'RE NOT DOING THIS AGAIN.

BLAM

ANY PROBLEMS TONIGHT, LISA?

NOPE, SAME AS ALWAYS, QUIET AS THE DEAD.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYONE.

IT SAYS YOU GET A VITAMIN INJECTION TONIGHT, MR. JOHNSON.

BUT I HAVE SOMETHING YOU MIGHT LIKE BETTER.

DON'T WORRY...

...I BROUGHT ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE.

THIS SHOULD MAKE YOU FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER.

IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR ME.

ALL RIGHT, WHO'S NEXT?

1

EXCUSE ME... NURSE!

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD HELP ME, NURSE—

DRAYTON.

NURSE DRAYTON. CAN YOU TELL ME IF YOU RECOGNIZE THIS WOMAN?

WELL, YES. THAT'S DINAH KING.

WHAT HAS SHE DONE?

CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO FIND HER? IT'S URGENT.

PLEASE.

SHE'S ON DUTY NOW... IN THE COMA WARD. IT'S JUST DOWN THE HALL. I CAN SHOW YOU.

IT'S RIGHT THIS WAY.

DROP THE SYRINGE, NOW!

SHE'S JUST GIVING HIM A VITAMIN INJECTION. THEY GET ONE EVERY NIGHT AT THIS TIME.

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR CONNECTION TO COMMANDER JAMES COBB AND THE NIGHT PRIOR TO THE LAUNCH OF THE SPACE SHUTTLE *ICARUS*.

NOW STEP AWAY FROM THE PATIENT.

SO SOMEONE FINALLY STARTED PUTTING THE PIECES TOGETHER.

TOO BAD YOU WON'T LIVE TO FIGURE OUT THE REST.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

SORRY DEAR, NOTHING PERSONAL

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

CRUNCH

DAMN!

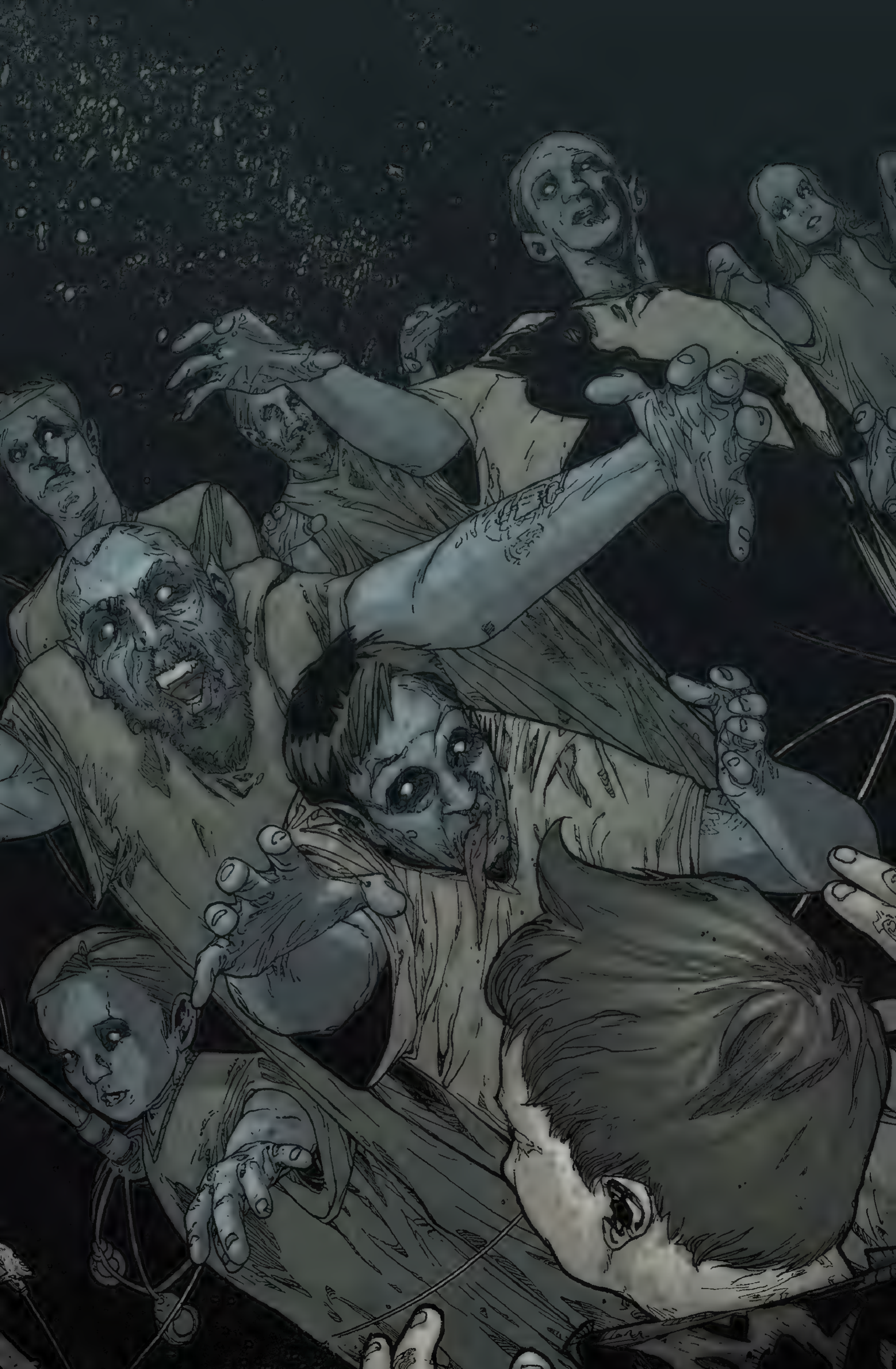
IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT, BITCH?

HAHAHA

NOW THIS IS GOING TO BE INTERESTING.

MMMRRRNNNNN

OH SHIT.



OH, SHIT.

NOT ME, YOU IDIOTS!

LOOKS LIKE WHATEVER YOU INJECTED THEM WITH WOKE UP THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR MINDS.

THEY'RE RUNNING ON INSTINCTS ALONE. DRAWN TO THE SMELL OF BLOOD.

SCHREEK

BAHHHHP

WELL THEN, LOOKS LIKE I DON'T HAVE TO WASTE TIME KILLING YOU...

...THEY'LL DO IT FOR ME, AND I [illegible] PAINFUL.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS.

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM HERE.

THWAMM

YOU'RE JUST A PAWN IN THAT BITCH'S SICK AND TWISTED GAME.

THWAMM

BUT YOU'RE TRYING TO KILL ME AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

THWAMM

THWROBBH

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

THIS ISN'T GOOD.

BANG BANG BANG!

DAMN. THE SPARE AMMO'S IN THE CAR.

HERE WE GO AGAIN.

HELP!

PUSH THE CART THROUGH! THEY WANT THE BLOOD!

SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE

HEY, BOYS. LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT HERE!

GREAT, THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY... NOW WHAT DO I DO WITH THEM?

SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

I'M A FEDERAL AGENT AND I'M COMMANDEERING THIS CHAMBER!

YOU'RE DOING WHAT?

I REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME TO FULLY EXPLAIN, BUT THERE ARE FOUR VAMPIRES COMING THIS WAY AND I NEED HELP TO DESTROY THEM. SO JUST GET OVER BY THE CONTROLS AND DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO DO.

AND NO, I'M NOT INSANE.

THAT'S PROBABLY NOT GOING TO HOLD THEM LONG.

THIS IS THE THING THEY USE TO KEEP DIVERS FROM GETTING THE BENDS, RIGHT? CAN WE CRANK UP THE PRESSURE ENOUGH TO TURN THEM INTO PILES OF GOO OR SOMETHING?

WHAT WOULD THAT DO?

THIS IS A MEDICAL VERSION. I COULDN'T BUILD UP THAT MUCH PRESSURE. THE BEST I COULD DO IS FLOOD THE THING WITH PURE OXYGEN.

WELL, IF YOU COULD GET ONE OF THEM TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE, IT WOULD CAUSE A LARGE EXPLOSION.

OKAY... CRANK UP THE OXYGEN.

WHAT ELSE IS ON THIS FLOOR?

THIS, THE COMA WARD, AND A LOT OF STORAGE SPACE.

BAAM BAAM

THEY'VE FINISHED THE BLOOD. NOW THEY'RE POUNDING ON THE DOOR. THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE IT RIGHT OFF THE HINGES.

BAAM BAAM

THAT'S WHAT I'M COUNTING ON. HOW'S THE OXYGEN LEVEL?

IT'S AS HIGH AS IT'S GOING TO GET.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

BRIAN.

ALL RIGHT, BRIAN... RUN LIKE HELL.

KRAKOOOOSH!

FWOOM

BEEP BEEP

QUICK, GET IN.

WHAT HAPPENED?

SOME FED SHOWED UP. I LEFT HIM TO DEAL WITH THE PATIENTS... OR THE PATIENTS TO DEAL WITH HIM. EITHER WAY, IT WAS AN EXPLOSIVE COMBINATION.

MAKE A RIGHT ON EIGHTH STREET— I NEED TO GO BY MY APARTMENT.

YOU CAN'T DO THAT. WITH THE FEDS ON TO YOU, THEY'LL BE CHECKING YOUR APARTMENT AND PROBABLY EVERY OTHER ASPECT OF YOUR LIFE.

GANT WANTS YOU TO GO WITH WALLY AND ME DOWN TO MORGAN CITY.

SO HE FINALLY GOT IT TO WORK?

LOOKS THAT WAY. WE HAVE ENOUGH OF OUR LITTLE INFECTED FRIENDS THERE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

SO... WHEN YOU TALKED TO GANT... WAS HE UPSET? I MEAN ABOUT THE FEDS KNOWING WHO I AM?

NO, NOT AT ALL. IT'S LIKE HE ALMOST EXPECTED IT.

YOU WANT TO STOP FOR A QUICK BITE BEFORE WE PICK UP WALLY?

I JUST ATE... BUT YOU GO AHEAD.

SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HOME.

GO AHEAD AND OPEN IT.

YOU KNOW, I WATCH *LAW & ORDER* ALL THE TIME. DON'T YOU NEED A WARRANT, OR SOMETHING?

IF I WERE LOOKING FOR EVIDENCE OF A CRIME AGAINST MISS KING, THEN YES, I WOULD NEED A WARRANT. BUT IT APPEARS THAT MISS KING IS NOW AMONG THE DECEASED...

SO OPEN THE DOOR.

HOLY SHIT! I THINK I'M GOING TO...

HUUUURRRRLLLL!!

OKAY, THANKS FOR OPENING THE DOOR. I CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE.

YOU HAVE... TWO... NEW MESSAGES...

BEEP... MISS KING, THIS IS DR. SIMON'S OFFICE. YOU MISSED YOUR LAST THREE APPOINTMENTS. WOULD YOU PLEASE CALL THE OFFICE AND LET US KNOW IF YOU WILL BE CONTINUING WITH US.

BEEP... HEY, SIS, IT'S BILLY. I HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING FROM YOU SINCE MOM'S FUNERAL. IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS. PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL... I'M REALLY GETTING WORRIED.

BEEP... END OF MESSAGES.

BEEP

BA-BEEP

HENSON.

YOU HAVE BEEN VERY BUSY, AGENT HENSON. I ASSUME YOU ARE AT MISS KING'S APARTMENT NOW.

YEAH. PLACE LOOKS LIKE A SLAUGHTERHOUSE. I'M GUESSING A MINIMUM OF A WEEK'S LATE NIGHT SNACKS PILED IN THE CORNER. SHE COVERED OVER ALL OF THE WINDOWS.

ANY CHANCE OF GETTING A FORENSICS TEAM TO GO OVER THIS PLACE? WITH WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT AT THE HOSPITAL, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE THIS AN OFFICIAL CASE NOW.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE HOSPITAL IS BEING REPORTED AS A DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEE.

BUT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH. CAN'T YOU GET THE INFORMATION...

I'M THE ONE PUTTING THE FALSE STORY OUT THERE.

YOU'RE *WHAT?*

YOU BROUGHT ME INTO THIS TO HELP YOU FIND THE EVIDENCE—TO MAKE THE GOVERNMENT TAKE THE VAMPIRE THREAT SERIOUSLY. I WON'T BE PART OF SOME BULLSHIT COVER-UP...

AND I STILL NEED EVIDENCE. YOUR LITTLE ENCOUNTER LAST NIGHT LEFT NOTHING BUT A GIANT HOLE IN THE HOSPITAL'S BURN WARD. LETTING THIS STORY OUT WOULD ONLY CAUSE MASS PANIC AMONG THE POPULACE, IT WOULD DO NOTHING TO FURTHER OUR CAUSE.

NOW, ARE WE STILL ON THE SAME PAGE?

YEAH... FOR NOW.

SO WHAT DO WE WANT TO DO ABOUT THIS MESS?

HAS ANYONE ELSE SEEN IT?

YEAH, THE BUILDING MAINTENANCE GUY. HE TOOK ONE LOOK AND COVERED HIS SHOES WITH HIS LUNCH.

LEAVE IT TO ME.

YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS WHERE TO GO NEXT?

YOU KNOW... SHE JUST LOST HER MOTHER, HAS BEEN IGNORING HER FAMILY, AND SKIPPING HER THERAPIST APPOINTMENTS FOR A WHILE...

SO MAYBE SHE DECIDED TO LOOK FOR SOLACE ELSEWHERE. WHERE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE LOOK FOR ANSWERS.

TING TING TING

I WAS HONORED WHEN CALEB ASKED ME TO BE HIS BEST MAN, UNTIL I REALIZED IT INVOLVED MAKING A SPEECH. I'M NOT ONE FOR SPEECHES... AND I THINK YOU ARE ALL MORE INTERESTED IN GETTING TO THE CAKE... SO I ASK YOU ALL TO RAISE YOUR GLASSES WITH ME...

TO CALEB AND...

WHAT THE HELL?

AIIIEEEE! GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF!

OH MY GOD! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.

EVERYONE PLEASE REMAIN CALM! THEY'RE JUST A FEW LOCUSTS, PROBABLY IN FROM THE FIELDS. THEY WON'T BITE.

LIKE *FUCK* THEY WON'T BITE! IT JUST TOOK A CHUNK OUT OF MY NECK!

THEY'RE COMING IN THROUGH THE AIR-CONDITIONING! SOMEONE CLOSE THE VENTS!

IT'S TOO HIGH! I CAN'T REACH IT!

THEY'RE GOING TO EAT US ALIVE. EVERYONE OUTSIDE!

SOMEONE CHAINED THE GODDAMNED DOOR SHUT! IT WON'T BUDGE!

SOMEBODY HELP ME! THEY'RE KILLING HER!

I'LL GET US OUT OF HERE!

BAM

IT'S SAFETY GLASS... ALL OF IT IS.

WHAT ABOUT A BACK DOOR?

I TRIED THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN, IT'S CHAINED, TOO. WE'RE FUCKING TRAPPED!

EVERYONE! GET ON THE GROUND AND COVER YOURSELF WITH ANYTHING YOU CAN FIND!

HONEY, GET DOWN!

NO! WAIT! THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE!

HELP US! FOR GOD SAKE, HELP US!

INTERESTING.

HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

The New Children of God

Featuring Reverend Cant

Orlando, Florida
Wetumpka, Alabama
Hattiesburg, Mississippi
Alexandria, Louisiana

WELCOME TO THE *NEW CHILDREN OF GOD*. THE REVEREND WILL BE STARTING HIS SERMON SHORTLY.

THANK YOU.

PARDON ME. IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

NO, SIR. HELP YOURSELF.

GOOD EVENING TO YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS. IT TOUCHES ME DEEPLY TO SEE SUCH A GLORIOUS TURNOUT. TO HAVE SO MANY OF YOU COME SO FAR TO HEAR THE WORD OF GOD JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT A DARK PLACE THIS WORLD HAS BECOME.

YOU'VE ALL COME HERE LOOKING FOR ANSWERS. YOU FEEL LIKE THE LORD HAS FORSAKEN YOU. THAT NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU PRAY, THOSE PRAYERS ARE NOT GETTING THROUGH. YOU HAVE BEGUN TO QUESTION THE WILL OF THE LORD.

BUT REMEMBER THE TRIALS OF JOB. HE HAD GONE THROUGH PAIN AND SUFFERING AND BEGAN TO LOSE HIS FAITH IN THE LORD. AND WHEN JOB GOT TO CONFRONT THE LORD, THE ALMIGHTY WAS NOT PLEASED.

"I WILL DEMAND OF THEE, AND DECLARE THOU UNTO ME. WILT THOU ALSO DISANNUL MY JUDGMENT? WILT THOU CONDEMN ME, THAT THOU MAYEST BE RIGHTEOUS? HAST THOU AN ARM LIKE GOD? OR CANST THOU THUNDER WITH A VOICE LIKE HIM?"

"I KNOW THOU CANST DO EVERY THING AND THAT NO THOUGHT CAN BE WITHHOLDEN FROM THEE. WHO IS HE THAT HIDETH COUNSEL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE? THEREFORE HAVE I UTTERED THAT I UNDERSTOOD NOT—THINGS TOO WONDERFUL FOR ME, WHICH I KNEW NOT."

AND JOB, HAVING HEARD THE WORD OF GOD, CONFESSED HIS LOSS OF FAITH AND ACCEPTED WHAT HE HAD HEARD.

AND THE LORD RESTORED JOB'S PROSPERITY.

THE LORD GAVE JOB TWICE AS MUCH AS HE HAD BEFORE. THEN CAME THERE UNTO HIM ALL HIS BRETHREN, AND ALL HIS SISTERS, AND ALL THEY THAT HAD BEEN OF HIS ACQUAINTANCE BEFORE, AND DID EAT BREAD WITH HIM IN HIS HOUSE...

...AND THEY BEMOANED HIM, AND COMFORTED HIM OVER ALL THE EVIL THAT THE LORD HAD BROUGHT UPON HIM—EVERY MAN ALSO GAVE HIM A PIECE OF MONEY, AND EVERY ONE AN EARRING OF GOLD.

SO THE LORD BLESSED THE LATTER END OF JOB MORE THAN HIS BEGINNING.

WHAT WE ARE TO TAKE AWAY FROM THE BOOK OF JOB IS SIMPLE— THE LORD WILL PROVIDE US WHAT WE NEED. THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF LIFE ARE NOT OURS TO QUESTION—WE MUST FIND SOLACE THAT THE LORD WILL NOT FORSAKE US. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE FOR US AND ASKS ONLY OUR FAITH AND DEVOTION IN RETURN.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME, SON?

ERIC.

AND WHAT AILMENT HAS PLACED YOU IN THIS CHAIR?

MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS.

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE LORD WILL PROVIDE FOR YOU IF YOU HAVE FAITH IN HIM?

I DO.

QUI MANDUCAT MEAM CARNEM ET BIBIT MEUM SANGUINEM IN ME MANET ET EGO IN ILLO.

HE THAT EATETH MY FLESH AND DRINKETH MY BLOOD HATH EVERLASTING LIFE— AND I WILL RAISE HIM UP IN THE LAST DAY.

THE LORD HAS GIVEN ME A GIFT—A GIFT THAT I GLADLY SHARE WITH THOSE OF TRUE FAITH.

"THE LORD HAS GRANTED US ABSOLUTION. HE HAS FORGIVEN US FOR THE ORIGINAL SIN."

ARRRRRGGGHHHH!

UNNNGGGH!!

NO LONGER ARE WE THE CHILDREN OF ADAM.

GRRRRR!

WE ARE THE NEW CHILDREN OF GOD. WE ARE *IMMORTAL!*

HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI

ERIC IS NOW REBORN! A NEW CHILD OF GOD! NO LONGER FETTERED BY A MORTAL DISEASE! FREE TO OBTAIN THE TRUE GLORY THAT GOD INTENDED FOR HIM!

ERIC HAS FOUND THE ANSWERS HE CAME HERE FOR... HE HAS BEEN HEALED OF HIS AILMENT. AND I KNOW MANY OF YOU ARE HERE FOR THE SAME REASON.

BUT THERE IS SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO HAS COME SEARCHING FOR A DIFFERENT SET OF ANSWERS—SOMEONE WHO ISN'T LOOKING FOR GOD, BUT FOR AN UNDERSTANDING OF EVENTS.

WHY DON'T YOU COME UP AND JOIN ME, AGENT HENSON?

WHAT? HOW DID...

NOW, AGENT HENSON... MICHAEL... YOU'RE NOT A VERY RELIGIOUS MAN, ARE YOU?

NOT PARTICULARLY.

A SOMEWHAT LAPSED CATHOLIC... WE WENT TO CHURCH ON EASTER AND CHRISTMAS. BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE TO TALK ABOUT ME.

YET YOU WERE NAMED AFTER THE ARCHANGEL. SO YOU WERE RAISED IN A CATHOLIC HOUSEHOLD, THEN?

OF COURSE. YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HOW I GAINED MY GIFT. I THINK THE OTHERS HERE WILL ENJOY THE STORY AS WELL...

BACK THEN, I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME IN THE CAB OF A TRUCK TRANSPORTING BUILDING SUPPLIES TO WHEREVER THEY WERE NEEDED. I WAS MAKING MY WAY FROM ANCHORAGE TO FAIRBANKS AND WINTER HAD SET IN SOMETHING FIERCE.

ALL THOSE MILES ALONE WITH ONLY THE LORD TO SPEAK TO AND A RADIO TO SING ALONG WITH.

O' HOW SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS, JUST TO TRUST HIS CLEANSING BLOOD AND IN SIMPLE FAITH TO PLUNGE ME 'NEATH THE HEALING, CLEANSING FLOOD!

ONE PARTICULAR NIGHT, I CAME UPON A MAN ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD LOOKING FOR A RIDE.

I DID THE PROPER THING AND STOPPED TO OFFER HIM A LIFT.

WELL, COME ON. YOU CAN'T LIKE STANDING OUT IN THE COLD.

SURE APPRECIATE THIS. HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF WHERE YOU ARE IN THIS WEATHER.

SO WHERE ARE YOU HEADED?

BARROW.

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

WHY?

WELL, THERE ARE NO ROADS THAT GO TO BARROW. YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO HOP A PLANE... OR FIND YOURSELF A DOGSLED TEAM.

GUESS I WON'T NEED THE RIDE AFTER ALL.

SWEET JESUS!

I NEVER WANTED TO HARM ANOTHER LIVING SOUL... BUT EVEN THE MOST PIOUS MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL'S HANDIWORK.

IT WAS ONLY BY THE GRACE OF GOD THAT I WAS ABLE TO CONTROL MY RIG AND REACH FOR MY WEAPON.

BLAM!!

I DON'T REMEMBER ALL OF WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

KRASSH!

WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS AMAZED, AT NOT ONLY BEING ALIVE, BUT ALSO BEING COMPLETELY HEALED. I WAS STRONGER THAN I HAD EVER BEEN, IMMUNE TO MOST INJURIES, AND MOST IMPORTANT... I WAS IMMORTAL. I WOULD NEVER AGE.

YOU BECAME THE VERY THING THAT ATTACKED YOU. YOU BECAME A VAMPIRE.

WAS JESUS NOT STRUCK DOWN TO RISE ONCE AGAIN FROM HIS GRAVE? DO WE NOT TAKE COMMUNION AS THE BODY AND BLOOD OF CHRIST? YES, I AM A VAMPIRE, AS GOD HIMSELF INTENDED ME TO BE.

SO MANY BEFORE ME TOOK THEIR GIFT FOR GRANTED. THE BIBLE SPEAKS OF THE ORIGINAL SIN AND MORTALITY... BUT THE VERY NATURE OF BEING A VAMPIRE MEANS BEING IMMORTAL... THIS MEANS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN FORGIVEN AND ALLOWED TO MOVE CLOSER TO GOD.

THIS IS NOT SOMETHING TO WASTE. IT'S SOMETHING TO BE SHARED. TO BE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO FOLLOW GOD'S WILL SO THEY CAN BASK IN THE GLORY OF THE LORD.

YOU CLAIM TO BE A MAN OF GOD, YET YOU ARE CROSSING THE COUNTRY CREATING BLOODSUCKING KILLERS LIKE SOME SADISTIC JOHNNY APPLESEED. EVERYONE YOU CONVERT IS GOING TO TAKE A LIFE... MULTIPLE LIVES... AND YOU BELIEVE THIS IS THE WILL OF GOD?

NOT ONLY DO I BELIEVE IT—I AM CERTAIN OF IT. GOD HAS ALWAYS SHOWN THE PATH AND ALLOWED MAN THE CHOICE TO FOLLOW IT OR NOT. I AM DOING NO DIFFERENT.

IT'S A PATH THAT I NOW OFFER TO YOU, MICHAEL. WILL YOU JOIN US?

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA

TAYLOR CHARTER

DAMN IT, ANNETTE, PUT THAT AWAY.

THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO BUY THAT I'M THIRTY-TWO. PEOPLE DON'T EVEN BELIEVE THAT I'M REALLY TWENTY.

THEY WON'T BE LOOKING AT YOUR I.D.

WHAT WILL THEY BE LOOKING AT?

THEY'RE GOING TO BE LOOKING AT YOUR TITS.

BECKY!

HERE WE ARE, FOLKS. WATCH YOUR STEP WHEN EXITING THE BUS. AND DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING BEHIND BECAUSE THIS BUS WON'T BE THE ONE TAKING YOU HOME.

IF EVERYONE WILL GET INTO A SINGLE FILE LINE TO MY LEFT, WE'LL GET YOU INSIDE AND PARTYING VERY QUICKLY.

DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH THAT ZIPPER.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE *YOUR* TITS HANGING OUT?

BECAUSE ON A GOOD DAY, I HAVE TWO THROBBING MOSQUITO BITES—YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE "WEAPONS OF MASS DISTRACTION."

YOU TWO ARE FINE. ENJOY YOUR EVENING.

1

I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK.

YEAH... BUT HE WASN'T LOOKING AT MY CHEST. HE WAS STARING AT MY NECK.

FORGET HIM. LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

WELL, MICHAEL?

I'LL PASS... THANKS.

SO IS THIS WHERE YOU KILL ME?

OF COURSE NOT, MICHAEL. YOU CAME HERE OF YOUR OWN FREE WILL AND YOU ARE JUST AS FREE TO LEAVE.

BUT I WOULD ASK THAT YOU DO SO NOW SO I CAN FOCUS ON THOSE WHO HAVE COME TO HEAR MY MESSAGE.

THESE TWO GENTLEMEN WILL ESCORT YOU TO YOUR VEHICLE.

OH, GOOD... I WOULD HATE TO GET ATTACKED IN THE PARKING LOT.

AND, MICHAEL...

GOD BLESS YOU, MY SON.

I BET YOU TWO USED TO PLAY FOOTBALL.

NOT VERY TALKATIVE, EH?

THAT'S ME RIGHT THERE. I'LL BE FINE FROM HERE. YOU TWO CAN GO BACK IN AND CATCH THE SECOND ACT.

SO IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE THAT?

WOULD IT HELP TO REMIND YOU THAT I AM A FEDERAL AGENT?

I DIDN'T THINK SO.

THWACK!

WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER TO CARRY IT?

AW, SHIT!

COME ON. LET'S GO GET A BEER AND FIND A COUPLE OF CUTE GUYS.

GIVE ME A MINUTE. I JUST WANT TO LOOK AROUND.

YOU MEAN FIGURE A WAY OUT OF HERE. EVERY TIME WE GO OUT, YOU BECOME THE WALLFLOWER AND WE END UP LEAVING EARLY.

THAT'S NOT FAIR, YOU KNOW I GET NERVOUS IN LARGE GROUPS. JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE TO RELAX AND I'LL BE READY.

NOW WHY ARE TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS HIDING BACK HERE WHEN ALL THE FUN IS ON THE DANCE FLOOR?

MY FRIEND IS SHY.

I THINK I HAVE JUST THE THING TO HELP.

THESE ARE CALLED "BAPTISM BY FIRE" AND SHOULD REALLY GET YOU IN THE MOOD TO PARTY LIKE A MONSTER.

DAMN... I CAN FEEL THAT ALREADY.

I LIKE IT.

I THINK I'M READY TO FIND THOSE CUTE GUYS.

NOW YOU TWO GO HAVE FUN.

DON'T DO ANYTHING I WOULDN'T DO.

PHHHTH!

WHAT THE FUCK?

PHHHTH!

AGENT MICHAEL HENSON?

THAT'S ME. WHO ARE YOU?

I'M GABE JOHNSON AND MY PARTNER IS RAFAEL MONTOYA. A MUTUAL FRIEND SENT US TO MAKE SURE YOU GOT HOME SAFELY.

GREAT. WELL I'VE GOT THE HEAD OF THIS WHOLE THING RIGHT OVER HERE IN THIS TENT. IF WE MOVE QUICKLY WE CAN...

NEGATIVE. OUR ORDERS WERE TO GET YOU OUT SAFELY AND AVOID CONFLICT IF POSSIBLE.

YOU CALL THAT "AVOIDING CONFLICT?"

I CALL THAT GETTING THE JOB DONE. NOW WE ARE LEAVING BEFORE ANY OF THEIR FRIENDS COME OUT.

CAN I AT LEAST GET MY GUN... IT LANDED OVER BY THAT SEDAN.

MONTOYA WILL GET IT. I DON'T WANT YOU RUNNING BACK INTO THAT TENT. NOW LET'S GO.

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE SUN IS COMING UP. I'M GOING TO BE SO BUSTED WHEN I GET HOME.

I'M NOT FEELING SO GOOD... WHERE'S THE BUS?

HEY! OPEN UP! I LEFT MY PURSE INSIDE!

I'LL JUST SIT HERE 'TILL THE BUS COMES.

I HOPE IT'S SOON. I'M NOT FEELING SO GOOD, EITHER.

AARRRGGHH!

HURRRL!

THAT'LL DO NICELY.

WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT LAST NIGHT.

IF WE HADN'T, WE'D ALL BE DEAD.

YOU'RE FUCKING *SEALS*—YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING.

BEING BRAVE AND BEING STUPID ARE TWO VERY DIFFERENT THINGS, AGENT HENSON.

HEY HENSON, YOU WANT A BACK-UP PIECE?

NAH, I'M FINE WITH MY 9MM.

IS THAT WHY I HAD TO GO FIND IT FOR YOU LAST NIGHT?

WHY, YOU SON OF A...

ON SECOND THOUGHT... I'LL TAKE IT.

WE'RE HERE.

WHY WOULD THEY JUST LEAVE THE BODIES OUT IN THE OPEN?

IT'S A MESSAGE. GANT IS TELLING US THAT THEY DON'T NEED TO HIDE ANYMORE. WHATEVER HIS PLAN IS, IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN VERY SOON.

MI MADRE!

THESE ARE JUST THE ONES WHO DIDN'T DRINK THE PUNCH.

TYLER, TEXAS.

I'M TELLING YOU, CAROLINA HAS IT IN THE BAG! DENVER GOT THEMSELVES THE WRONG JAKE! IT'S NOT EVEN GOING TO BE CLOSE!

HERE YOU GO, TWO MORE BUGFOOT ALES.

THANK YOU, SWEETIE.

HOW EVER DO YOU DRINK THAT SWILL?

THE SAME WAY I ATE THE NACHOS—I JUST PUT IT IN MY MOUTH.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU MARRIED THIS MAN, CHARLENE.

YOU AGREE WITH ME, RIGHT? BAILEY CAN'T COVER SMITH BY HIMSELF—SO THAT LEAVES JOHNSON ONE-ON-ONE OVER THE MIDDLE...

GET YOUR HAND OFF OF ME!

WELL EXCUSE THE FUCK OUT OF ME.

AAAAARRRGGGHHH!

JESUS CHRIST... SOMEBODY HELP...

NNNNN

OH, GOD, IT HURTS!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO EAT THE NACHOS!

HEY, WILLIE, YOU OKAY, MAN?

RAAAAA!

YOU FLIRTATIOUS BITCH!

AIIEEEEE!

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA.

BR-BEEP... BR-BEEP... BR-BEEP...

HENSON.

IT'S YOUR FRIEND.

NO. MY FRIENDS DON'T CALL ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

I THOUGHT WE HAD GOTTEN PAST THE NEED FOR YOUR WITTY REPARTEE?

IT'S BACK BECAUSE I'M DONE. THERE'S NO SIGN OF GANT, OR HIS TRAVELING FREAK SHOW, AND I'M OUT OF TIME. I'M DRIVING UP TO MOBILE TODAY SO I CAN REPORT IN TO THE FIELD OFFICE TOMORROW, AS ORDERED.

BEFORE YOU START PACKING, YOU MIGHT WANT TO TURN ON THE NEWS.

I DON'T SEE HOW THIS WILL MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

SO FAR WE'VE SEEN THIRTEEN BODY BAGS BROUGHT OUT AND THERE HAS BEEN A CALL FOR MORE. ONE EYEWITNESS CLAIMS THE SUSPECTS WERE RIPPING THE VICTIMS APART WITH THEIR TEETH—BUT THE POLICE ARE REFUSING TO VERIFY THE CANNIBALISTIC REPORTS.

THIS IS BY FAR THE MOST GRUESOME ATTACK EVER SEEN HERE IN TYLER.

DAMN IT. I GUESS I'M GOING TO TEXAS.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

YOUR RIDE SHOULD BE THERE ANY SECOND.

LET'S GO.

TYLER, TEXAS.

AGENT HENSON, FBI. WE WERE IN THE AREA, THOUGHT WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO LEND A HAND.

GREAT, FEDS. I'LL GET THE DETECTIVE IN CHARGE.

I'M DETECTIVE HILLIARD. I APPRECIATE YOU BOYS COMING DOWN.

FORTY-ONE D.O.A.S. I'VE BEEN TO SLAUGHTERHOUSES THAT WEREN'T THIS BLOODY.

HOW MANY VICTIMS TOTAL?

WHY ARE THE BODIES STILL HERE?

WE RAN OUT OF BAGS. WE'VE NEVER NEEDED THIS MANY AT ONCE BEFORE. I'VE HAD TO CALL IN TO DALLAS FOR MORE.

THE SHORT VERSION—FOUR PEOPLE SNAPPED—ONE, A REGULAR FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS. THEY STARTED RIPPING INTO PEOPLE LIKE IT WAS AN ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT BUFFET.

I'VE GOT ONE WITNESS AND HE'S NOT MAKING ANY SENSE. EVERYONE ELSE IS DEAD AND THE SUSPECTS JUST VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT.

THIS ISN'T RIGHT.

NO CONTAINMENT AT ALL. EVERY OTHER INCIDENT WAS CONTROLLED AND CALCULATED. SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY OFF HERE.

YOU'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE?

YES AND NO. THE TRUTH IS, WE SAW THIS ON THE NEWS EARLIER AND FIGURED IT MIGHT BE TIED TO A CASE WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING FROM FLORIDA, TO MISSISSIPPI, TO LOUISIANA... AND NOW IT LOOKS LIKE TEXAS. I DIDN'T TELL YOU IMMEDIATELY BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO STEP ON ANY TOES.

I'VE GOT WAY TOO MANY BODIES TO BE TERRITORIAL ON THIS. WHAT DO YOU NEED FROM ME TO KNOW IF IT'S THE SAME CASE?

LET'S START WITH THE WITNESS. WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT MADE THE PATRONS SNAP.

WHEN CAN I GET OUT OF HERE?

IN A FEW MINUTES, MR. JORDAN. I WANT YOU TO TELL AGENT HENSON WHAT HAPPENED.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN TELL YOU. THE PLACE WAS PRETTY FULL. IT WAS A PRE-BIG GAME PARTY. WE WERE RUNNING OUT OF CHANGE SO I LEFT MIKE TO COVER THE BAR AND RAN UP TO MY OFFICE.

"I HEARD A SCREAM, LOOKED DOWN AND COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I WAS SEEING. I CALLED THE COPS AND THEN HID FOR MY LIFE."

I NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOU SAW BEFORE YOU WENT UPSTAIRS. DID YOU KNOW THE SUSPECTS?

NOT BY NAME. I'D SEEN THEM COME AND GO OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS, BUT ONLY WILLIE WAS A REGULAR.

DID THEY COME IN TOGETHER? SIT TOGETHER? HAVE ANY CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER?

TWO OF THEM WERE TOGETHER, LIKE BOYFRIEND AND GIRLFRIEND, BUT THEY DIDN'T TALK TO THE OTHERS AT ALL.

"WILLIE WAS IN HIS USUAL SPOT AT THE BAR TALKING ABOUT THE GAME TO ANYONE WHO WOULD LISTEN."

I'M TELLING YOU, CAROLINA HAS IT IN THE BAG. DENVER GOT THEMSELVES THE WRONG JAKE. IT'S NOT EVEN GOING TO BE CLOSE.

"THE COUPLE WAS AT ONE OF THE TABLES. I THINK THE OTHER GUY WAS IN THE BACK BOOTH."

EVERY BARTENDER I'VE EVER MET HAS A HORRIBLE MEMORY FOR NAMES BUT REMEMBERS EVERY DRINK SERVED. ARE YOU LIKE THAT?

USUALLY. BUT THIS HAS REALLY GOT ME...

JUST STAY FOCUSED. NOW, CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT EACH ONE WAS EATING OR DRINKING?

"KATIE WAS COVERING THE FLOOR. I REMEMBER HER SAYING HOW PRISSY THREE OF THEM WERE. THEY WANTED A SPECIFIC WHITE WINE AND THEY COMPLAINED ABOUT THE "LOWBROW" APPETIZERS.

"BUT ONE OF THE GUYS JUST WANTED A BEER AND SOME NACHOS.

"THE COUPLE SAT IN THE MIDDLE. HE WAS ENJOYING HIMSELF BUT YOU COULD TELL THAT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE HERE. SHE SIPPED ON A BEER AND NIBBLED A PRETZEL, BUT NEVER TOOK HER EYES OUT OF HER BOOK.

"AND WILLIE WAS DRINKING WHAT HE ALWAYS DRINKS, BUGFOOT ALE."

WHAT THE HELL IS BUGFOOT ALE?

A LOCAL BREWERY.

WILLIE WORKS FOR THEM. HE HAD A COUPLE KEGS FALL OFF THE TRUCK AND LAND IN HIS TRUNK YESTERDAY. HE BROUGHT THEM HERE FOR THE PARTY.

WHAT ARE THE ODDS THE OTHERS WERE DRINKING THE SAME BEER?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I THINK BOTH THE GUY IN THE BACK AND THE COUPLE WERE DRINKING BUGFOOT.

GABE. I NEED YOU TWO TO FIND EVERY KEG OF BUGFOOT ALE AND GET IT INTO THE CAR.

YOU GOT IT.

DO YOU HAVE A LOCAL LAB THAT CAN RUN AN ANALYSIS ON THE ALE?

YEAH, WE'VE GOT A PLACE A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE. WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHAT WE'RE CHASING IS A TERRORIST GROUP THAT USES A CHEMICAL TO CAUSE HOMICIDAL INSANITY IN ITS VICTIMS. THE LAST INCIDENT WAS AT A RAVE IN LAFAYETTE. I'M THINKING THEY'RE USING ALCOHOL TO PASS THE COMPOUND. I NEED THE LAB TO VERIFY MY THEORY.

YOU SHOULD JUST TELL HIM THE TRUTH—THAT WE'RE CHASING A VAMPIRE CULT.

YEAH, 'CAUSE THE WHOLE VAMPIRE THING ALWAYS GOES OVER SO WELL.

GOOD POINT.

JACKS FULL OF THREES.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE BLUFFING.

THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T HAVE ANY CHIPS.

WHY THE FUCK ARE WE STILL HERE?

THE BIGGEST PILE OF SHIT IS ABOUT TO HIT THE FAN AND WE'RE STUCK HERE.

MAYBE IF YOU IDIOTS HADN'T LET WILLIE TAKE A FEW KEGS OF OUR SPECIAL BREW HOME WITH HIM WE WOULD BE WITH GANT RIGHT NOW.

THERE'S NO WAY THEY'LL BE ABLE TO TRACK IT BACK HERE IN TIME.

WELL, UNLIKE YOU, GANT DOESN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES.

NOW. DEAL ME IN.

"AS YOU MAY KNOW, ALCOHOL IS PRODUCED FROM SUGAR BY LIVING ORGANISMS SUCH AS YEAST. THIS IS THE FERMENTATION PROCESS.

"HERE, THOSE LIVING ORGANISMS HAVE BEEN ATTACKED AND MODIFIED BY AN OUTSIDE SOURCE. THE MODIFIED ORGANISMS ARE DOING THE SAME TO ANY OTHER LIVING ORGANISMS THEY FIND.

"TO WHAT EXTENT THEY'VE BEEN MODIFIED... I HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA."

DAMN IT, BILLY. WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT ACTING PROFESSIONAL?

I HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA... SIR.

I CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT THESE ORGANISMS, WHEN DIGESTED, WOULD ENTER THE BLOODSTREAM AND BEGIN TRYING TO MODIFY WHATEVER THEY CAME ACROSS.

I CAN SET UP AN EXPERIMENT USING RATS TO TRY AND ASCERTAIN THE END RESULT OF THESE MODIFICATIONS.

I THINK I CAN SPEED THE PROCESS UP. DO YOU HAVE A UV LIGHT?

RIGHT THERE ON YOUR LEFT.

I'D SUGGEST MAYBE STEPPING BACK A BIT.

I THINK THAT FALLS INTO THE "POSITIVE" CATEGORY.

PLEASE TELL ME THAT BUGFOOT BREWERY HAS ONLY ONE LOCATION.

YEAH. JUST ON THE EDGE OF TOWN. I CAN HAVE HALF A DOZEN MEN TOGETHER IN ABOUT 15 MINUTES.

IT MIGHT BE NOTHING. WHY DON'T YOU JUST LET US GO TAKE A LOOK? WE'LL CALL FOR BACKUP IF WE NEED IT.

NO, IT'S STILL MY CASE. I'M COMING WITH YOU.

FINE. BUT YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU HADN'T.

I'VE NEVER SEEN SIMULTANEOUS APOPTOSIS, LET ALONE WITH SUCH AN EXPLOSIVE REACTION.

YEAH, IT'S A TAD SENSITIVE TO LIGHT.

I'LL SAY. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE...

TO SEE NOTHING. WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS SUBSTANCE THAT YOU WILL DESTROY IMMEDIATELY. NO PLAYING WITH IT... DO I MAKE MYSELF PERFECTLY CLEAR?

YES, SIR.

GOOD. I WILL BE BACK TO MAKE SURE.

AND I'M BORROWING THIS.

W.C.

ARLINGTON, TEXAS.

YOU GUYS ARE CUTTING IT CLOSE. THEY'RE SCREAMING FOR THOSE KEGS.

NO PROBLEM, MAN. WE'LL HAVE THEM UNLOADED IN NO TIME.

WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE?

MY BOSS SENT EXTRAS—BUT I'M SUPPOSED TO LEAVE THEM ON THE TRUCK UNLESS THEY'RE NEEDED.

SO IF THE BEER RUNS OUT, HE CAN GOUGE THEM ON THE PRICE FOR MORE? DAMN, THAT'S SMART.

"YEAH, MY BOSS HAS IT ALL FIGURED OUT."

I'VE GOT A GUY ON THE ROOF OBVIOUSLY WATCHING FOR COMPANY. ALL THE WINDOWS ARE BLACKED OUT. THERE ARE TOO MANY ENTRANCES TO COVER WITH JUST FOUR PEOPLE.

NOT A PROBLEM. THEY WON'T BE TRYING TO GET OUTSIDE.

THIS IS WORSE THAN FACING A GUY HOPPED UP ON PCP. THEY'RE INCREDIBLY STRONG, FAST, AND DAMN HARD TO KILL. HEADSHOTS ONLY, TRY TO SEVER THEIR SPINAL CHORD. THEY'RE ALSO SENSITIVE TO SUNLIGHT, SO TRY TO OPEN WINDOWS IF YOU CAN.

YOU'RE MAKING THEM SOUND MORE LIKE VAMPIRES THAN TERRORISTS.

IT WOULDN'T HURT FOR YOU TO THINK OF THEM THAT WAY.

"WE'VE GOT A CLEARING. GO. GO."

WE GO ON THREE.

OFFICE

TIME FOR LUNCH!

KA-BLAAM

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT THING?

BRP

YOU BASTARD!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

TKKKK

AARRRRR

THOK

THOK

WELL, AGENT HENSON—YOU MUST BE THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE... TO STILL BE ALIVE.

ALL THIS HARD WORK AND YOU'RE STILL GOING TO DIE NOT KNOWING WHAT IS GOING ON.

ACTUALLY, I THINK I'VE GOTTEN MOST OF THIS FIGURED OUT. TELL ME IF I'M WRONG.

YOUR ATTACK ON COMMANDER COBB WAS TIMED IN HOPES OF HAVING HIM CONVERT WHILE THE SHUTTLE LAUNCH WAS BEING TELEVISED.

SO YOU DIDN'T BITE HIM—YOU SLIPPED IT INTO SOMETHING HE ATE SO HE WOULDN'T CHANGE UNTIL JUST THE RIGHT TIME. BUT THE TIMING WAS OFF AND THE GOVERNMENT COVERED IT ALL UP.

HOW AM I DOING SO FAR?

WITH THAT BEING AN UTTER FAILURE, YOU WENT ABOUT TRYING TO FIND ANOTHER WAY TO TELL PEOPLE ABOUT THE NEW CHILDREN OF GOD. TO SHOW THE WORLD VAMPIRES NOT ONLY EXIST, BUT THEY ARE THE NEXT STEP TO HEAVEN.

THE COMA PATIENTS IN FLORIDA, THE WEDDING IN MORGAN CITY, AND THE RAVE IN LAFAYETTE WERE ALL JUST EXPERIMENTS TO FIND THE BEST WAY TO SPREAD THE VAMPIRIC DISEASE.

IT'S NOT A DISEASE! IT'S A GIFT FROM GOD!

A GIFT GANT OFFERED TO SHARE WITH YOU—BUT YOU REJECTED IT... YOU STUPID SON OF A BITCH.

SO WHAT IS GANT'S PLAN?

IT'S BIGGER THAN YOU COULD IMAGINE. AND IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP IT. WE WIN.

NOOOOO!

AAAAAAAA!

KRASH!

GOT TO TELL RAFAEL TO GO ON A DIET.

YOU'RE ONE CRAZY BASTARD.

GRACIAS.

WHERE'S DETECTIVE HILLIARD?

HE DIDN'T MAKE IT.

DAMN.

WE BETTER SEARCH EVERYTHING. GANT IS UP TO SOMETHING REALLY BIG AND WE HAVE NO CLUE...

WE DO NOW.

I FOUND THIS SHIPPING LIST. THERE ARE 400 KEGS BEING DELIVERED TO THE STADIUM IN ARLINGTON... THIS MORNING.

OH, MY GOD.

HE'S SENDING THE TAINTED BEER TO THE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

SEVENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE IN THE STANDS TURNED INTO VAMPIRES OR VICTIMS.

AND MILLIONS WATCHING IT ALL ON TELEVISION.

"GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AND GENTLEMAN AND WELCOME TO ARLINGTON, TEXAS. WE ARE JUST MOMENTS AWAY FROM KICK-OFF FOR THE FIFTY-THIRD PRO FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

"I'M JAMES MCLAUCHLIN AND JOINING ME TODAY IN THE BROADCAST BOOTH IS MY LONG-TIME PARTNER, AND FORMER PRO-LINEMAN, DAVE HENDERSON. WHAT DO YOU SEE AS THE KEYS TO THIS GAME, DAVE?"

"WELL, FOR DENVER, I THINK THEY NEED TO GET THEIR RUNNING GAME GOING EARLY TO TAKE THE PRESSURE OFF OF THEIR QUARTERBACK. HE'S SHOWN THAT WHEN HE GETS RUSHED, HE'LL FORCE THE BALL INSTEAD OF THROWING IT AWAY. POSITIVE YARDAGE ON THE GROUND WILL KEEP THE DEFENDERS BACK FOR A FEW EXTRA SECONDS.

"FOR CAROLINA, WHERE THEIR SUPERSTAR WIDE RECEIVER GOES, THE TEAM FOLLOWS. OR IN THIS CASE, WITH TRIPLE COVERAGE GOING TO THAT SIDE, CAROLINA SHOULD BE ABLE TO MOVE THE BALL AROUND TO THE REST OF THEIR RECEIVERS AND BACKS. IT'S NOT A MATTER OF 'IF' THE BIG PLAY WILL HAPPEN, BUT RATHER 'WHEN.'

"NOW IF THE REFS CAN KEEP THEIR FLAGS IN THEIR POCKETS, IT SHOULD BE A GOOD GAME."

"THANK YOU, DAVE.

"SIXTEEN WEEKS OF SMASH-MOUTH FOOTBALL AND FOUR WEEKS OF PULSE-POUNDING PLAYOFFS HAVE LEAD US TO THIS. THE TWO BEST TEAMS GOING HEAD-TO-HEAD FOR THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP. YOU CAN FEEL THE EXCITEMENT IN THE AIR AS THE TEAM CAPTAINS MEET FOR THE COIN TOSS.

"THIS CROWD OF 71,525 ARE ALL ON THEIR FEET AND READY TO ROAR. CAROLINA HAS CHOSEN TO DEFEND THE SOUTH GOAL FIRST... WHICH REALLY DOESN'T MATTER SINCE THE DOME IS CLOSED."

"WHY IS THAT?"

IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY OUT, WHY DID THE COMMISSIONER CHOOSE TO PLAY THE GAME WITH THE DOME CLOSED?

I'M NOT REALLY SURE, DAVE. BUT WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT.

AND THE KICK IS AWAY!

THERE'S NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY.

GANT MUST HAVE GOTTEN TO THE COMMISSIONER. I GUESS HE DOESN'T WANT ALL HIS NEW RECRUITS TO INSTANTLY BURN UP.

THE NETWORK MUST LOVE HAVING THEIR BLIMP FILM THE PARKING LOTS.

AT THIS RATE, THE GAME IS GOING TO BE OVER BEFORE WE GET THERE.

THIS IS NEVER GOING TO WORK. TIME TO IMPROVISE.

PULL OVER, NOW.

HEY, ASSHOLE!

SHUT UP.

SO WHAT DOES THIS ACCOMPLISH?

YOU AND RAFAEL CAN MAKE BETTER TIME ON FOOT. GET TO THE STADIUM AND GET THAT ROOF OPEN.

AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE DOING?

I'M GOING TO GET US A PLAN B.

NOW GO.

YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE HE'S GOING?

NO, BUT ALL OF GABE'S PLANS INVOLVE SOMETHING BIG BLOWING UP.

OH, GREAT.

HOMELAND SECURITY! I NEED ACCESS TO YOUR ROOF, NOW!

UHM... AH... THE SOUTHWEST STAIRCASE... BUT YOU NEED A KEY.

THEN MOVE YOUR ASS!

LEAD THE WAY.

WE CAN TAKE THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR TO THE 40TH FLOOR AND...

HEY, IT'S JOHNSON. I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO PULL ON SOME VERY BIG STRINGS.

AGENT HENSON, GET IN!

I GOT A CALL FROM HOMELAND SECURITY SAYING YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY. I FIGURED YOU'D HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING THROUGH TRAFFIC.

THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

THEY DIDN'T TELL ME MUCH, BUT I FIGURE IT'S GOT TO BE TERRORISTS. I'VE GOT ALL MY MEN WAITING FOR US BY THE FRONT GATES.

OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS A COMPLETE LOCKDOWN. EVERY EXIT IS TO BE LOCKED AND CHAINED SHUT. EMERGENCY EXITS TOO. NO ONE GETS IN OR OUT UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD.

YES, SIR! MOVE OUT BOYS!

WE NEED TO GET TO THE DOME CONTROLS... WHATEVER MAKES THEM OPEN AND CLOSE.

THAT'S WHY THE ROOF IS CLOSED? IS THERE A BOMB IN THE ROOF?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. WE NEED SOMEONE TO SHOW US HOW TO GET THERE.

I'M NOT PUTTING ONE OF MY BOYS IN THERE WITH A BOMB. I'LL TAKE YOU MYSELF.

WELL, THEN...

YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THIS.

AND ALL THE EXTRA SHELLS YOU CAN CARRY.

LOCK THIS DOOR GOOD AND TIGHT, JIMMY.

SERVICE ELEVATOR IS THE FASTEST WAY.

OTHER SIDE OF THE STADIUM.

HOW FAR WILL WE BE FROM THE CONTROL ROOM?

FROM THIS POINT FORWARD, ASSUME EVERYONE IS A HOSTILE.

IS THAT REALLY NECESSARY?

ONLY IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE. I GO FIRST.

CLEAR.

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO BE QUIET. SO MOVE QUICKLY AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

THE CONTROL ROOM SHOULD BE ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AHEAD ON THE RIGHT.

WAIT. WE'VE GOT SENTRIES POSTED.

I'M TIRED OF WAITING AROUND.

IT SHOULDN'T BE MUCH LONGER.

ONLY TWO.

YOU GOT ANY *SEAL* STEALTH TRICKS FOR THIS?

FUCK STEALTH.

BLAAM

BLAAM

RRRRAAAAA

THAT'S NOT A TERRORIST!

YOU HAVE A GIFT FOR THE OBVIOUS. COME ON, WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.

CONTROL

ALL RIGHT. HERE'S THE CONTROL ROOM. BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS REALLY GOING ON.

SON OF A BITCH.

OKAY, HERE'S THE CONDENSED VERSION. A GROUP OF RELIGIOUS ZEALOT VAMPIRES ARE ABOUT TO TURN THIS PLACE INTO THE LARGEST BLOODBATH IN HISTORY. AND OUR BEST HOPE IS TO OPEN THE DOME AND LET THE SUN FRENCH-FRY THEIR ASSES.

THIS DEFINITELY WASN'T IN THE TRAINING MANUAL.

I'D SAY RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

I THINK I'VE GOT THE ROOF CONTROLS. BUT AS SOON AS I START OPENING IT, THEY'LL KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG. I JUST WISH WE KNEW WHEN GANT PLANNED TO MAKE HIS MOVE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TODAY'S HALF-TIME SHOW IS GOING TO BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT... BUT IT'S ONE THATS GOING TO CHANGE YOUR LIVES FOREVER.

I AM REVEREND GANT, AND I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT GOD, JESUS, AND THEIR TRUE PLAN FOR MANKIND.

BOOOO!

I KNEW YOU'D REACT THIS WAY. BUT MY MESSAGE IS VERY IMPORTANT AND IT MUST BE HEARD.

WE ALL KNOW THAT JESUS DIED FOR OUR SINS... BUT WHEN HE ROSE AGAIN, HE WAS CHANGED. HE WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN A MAN. HE HAD ASCENDED TO THE NEXT STEP... CLOSER TO GOD. HE BECAME MORE THAN HUMAN.

"JESUS WAS TRANSFORMED THAT DAY TO SHOW US THE WAY. BUT FOR YEARS WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. WE TOOK COMMUNION NOT KNOWING IT WAS MORE THAN JUST SYMBOLIC.

"INGESTING THE BLOOD AND BODY OF CHRIST WASN'T MEANT TO SHOW ACCEPTANCE OF GOD'S TEACHING... IT WAS TELLING US HOW TO ASCEND CLOSER TO HEAVEN."

WELL, THE LORD HAS SENT ME TO CORRECT THAT MISUNDERSTANDING. TODAY ALL OF YOU ARE BEING OFFERED THE CHANCE TO TRANSFORM...

"SOME OF YOU ARE FEELING IT AS I SPEAK. THE HAND OF GOD CHANGING YOU... AWAKENING THE BEAUTY INSIDE. DON'T FIGHT IT. LET IT OUT.

"LET IT OUT!"

YOU ARE BECOMING THE NEW CHILDREN OF GOD!

FOLLOW YOUR INSTINCTS! GIVE IN TO YOUR DESIRES!

"YOU CRAVE BLOOD AND FLESH... DO NOT BE APPALLED BY IT, RELISH IT. IT'S THE WILL OF THE LORD!"

AND TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE NOT CHANGED, WHO HAVE NOT FELT THE GLORY OF THE PATH...

...I'M SORRY, BUT GOD JUST DOESN'T LOVE YOU.

THAT'S IT, MY CHILDREN! EAT THE BOUNTY THAT GOD HAS GRANTED US! FEAST!

THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT GOOD. GETTING THE ROOF OPEN WILL STOP GANT... BUT IT MIGHT JUST TURN HIM INTO A MARTYR.

WHAT IS THE FASTEST WAY TO KILL THE BROADCAST?

EACH CAMERA FEEDS BACK INTO THE TRAILERS OUTSIDE... IT WOULD HAVE TO BE STOPPED THERE.

CAN WE CALL THEM?

YOU THINK THEY'LL CUT THE FEED ON AN EXCLUSIVE LIVE BLOODBATH?

THE BEST WAY WOULD BE TO TAKE OUT THE SATELLITE DISH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARKING LOT. THAT'S HOW THEY'RE SENDING OUT THE SIGNAL.

ACROSS THE HALL THERE'S STAIRS. I CAN CALL DOWN AND GET THOSE DOORS OPENED LONG ENOUGH TO LET YOU OUT. I'LL HAVE THEM BRING THE PICK-UP AROUND.

I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES AND THEN WE'VE GOT TO OPEN THE ROOF.

IT'S GOING TO GET NASTY UP HERE—I'LL STAY AND WATCH HIS BACK.

GOOD LUCK, GUYS.

OKAY, I'VE RELEASED THE LOCKS. LET ME KNOW WHEN TO START IT.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO OPEN FULLY?

TEN MINUTES.

I HOPE WE HAVE THAT LONG.

EXIT

SECURE THAT DOOR! I NEED THE KEYS TO THE PICK-UP!

I SHOULD HAVE JUST GONE TO ALABAMA.

BAAAAAAM!

HE DID IT! OPEN THE ROOF!

SOMEONE IS TRYING TO RUIN OUR REVIVAL. GET EVERYONE UP TO THE CONTROL ROOM.

YES, SIR.

GABE, IT'S RAFAEL. THE ROOF IS OPENING.

I READ YOU. WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?

WE ARE SERIOUSLY FUCKED. ANY CHANCE YOU CAME UP WITH THAT PLAN B?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK... DO YOU REMEMBER THE MOVIE *BLACK SUNDAY*?

COME ON BEAUTIFUL, IT'S TIME FOR THE APOCALYPSE.

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST...

BAAA-

DOOOOM!

Reliant Stadium

RAFAEL WAS RIGHT. GABE'S PLANS DO END WITH SOMETHING BIG BLOWING UP.

GO CAROLINA

HENSON.

I SEE YOU SURVIVED. WHAT ABOUT JOHNSON AND MONTOYA?

NOT SO LUCKY.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. I'LL NOTIFY THEIR FAMILIES.

YOU DID WELL. THE BROADCAST WAS CUT BEFORE ANYONE COULD REALLY MAKE SENSE OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING. WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE GANT OUT TO BE ANOTHER JIM JONES OR DAVID KORESH...

AND THE WHOLE VAMPIRE THING GETS COVERED UP AGAIN! THIS WAS YOUR PLAN ALL ALONG, WASN'T IT? USE ME TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE WERE DOING. I KNEW THERE WAS MORE TO WHAT HAPPENED IN SPACE. THAT IT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING MUCH BIGGER. BUT IF I OPENED UP AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION IT WOULD LEAD TO MORE PEOPLE ASKING QUESTIONS.

BUT WHO WOULD BELIEVE THE FBI AGENT EVERYONE THINKS IS CRAZY? SO, YES, I USED YOU TO GET THE ANSWERS I HAD TO HAVE AND BECAUSE NO ONE WILL TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY IF YOU TRY TELLING THE WORLD.

OVER 70,000 PEOPLE DIED TODAY. THEIR FAMILIES DESERVE TO KNOW THE TRUTH. PEOPLE NEED TO KNOW THE DANGER THAT IS OUT THERE IN THE SHADOWS.

YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? NO ONE WANTS THE TRUTH. NO ONE WANTS TO KNOW THEY'RE NOT THE HIGHEST RUNG ON THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER–THAT THERE ARE PREDATORS IN THE NIGHT WAITING TO KILL THEM.

YOU ARE SO HELL-BENT ON TELLING THE TRUTH THAT YOU DON'T EVEN THINK FOR A MOMENT WHAT THAT TRUTH MIGHT DO. THE PANIC IT WOULD CAUSE.

AT LEAST THEY WOULD KNOW WHAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST.

AND THEY WOULD SPEND THE REST OF THEIR LIVES AFRAID TO CLOSE THEIR EYES. THE WORLD IS HAPPIER BEING IGNORANT.

DON'T EVER CALL ME AGAIN.

YOU BASTARD.

I PRAY I'LL NEVER HAVE TO.

KNOCK KNOCK

COME IN.

HE'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE OVAL, SIR.

TELL HIM I'M ON MY WAY.

THE END

ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH

ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH

ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH

ART BY KODY CHAMBERLAIN

ART BY KODY CHAMBERLAIN

ART BY MILX

ART BY MILX

ART BY ALEX SANCHEZ

ART BY ALEX SANCHEZ

ART BY ALEX SANCHEZ

ART BY ALEX SANCHEZ COLORS BY JAY FOTOS

ART BY ALEX SANCHEZ

ART BY ALEX SANCHEZ

ART BY NAT JONES

ART BY NAT JONES

ART BY NAT JONES

ART BY NAT JONES

ART BY NAT JONES

ART BY TONY SANDOVAL

FBI FILE 7/10/04

LAPD
Los Angeles Police Department

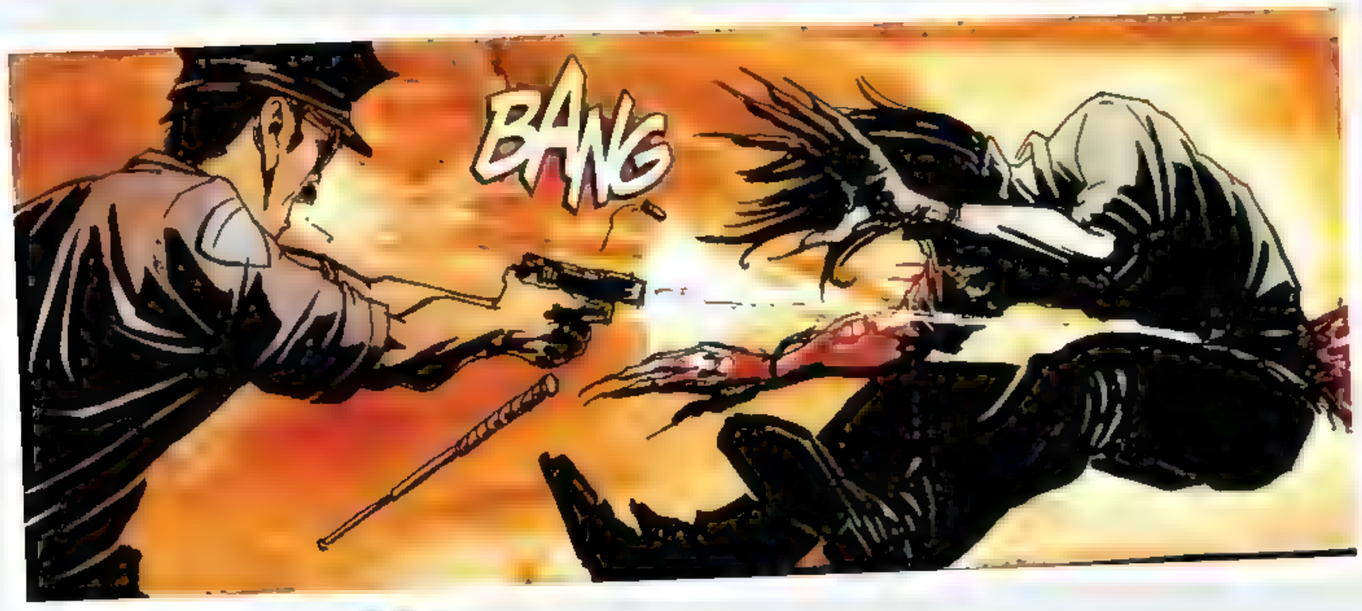
FILE: RMPT495128765 DATE: July 3rd, 2004 OFFICER: Brian Goodis

DETAILS/NOTES/ACCOUNTS:

Let me start by saying that this report is true and accurate and should supersede the report I filed on June 28th, 2004.

On the evening in question, my partner Officer Paul Reed and I responded to a disturbance call in an alley off Figueroa. We found a male Caucasian, approximately twenty-two years old, using the telephone. He looked disheveled and the front of his clothes was covered in blood. We identified ourselves and attempted to take him into custody. Officer Reed cuffed the suspect, but he was able to snap the link holding the cuffs together in half. We ordered the suspect onto the ground. When he did not comply, Officer Reed struck the suspect with his baton. It appeared to have no effect. Officer Reed attempted to strike again, but the suspect blocked the blow and was able to take the baton away. The suspect displayed an abnormal number of sharp teeth and his hands took on the appearance of claws. At this point, I saw no option but to discharge my weapon. I struck the suspect in the stomach and he fell to the ground immediately. Officer Reed and I went to secure the suspect, and check his vitals. The suspect grabbed us both and tossed us across the alley into a brick wall. The suspect then leapt a twelve-foot chain-link fence and made his escape.

At the urging of Officer Reed, we decided to write the incident up with a modified truth. We decided to not mention the teeth, claws, broken handcuffs, or the shrugging off being shot. Officer Reed feared for his job if we put down all that we witnessed that night. I am sorry to say I went along with it… but my conscience would not let it end there.



I began looking into what we saw that evening. Got a hold of a book called *30 Days of Night*, penned by Stella Olemaun, one of the nineteen survivors of the tragedy in Barrow,

LAPD
Los Angeles Police Department

FILE: RMPT495128765 DATE: July 3rd, 2004 OFFICER: Brian Goodis

DETAILS/NOTES/ACCOUNTS:

Alaska, as well as being the cause of a riot at UCLA a year prior. She claimed vampires had attacked the town. Her very detailed descriptions of the vampires matched just about everything I had seen the previous night. One of the passages in the book said her husband believed that the vampire would return to the scene of the crime. Cliché as it sounded, I decided it was a good place to look for more clues to the truth.

I returned to the alley off Figueroa and discovered the body of a cat. It had been recently killed and then thrown against a wall. I searched around more and discovered a couple-days-old pool of dried blood and a metal bar lying in it. The metal bar had a sharp jagged end that was also covered in dried blood. I was then startled by a voice above me. The suspect from the other night was on the brick wall above me, upside down, like Christopher Lee in one of those old Hammer films. He leapt at me, knocking me to the ground. He went for my throat, but the kid was all instinct, no experience. I was able to kick him off of me, then drew and fired my weapon four times. This again had little to no effect other than to stop the suspect. He sat across the alley from me picking the slugs out of his face and chest.

I held my gun on him, knowing full well it would do nothing. I told him I knew what he was. He asked if I knew how to reverse what had happened to him. Before we could continue our dialogue, a young woman named Maggie Adams entered the alley calling out for Billy, the suspect's first name. Billy identified Maggie as his ex-girlfriend and then fled before she could approach. I identified myself to Ms. Adams and asked if she knew the suspect. She claimed he was once her boyfriend and that he was sick. I asked her if he had a sickness that would cause him to kill others for blood. She did not answer in the affirmative, but her reaction made it obvious that she believed it to be true. Having no reason to detain her, I let her go, but called into the station to get an address on her. I believed that she was trying to help Billy and that I could find him at her place.

FBI FILE
7/10/04

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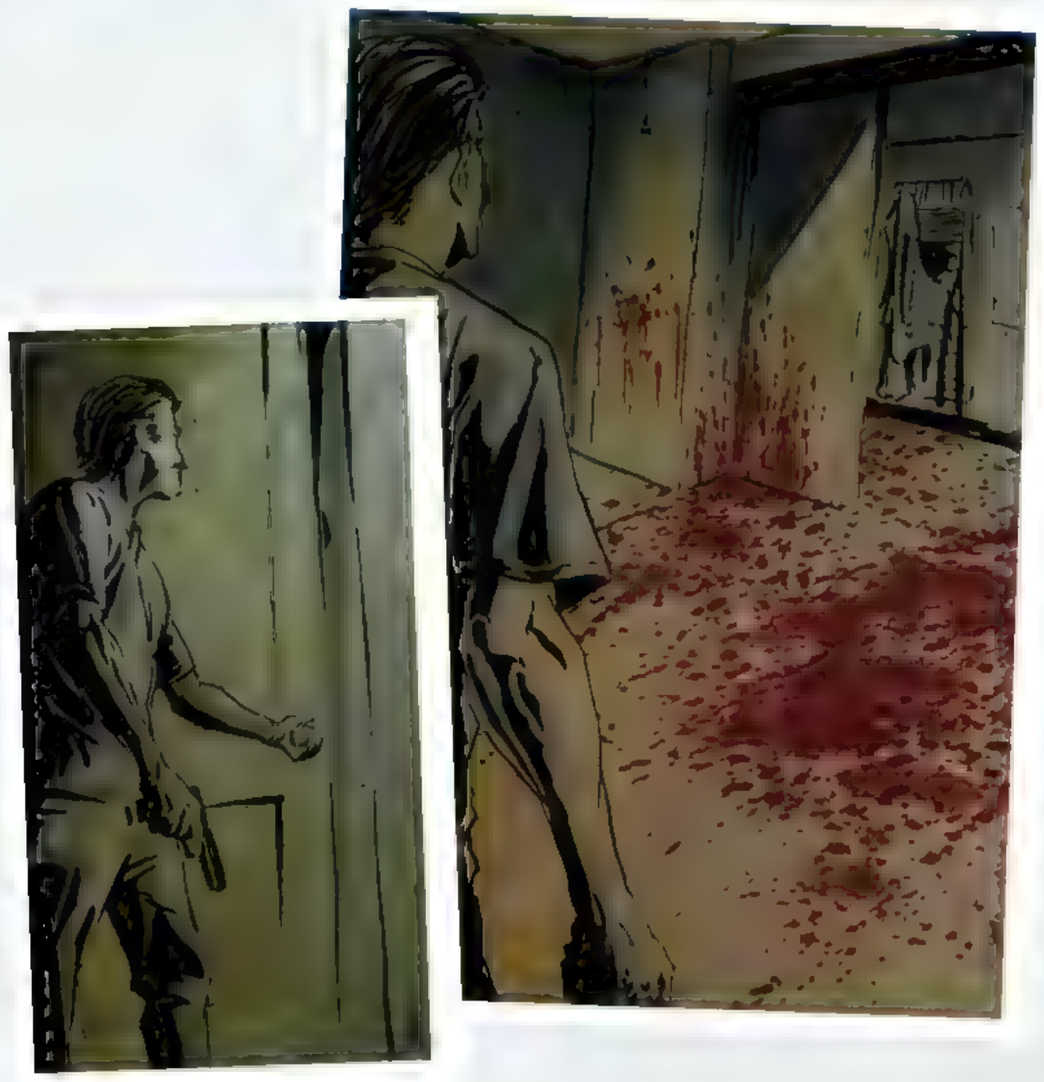

By the time I arrived at Maggie Adams' apartment it was after 3:30 AM. I found the door ajar, so I identified myself before moving in. The room was covered in blood. Floor and walls. There were no bodies, though. No sign of Billy or Maggie Adams. As I looked around more, I heard a vehicle speed off from the alley behind the building. I was able to get a look at the make, but not the plate. I called into the station to request a phone dump on both Maggie Adams' home and cell numbers. The only number she had called recently was a Doctor John Saxon. I also requested the backup of two off-duty officers, Baron and Vargas.

Dr. Saxon worked at UCLA, so we went to his office first. We discovered two things of interest. First, he was the one who brought Stella Olemaun out to the campus the prior year to the event that turned into a riot. Second, he seemed to be obsessed with vampires to the point of having drawings, sketches and what appeared to be a real vampire skull. The connection to the now missing Maggie Adams was becoming stronger.

We arrived at Dr. Saxon's home and found his car, similar to the one I saw leaving Maggie Adams' apartment, sitting in the driveway. We made our way around back and entered through the kitchen door. Once inside, we heard a loud scream like someone was being tortured. It was hard to identify where the noise was coming from, so Baron and I headed towards the basement. Vargas searched a room upstairs, where he found people chained to walls and pillars like animals.

Baron and I kicked open the door downstairs and discovered everyone we were looking for in one place. Maggie Adams was bound to a chair in the corner of the room. Billy was strapped down to an examination table and cut open like an autopsy. Dr. Saxon had his throat cut and was lying face first into Billy's exposed chest cavity. Along one wall was a series of cages stacked floor to ceiling. Inside each cage was a human being, jammed in like a lab experiment. I went immediately to free Maggie. She tried to tell me that they weren't dead, but the warning came too late. Saxon rose to his feet, more animal than man now. Baron tried to stop him, fired two rounds from his shotgun. They put a hole through Saxon's midsection but it did not seem to faze him. Saxon picked Baron up and tossed him into the lab experiments across the room. They tore him apart before I could even move.

FBI FILE
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FILE: RMPT495128765 DATE: July 3rd, 2004 OFFICER: Brian Goodis

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I was trying to get Ms. Adams out of there before Saxon could harm her, but was surprised when Billy began to speak. He asked me to cut him loose, said that he could deal with Saxon. Knowing I was in way over my head, I did what he requested. He then told us to get out as he went after Saxon. I grabbed Ms. Adams by the hand and ran for the door. It was too late to help Baron.

As we were leaving, I saw Vargas on the ground in the doorway he had gone into. The people in the room he had found were attacking him. He was torn to bits but still alive. He begged me to kill him. I could see in his eyes this was truly what he wanted. I shot him, then escorted Ms. Adams to safety. We got outside in time to see the house burst into flames.

It is believed that Dr. Saxon perished in the fire. Maggie Adams was checked out at the medical center and released. The whereabouts of Billy remain unknown. I have been put on administrative leave pending the outcome of an investigation into these events. Officer Paul Reed was promoted to sergeant.

To:
Agent
Heather
Weston

Your Holiness, Cardinal Ortiz,

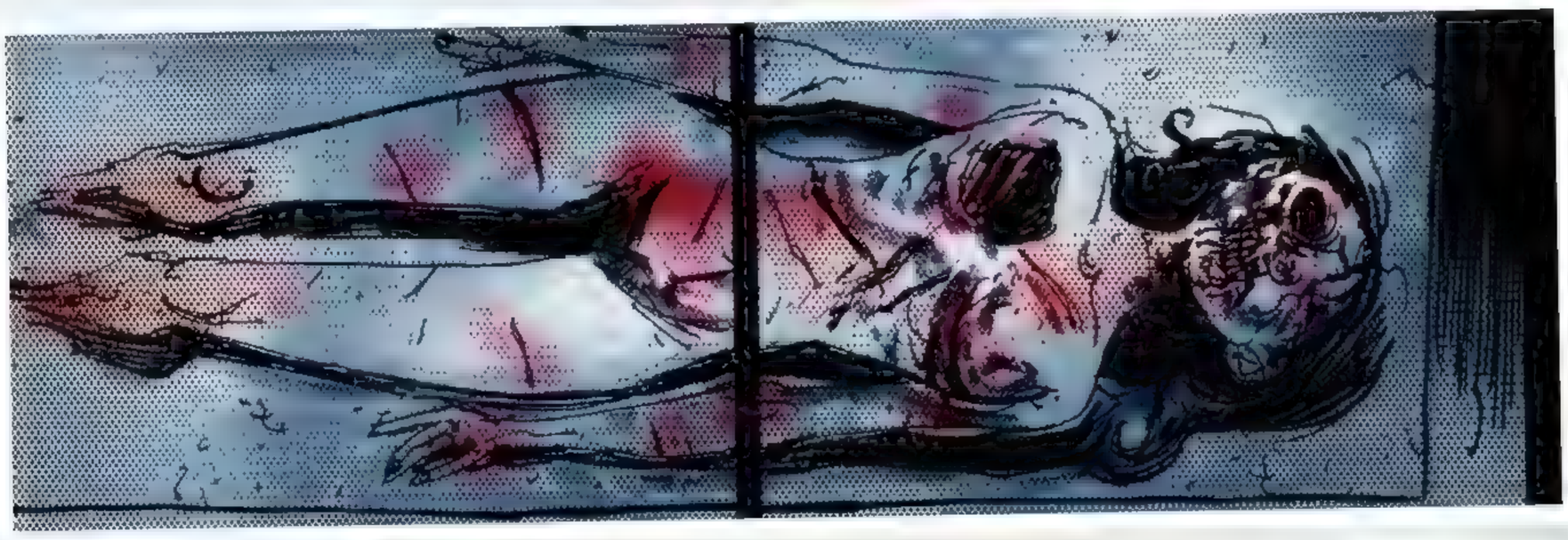
I am writing you to inform you what has taken place in my parish over the last few years. You may be asking why I've taken so long to write, but I think once you have heard the whole tale, you will understand and hopefully forgive.

I run a small church in Juarez, Mexico. It's where I was born, was raised and eventually received my calling. Juarez is a poor town. Folks have nothing more to give than the sweat of their brow and that of their children. And they give it without a second thought. Most of the young here won't live to see their thirtieth birthday. They go to work, slaving away, often to their deaths. It is a sad and miserable existence, yet I do my best to give comfort and help them find solace in the Word of the Lord.

The young women have it worse. They spend their days working for slave wages in the maquiladora and spend their evenings whoring themselves out for a few extra dollars. The locals have taken to calling them Las Senoras Ceros, The Nothing Girls. Called that for when one disappeared, nothing was done. Her place in the factory was taken by another, as was her place on the street. So when five or ten of the girls went missing, still no one took notice. It wasn't until someone actually took the time to count the number of missing that we knew it ranged from 200 to 400 depending on whom you asked.

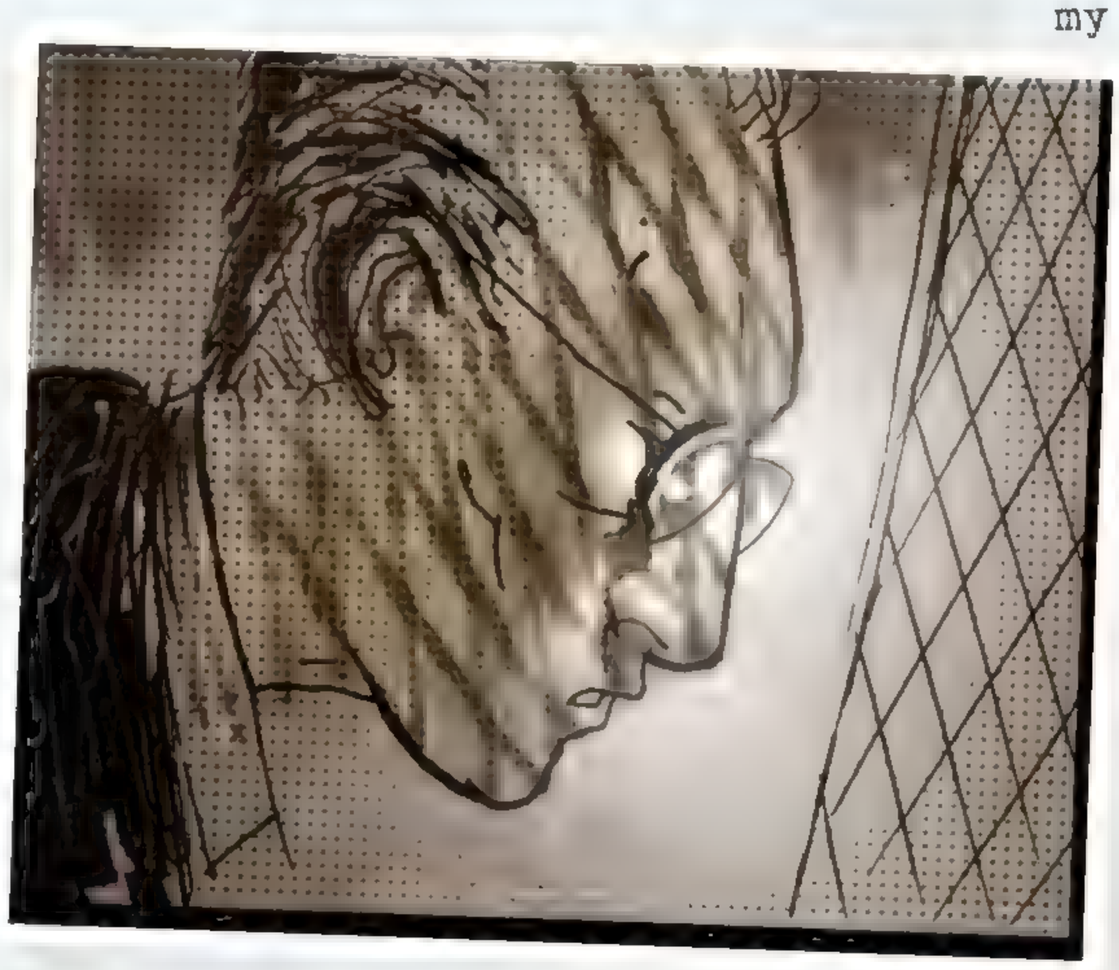
You would think being only one priest would make it impossible to console that many worried families, but sadly only a few seemed to even care. I was visiting with a family that did, the Acostas, as they had just learned that their daughter Tatiana was found dead. Her body mutilated almost beyond recognition. Mrs. Acosta medicated herself to numbness. Mr. Acosta drank himself into the same state. Their boy Joe believed the killings to be the work of the Chupacabra. None of them seemed to even notice that their other daughter, Pilar, was not at home.

It



was on that visit I met a most remarkable man. He called himself Lex Nova, but I would learn later that it was not his name. He had many odd quirks. The most notable was he spoke his inner dialogue and it sounded like an old crime novel. He was a detective from the States and claimed to be there because he knew what was killing the girls of Juarez.

I returned to church and found someone waiting for me in the confessional. His name was Paco and he told me the most horrific tale I have ever heard. He and three others were the ones killing the Nothing Girls. They would take them to the desert, abuse them, beat them and hunt them down to kill them. And they did this for fun. It was a game for them. And it was all put together by Eduardo Reyes, the man that owned the Maquiladora. Paco told me all the details, and then asked me for forgiveness. To forgive him for the murder of hundreds of innocent women. I could do no such thing.



my

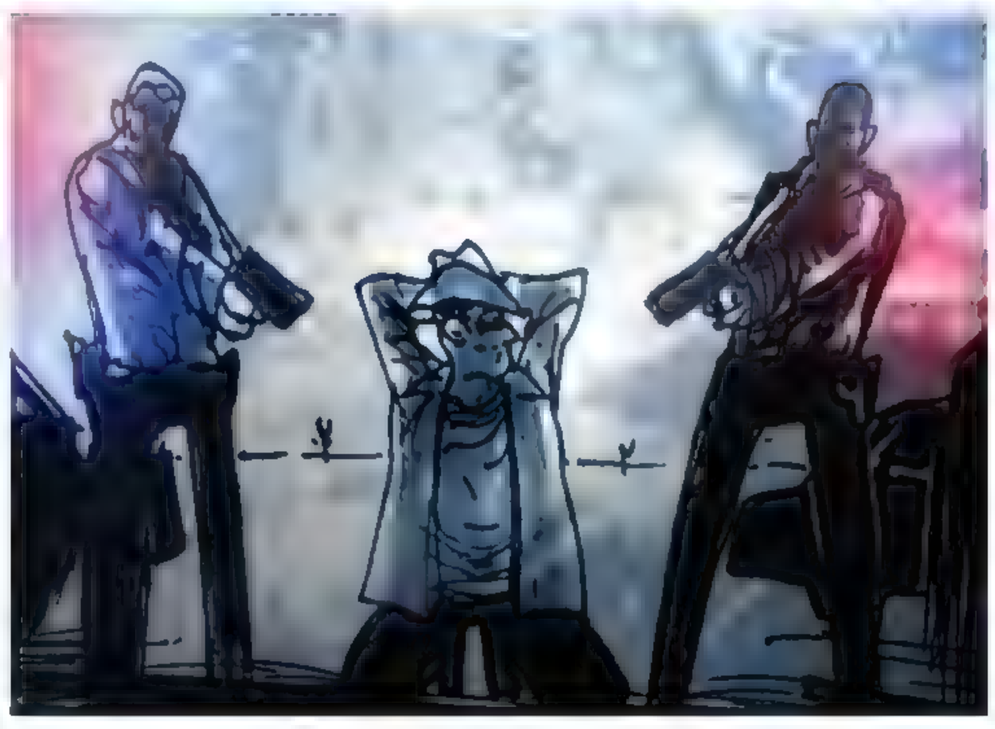
I felt a rage inside of me that I didn't know was possible. I broke through the confessional wall and grabbed him by the throat. I tossed him out onto the floor, where he begged me again for forgiveness. I found none in my heart for him. I only found my hands wrapped around the edges of a chair as I brought it down repeatedly onto his skull. I killed a man on the floor of my church and the only thing I could think to do next was to call Lex Nova and have him help me bury the body.

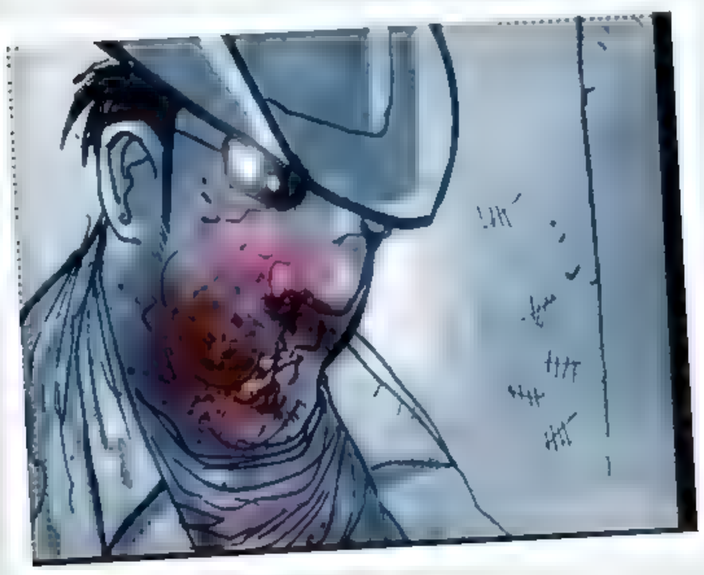
It was after this that I got Lex's theory on what was happening, and it was far crazier than I could ever have imagined. He believed a vampire did the killings. But not just any vampire, one called Uncle Zero. He was a vampire that dressed as a clown and had a family with him, Bingo, Echo and Halo. Lex and Uncle Zero have a history together and he came there certain it was Zero. I told him that there were no vampires. That Reyes did the killings in Juarez and those that weren't his were done by the people of Juarez themselves. The gangs, the drugs and the poverty took as many lives as these four rich men who killed out of boredom. When Lex asked me what I wanted, I told him the truth: I told him I wanted them to pay.

Lex had a plan. Not one I was completely comfortable with, but I had none better, so I went along. We had taken Paco's cell phone before we buried him. Lex found Reyes' number and called him. Lex told Reyes that Paco had been kidnapped and asked for a ransom to get the body of the girl Paco killed back. It was all pretty complicated, but Reyes bought it. Lex planned to give the ransom to me to help the Acostas and the other families of Juarez. Before he left, he told me of his run-in with Uncle Zero and his family, but I'll get to that later.

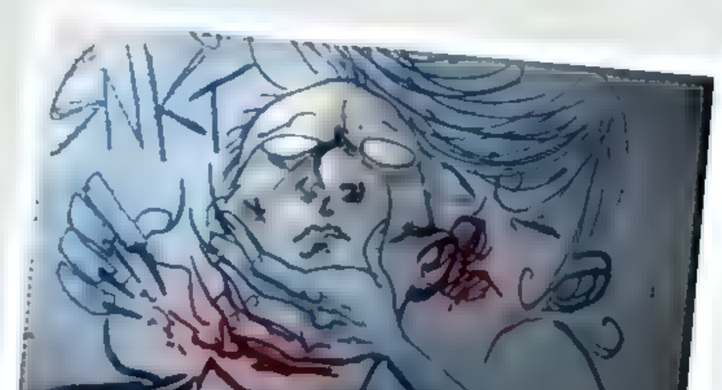
Lex drove out to meet with Reyes, who of course did not come alone. He sent a crooked cop, like most of the Juarez police force, Detective Martinez. He gave him a story about how saw Paco visiting with the American girl, then the girl was gone and Paco was taking flowers to a shallow grave. The idea being that a dead Mexican girl would get no attention, but an American would bring the US authorities. Lex even gave her a name, Olivia Honeycutt. The problem was Joe Acosta believed Lex was the killer, having seen him eating a live goat, and went to the police to give all he knew, including the research he did into Lex. Martinez knew it was a scam and the dead body was that of Tatiana Acosta. Martinez tried to take Lex out, but Lex was faster and far more brutal. He killed Martinez, scared Reyes out of his mind and made off with the money. But the police were on to him and his truck. He was taken into custody shortly after.

he





While he was in custody, the local police took turns beating Lex. Some of them had relatives who had gone missing, others were just twisted souls who like to beat a helpless man. But it got much worse for Lex when Bingo and Halo came to visit. They killed everyone in the station and took Lex with them. Whether he tried to hold out and told them in his inner dialogue or if he just ratted us out, I don't know. But Bingo knew about my involvement and about the Acostas. They came to the church to find me and when they didn't, they left Lex to die on in front of the pulpit.

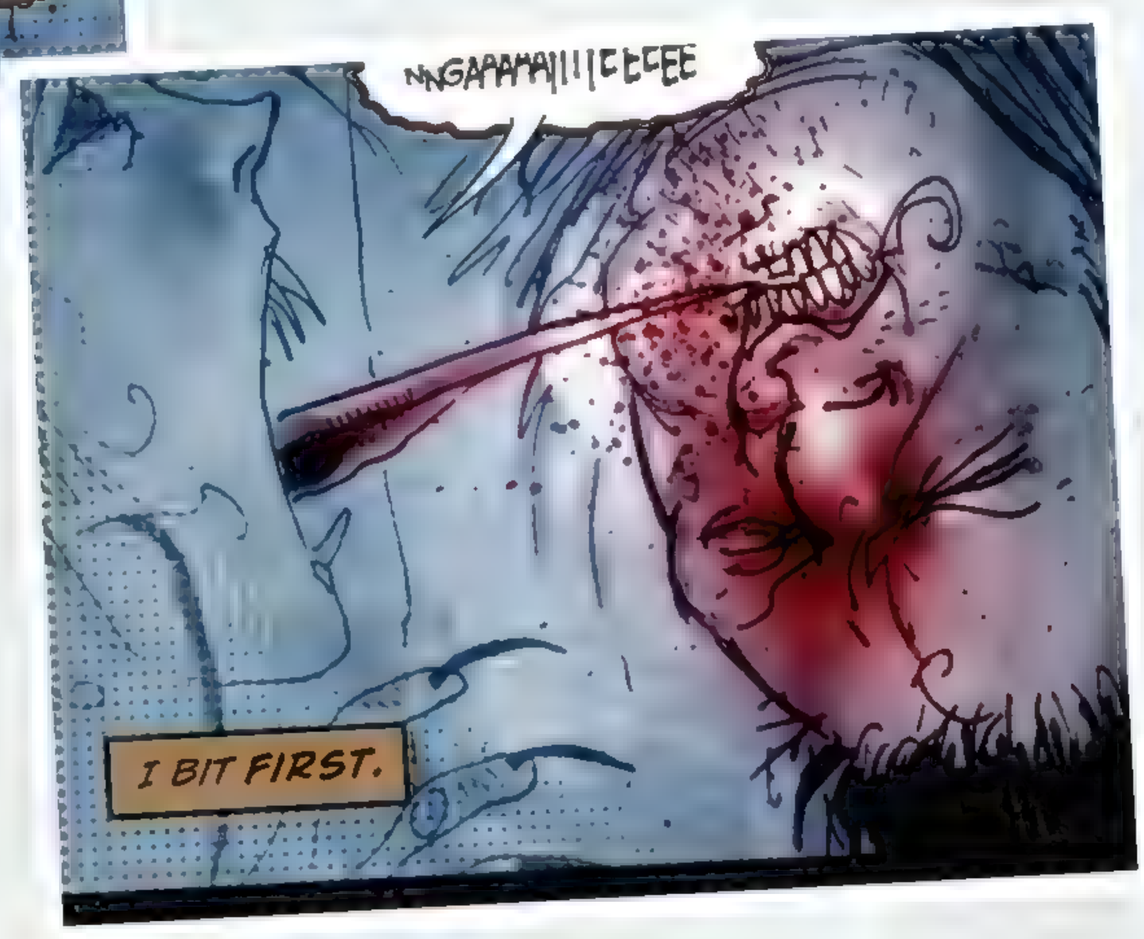


The reason I wasn't there came in the form of a surprising savior. Echo had gotten there first, both to Lex and to me. Lex sent her to protect me and she did that, in her own unique way. Lex was dying and I begged Echo to save him, to make him one of them. The poor child couldn't answer; she was incapable of speech. But she helped him just the same. She cut my throat and allowed the blood to pour into Lex's mouth. It revived him, but it cost him what was left of his mind. All Lex could think of was killing Bingo and he went off to do just that.

Meanwhile, Eduardo Reyes felt fear for the first time and it pushed him over the edge. He first visited the Acosta home and then the Maquiladora. He gathered his workers and told them it was time for their fear to end. That he had the killers sequestered in his home. And he took his workers with him to burn it down. This is where Lex confronted Bingo. The two were battling as the house burned down. It's my belief that Lex, Bingo and Halo all perished in the fire. What happened to Echo I don't know.

The reason Echo saved Lex had more to do with their past and Uncle Zero. Lex Nova used to be Alex Gorodetski. He drove a Nova. He got a missing girl case, on Olivia Honeycutt. Alex spent a week on the case before he saw it, a photo from the night before Olivia went missing; there was an image of a clown in the mirror at a Halloween party.

No one remembered the clown or who he was. Alex started asking questions in hopes of finding the clown; the problem was he asked the wrong person and the clown found him. The clown was Uncle Zero and Alex found himself hanging upside-down in a room with Zero, Bingo, Halo and the young Olivia Honeycutt. They decided to frame Alex for Olivia's kidnapping and the death of two other girls.



They converted Olivia to one of them and sent her to feed on Alex. He turned the table by grabbing her tongue with his teeth and ripping it out. Olivia's tainted blood now flowed through Alex's system. Alex Gorodetski died that day and Lex Nova was born. Olivia Honeycutt also ceased to exist; now there was only the mute Echo.

It's been a year since Lex came to Juarez. Reyes is now a leading force for reform in the city. He has upgraded the police force and brought in experts from England, Germany and the United States to help. But the Maquiladora still exists, as do Las Seoras Ceros, and we still have the occasional girl go missing. The poor are still poor with very little hope to brighten their days. I have tried to give solace when I have none of my own. I am writing this letter to tell you I am leaving the clergy. You will need to find someone else to bring the Word of the Lord to the people of Juarez.

And make sure his faith is unshakable, for it will be greatly tested.

Sincerely,
Antonio Ramalez

Space Shuttle Icarus Investigation

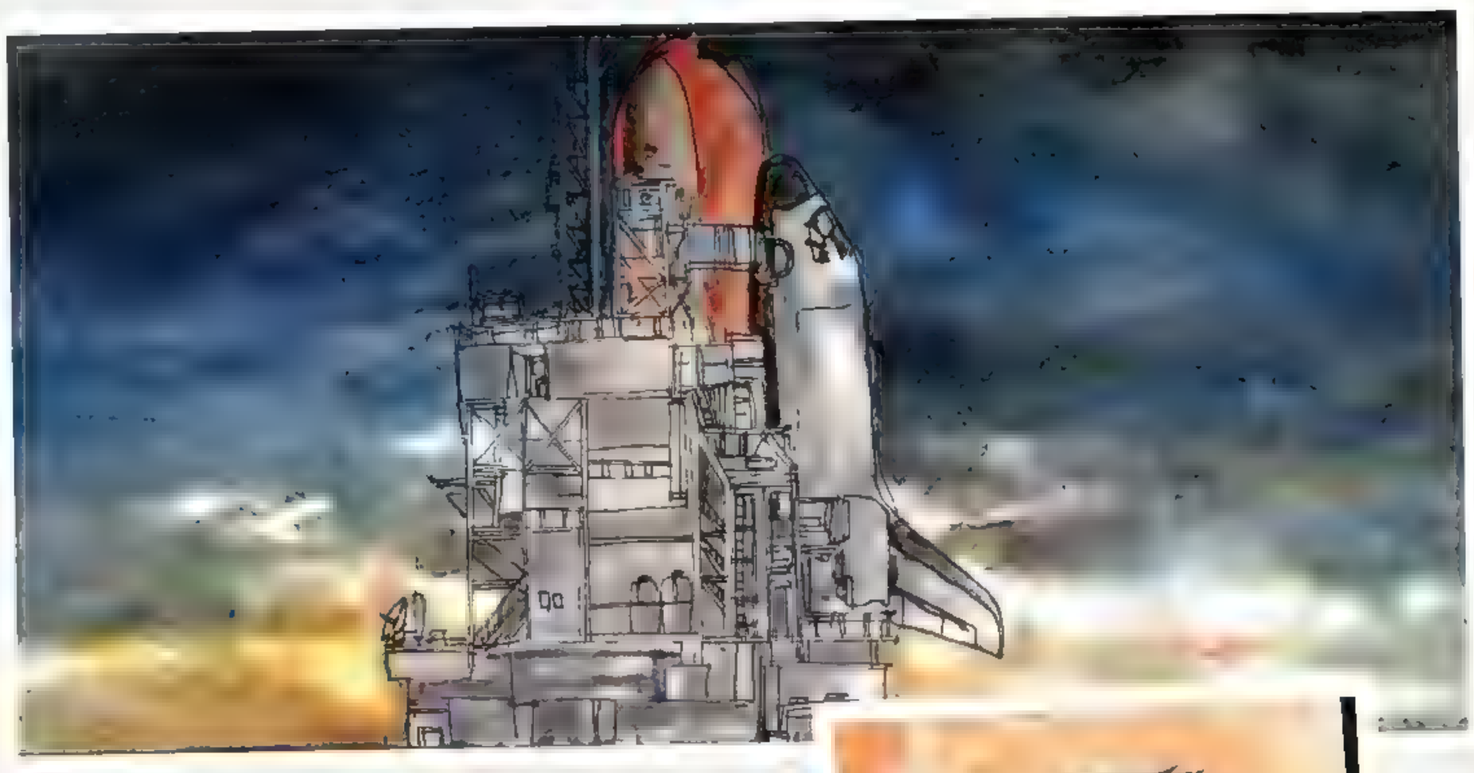
DATE: 1/15/07 FILE#: MR0618

SUBJECT

~~December~~ 7th, 2006 – January 11th, 2007

Special Agent Michael Henson

FILED BY



I was brought in after the initial incident had already taken place, but I was able to piece together what happened and will describe it here in as much detail as I have.

AASA was preparing for its first shuttle launch since the tragic accident two years prior. All eyes were on this mission, from the heads of the government to Joe Taxpayer. There hadn't been this much media coverage since the first shuttle launched during the Reagan administration. They weren't taking any chances; every i was being dotted and every t was being crossed. Even the flight crew was hand-picked to be the best of the best. The most junior member had at least one previous flight under their belt. The mission commander, James Cobb, was considered the best on the payroll. But Cobb was also good at dealing with the pressure of the media. He was half Neil Armstrong and half Bill Clinton.

It's tradition for the crew of a shuttle, and going all the way back to test pilots in the early fifties, to get together for a drink the night before a flight. The shuttle crews do this at the Astro Devil Lounge. They're good, though; they know their limit and when to stop so as not to put the mission in any kind of danger. They would share a drink or two and then head home. But that night was different. There was a very attractive young woman at the bar sipping on a red wine. She blew off advance after advance from other patrons, but once Cobb walked in, her interest was fully locked. After a while Cobb noticed her and approached. He was a happily married man, so his intent was only to tell her so. But somewhere in the conversation Cobb did something he never does… he got sick. He raced for the men's room and vomited. He never got sick even when he drank at home; to get sick off of two beers was impossible. He went back to the table and told the crew it was time to call it a night. They all left together and went their separate ways. Cobb didn't notice the attractive young woman following him.

AUTHORIZED

DATE 1/15/07 FILE#: MR0618

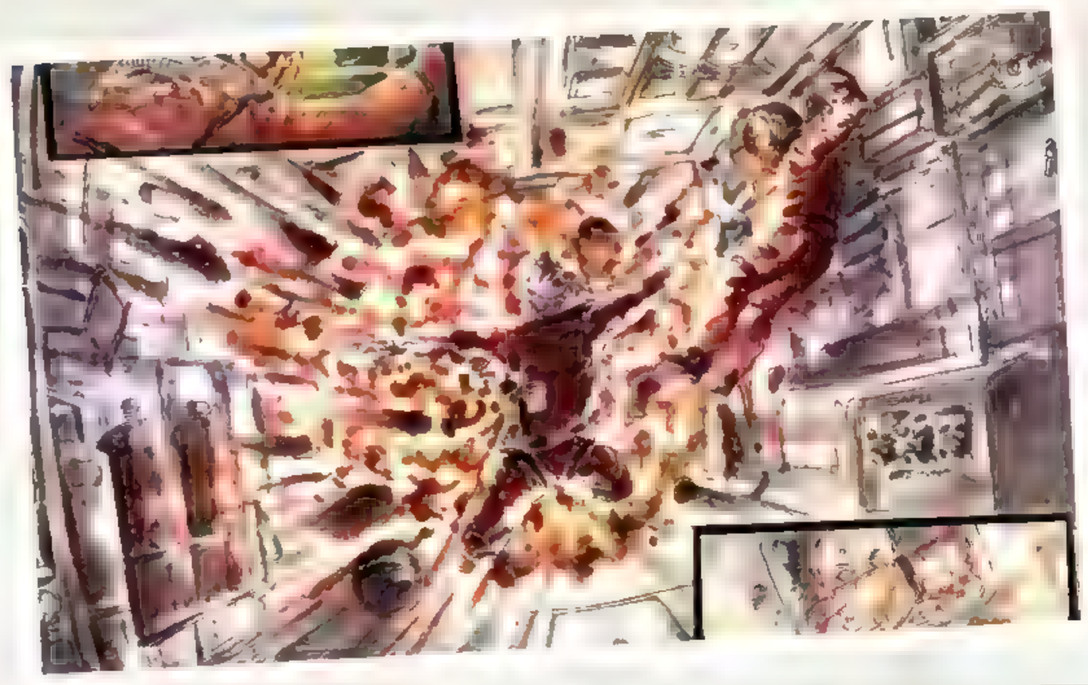
Space Shuttle Icarus Investigation — Special Agent Michael Henson

SUBJECT — FILED BY

~~December~~ 7th, 2006 – January 11th, 2007

The next morning, everything was go for launch and the crew was approaching the shuttle. All standard checks were being done, including the health monitors on the astronauts' suits. That's when the first signs of trouble were detected. Cobb's readings were all off. His blood pressure and pulse rate were both low. The med tech called for a launch delay to find out if Cobb was sick or had a faulty suit. Cobb spoke directly to Mission Control, claimed he was fit to fly and could change suits once in orbit. An approaching storm made the launch window extremely tight, and with the whole world watching, they decided to continue the countdown. The med tech continued to protest, seeing that Cobb now looked pale and appeared to be perspiring. Cobb explained it away as a mild hangover. Mission Control asked Cobb flat out if he was fit to fly and he said he was. The launch proceeded on schedule.

The Icarus left the Earth without an issue. The booster rockets separated as intended and the shuttle slipped nicely into its planned orbit. Mission Control was about to celebrate when someone noticed that health readings on the two pilots had gone dead, and Commander Cobb's pulse rate wasn't registering at all. When communication was attempted, all they heard back was a bloodcurdling scream; then the line went silent. We know now that Cobb killed the pilots first and then made his way through the shuttle, taking out the rest of the crew. He viciously ripped their throats open and drank on their blood. The remaining crew attempted to fight back using the only weapon at hand, an acetylene torch. But they weren't prepared for the speed at which Cobb could now move. Cobb forced one of the crew into another and the torch engulfed her in flames. In fear and pain she fled, running straight towards the oxygen tanks. Ten minutes after obtaining standard Earth orbit, the space shuttle Icarus exploded… leaving no crewmember alive.



AUTHORIZED

Space Shuttle Icarus Investigation

DATE: 1/15/07 FILE#: MR0618

SUBJECT

~~December~~ 7th, 2006 – January 11th, 2007

Special Agent Michael Henson

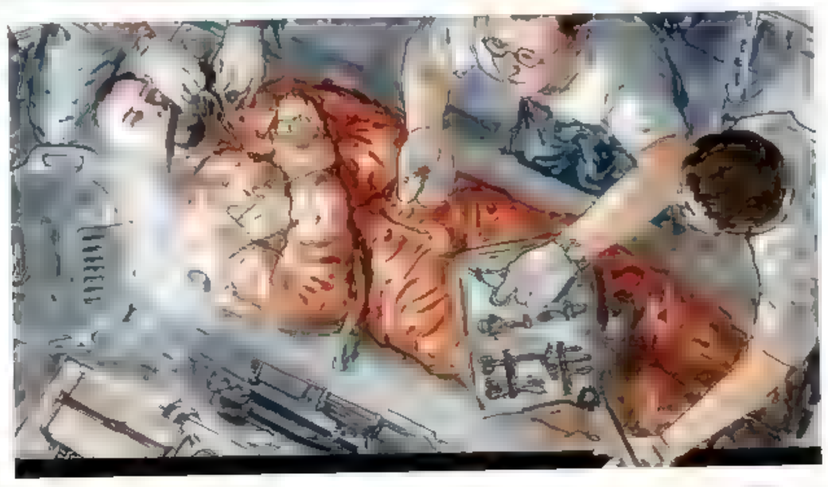
FILED BY

When AASA sent a request for an FBI presence in the meetings to discuss their next action, everyone in the Bureau knew it was just a political gesture. They probably did that with all the government agencies. But I wanted to be there. I pulled every string and cashed in every favor I could to get the assignment. There were discussions about Cobb having mental issues or having a psychotic break, but I knew the truth. I had been studying events like this for years, since the attack in Barrow in 2001. I wanted to be part of this because I hoped to find the evidence that kept slipping through my fingers. Commander James Cobb wasn't psychotic or any other brand of crazy; he had just become a vampire.

At the meeting, it was obvious that no one had an explanation of what happened. There were no mechanical malfunctions and nothing in Cobb's past that would have indicated a potential for psychotic breaks. They were being pressured for answers and grasping at straws. I took the opportunity to put forth my theory. That Cobb literally converted to being a vampire as the ship was leaving the atmosphere. I got the reaction I expected: no one took me seriously. But no one threw me out either. When you have no answers at all, even the most far-fetched ones remain plausible in the back corners of your mind. The only other suggestion was to launch another shuttle, the Armstrong, to investigate the debris and see if a cause for the explosion could be discovered; a cause other than a pilot going crazy or the undead in a spacesuit.

It took thirty-seven days to prep and launch the Armstrong. The shuttle was to be helmed by Commander Cory Locke. I spoke with Locke the day before the launch. He didn't give much credence to my vampire theory, but he had something very rare in this world… an open mind. He promised me that if I were right, he would find a way to bring back the proof. But it wasn't for me; Cobb and Locke were friends, good friends, and he needed to clear his friend's name. Becoming a vampire would make Cobb a victim of all this, not a psycho who chopped up his friends.

The Armstrong also reached orbit without incident. They maneuvered to the debris of the Icarus and locked in on the flight recorder's homing signal. An astronaut was dispatched to retrieve it and found so much more. Just past the black box, tucked inside a large piece of the ship's nose, was the completely intact corpse of Commander James Cobb. The body was retrieved and AASA ordered the Armstrong to change course and dock with the Orbiter Space Station. They were concerned about bringing the body back to Earth. They wanted an autopsy and the study of the flight recorder tapes to be done in space. Dr. Walton was on board the shuttle in hopes of finding some small pieces of human remains to study… a fully intact corpse was inconceivable. Moving the autopsy to the Orbiter would give him a much more secure work area to do his job.



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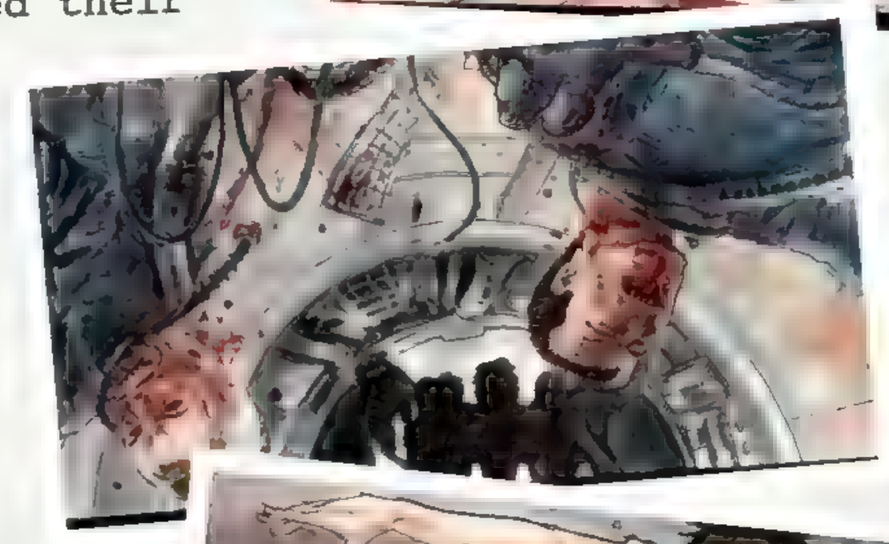
DATE 1/15/07 FILE#: MR0618

Space Shuttle Icarus Investigation — Special Agent Michael Henson

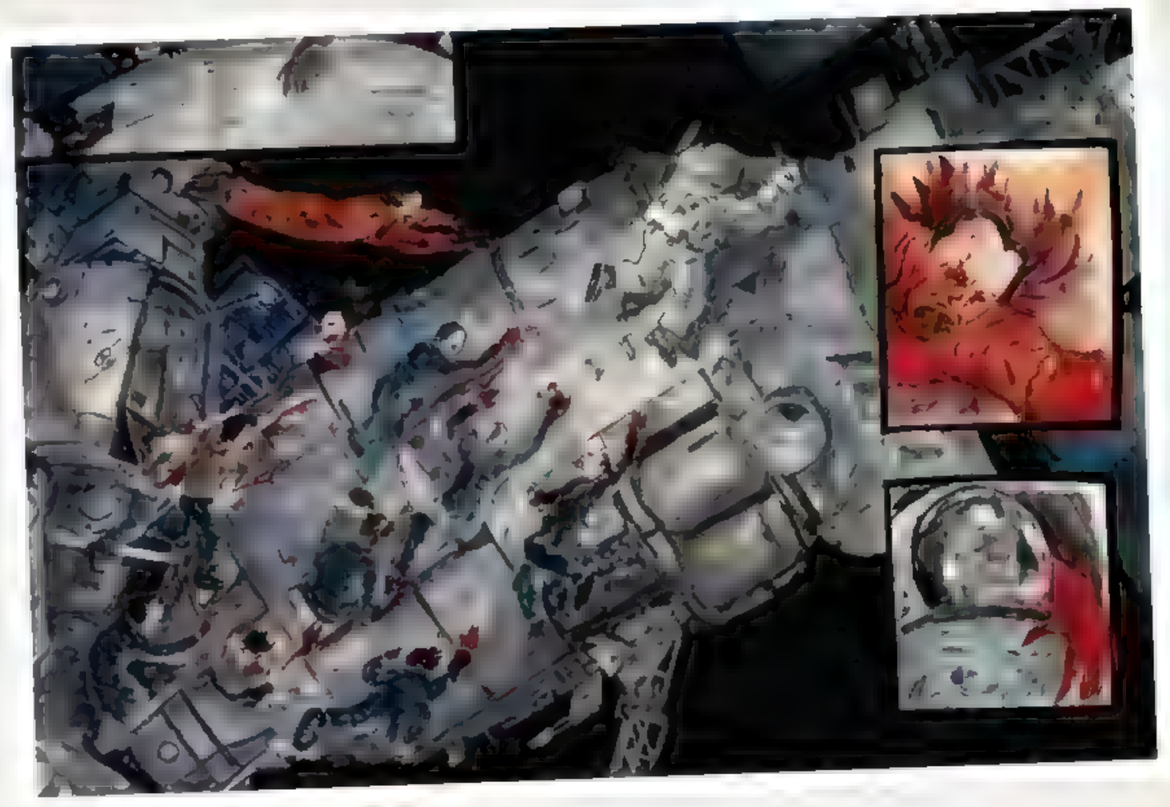
SUBJECT — FILED BY

~~December~~ 7th, 2006 – January 11th, 2007

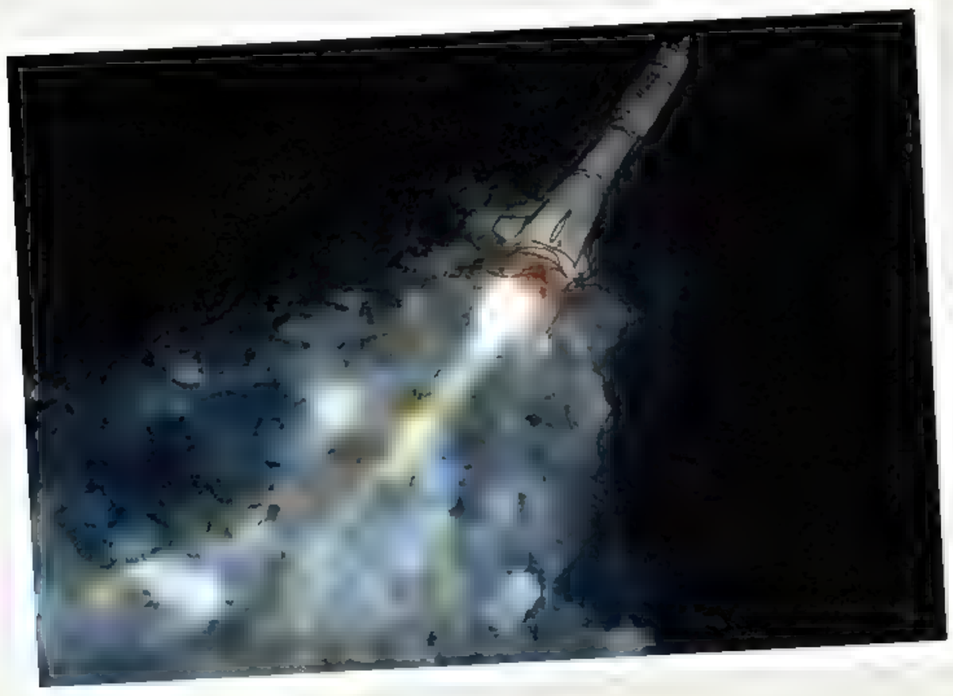


Once on board the Orbiter, Locke went to study the tapes while Walton began his autopsy. They both discovered the truth at about the same time. Locke watched as his friend gutted his crew, ripped their throats out and feasted on their blood. Walton began cutting into an undead body that rose again to stop him. Cobb didn't kill this time, though: he got smart, he turned the crew he found in the lab with him and used them to help him take over the space station. Within a very short time Cobb knocked out communications, locked out the computer systems and blocked access to the Armstrong. He was in complete control of the Orbiter with only Commander Locke and a handful of crewmembers left to stand in his way.

A dozen humans against one vampire is bad odds for the humans, but Cobb converted as he went. For everyone Locke lost, Cobb gained. A three-man team was sent to tap into the relay bypass and patch into the direct feed going to AASA. They never made it. The remaining crewmembers knew that they were dead. No help could ever hope to get there in time. The best they could do was to get a message to AASA in hopes of preventing anyone else from dying. They would make a run for the airlock. If one of them could get to a spacesuit and outside to the communication tower, they could send a message directly from a com-port. Six became two, then one as Cobb's vampires ravaged through them one by one until only Locke was left. He reached the airlock and got outside; he even reached the com-port. But vampires don't need spacesuits. They swarmed him before he could even hook up a wire.



Cobb and his vampires then restored communications. He contacted AASA with a story about a space virus that caused some of the crew to go crazy. It was bad enough that his story had more holes than a Tarantino film; but the moment he restored communications, AASA was able to access the archived footage from the Orbiter and saw Cobb's bloody rampage. Once informed, the President approved the launch of a top-secret missile: one designed to take out satellites. The Orbiter and all living and undead aboard were destroyed… to the best of our knowledge.



It is my hope that, with the evidence from the Orbiter surveillance, the Bureau now accepts the existence of vampires and will assign appropriate manpower to confront this severe threat to humanity. This time the evidence can't just be swept away.

AUTHOR ZED

Dead Space

Dear Ms. Adams,

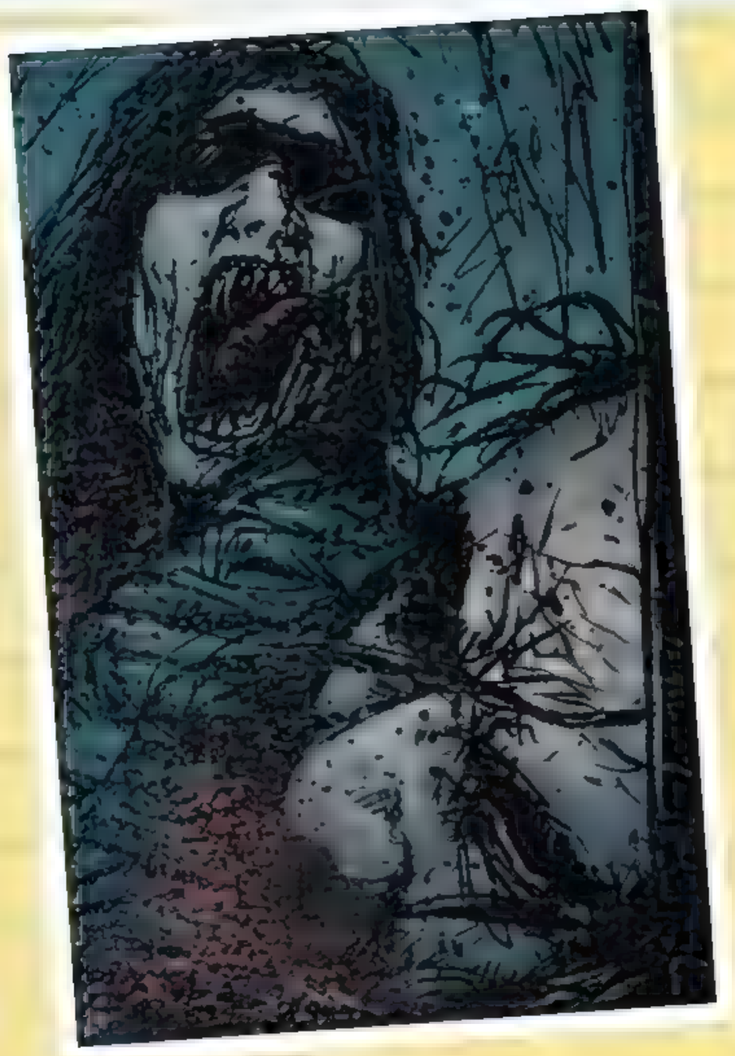
You don't know me, and most likely you're not gonna want to. My name is John Ikos and I'm a trapper from up in Barrow, Alaska. You might have heard of Barrow; it got kind of famous because of the massacre, or the vampires, depending on who you believe. But I'm not writing to you about Barrow, I'm writing about a trip I made recently to Los Angeles and a young boy I met there named Billy.

I'm not gonna dance around it, Maggie, Billy is dead.

I'll write down everything I know. You can choose what to read and what to skip.

I came to LA cause I was having nightmares. I had done something bad, something really stupid, and I needed to make up for it. After the second major attack on Barrow, I found the corpse of a vampire in the woods. I figured I'd take it back to my shack and try to learn more about it. Well, the damn thing wasn't really dead. It was in some kind of hibernation state, repairing its body. I basically saved the damn thing. Turns out it used to be an FBI agent named Norris. He turned the tables on me, got my gun and just walked away as nice as you please. Anyone that Norris has killed since that day... well, their deaths are on my shoulders. I went to LA to try and track down the blond-headed bloodsucker, but I found a whole lot more.

I didn't exactly keep quiet when I got there either. I tracked down a feeding den and shot the place up. Leaving one alive to give a message to the others that I was looking for Norris and I'd kill any palehead that got in my way. Wise move? No. But very effective. I got a response almost immediately, but not what I was expecting. The Night Crew arrived, led by Santana Lutz. This is a group that believes vampires are the superior race and all humans should be treated like livestock. Well, as I was human they didn't exactly hold me in high regard.

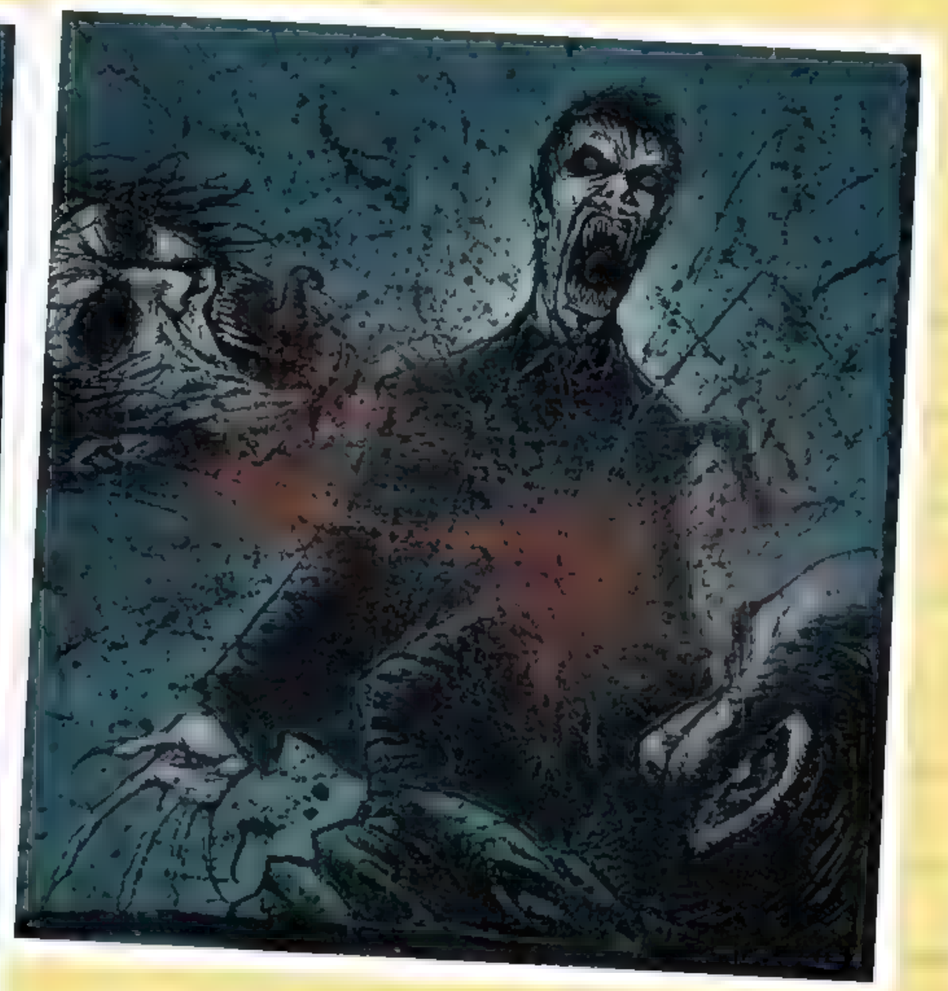


So I told them to help me find Norris or I'd kill them all. Then they proceeded to beat the piss out of me. I think I intrigued Santana just enough, though that he stopped short of killing me. He wanted to know more about Norris and told me he would look into it and get back to me. Then they left and I carried my bloody and bruised body to where I was staying.

I rented an empty warehouse on the docks. I don't like people much, figured I'd be left alone there. I was wrong. Didn't even have enough time to finish warming up my beans before I heard a noise. When I went to investigate, I found Billy in the back corner looking like death sucking on a lollipop.

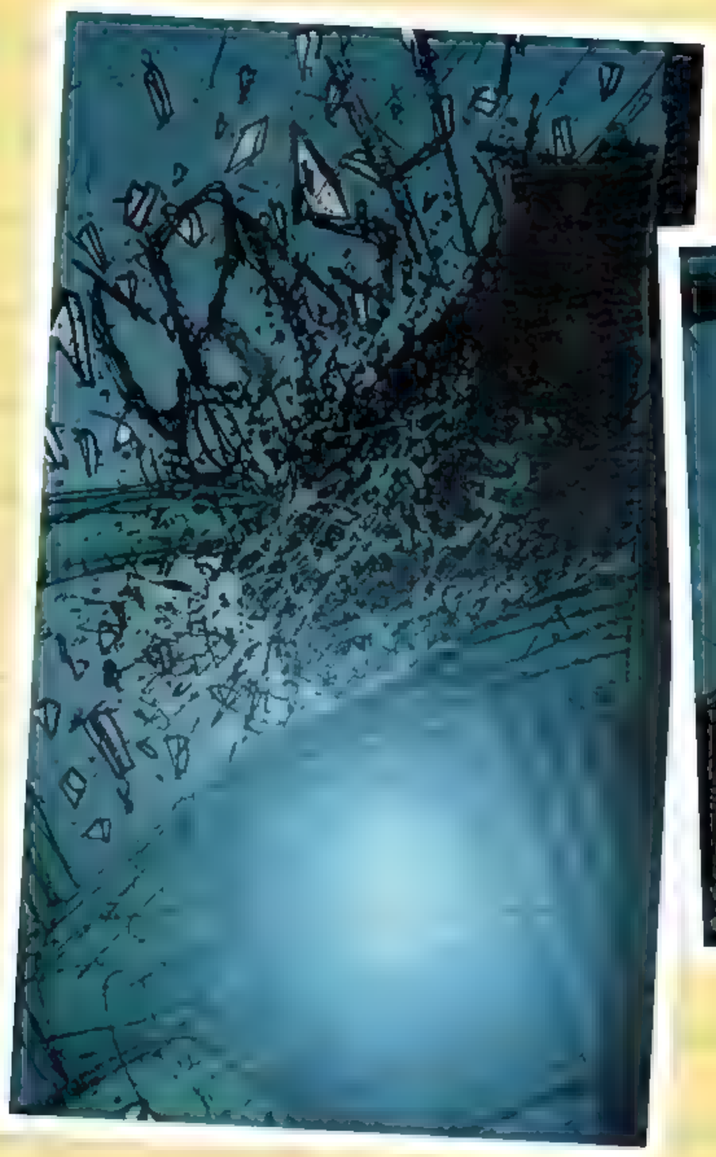
He had been cut up from naval to neck and was white as a sheet. He told me Dr. Saxon did it to him. Hard to believe a doctor would hurt someone like that. I patched him up the best I could. Was surprised he was even breathing, so as he got better over the next twenty-four hours I should have taken note. It was in that time he told me about you. He really loved you. Or at least he did once. I finally figured out the truth when I noticed his liver sitting in the bucket on the floor. I had done it again: I had saved another vampire. But Billy struck me as different. He could have hacked me up at any time and didn't. I started to think there was something different about him.

Before I could even get the kid something to feed on, the Night Crew attacked. Seems they considered Norris one of them... that meant I needed to die. We made it to the alley before we were swarmed. Probably would have died right there if it weren't for another bloodsucker. A guy named Dane. Turns out Dane was a good guy, or at least as good as



a vampire could be. He had some kind of tie to Stella Olemaun, but it wasn't my place to ask what that was. He made short work of the bloodsuckers Santana sent after me. He even let Billy feed off of his own blood. I thought maybe things were looking up, but I was wrong.

Billy wanted to prove himself to Dane and me. So he did what a youngster would: he went after Santana himself. When we found him later at the warehouse... well, I won't say how we found him, but I will tell you that he won't be coming back this time. I wanted Santana's head and Dane was going to help me get it. We stopped by his place to get weapons. He had quite the collection; I was very impressed. Before we could head out, though, the Night Crew found us. We separated in different vehicles but kept in contact by radio. I had a couple to deal with on my own. Dane got Santana himself. It didn't take me too long to take out my group, though the poor jeep will never be the same.



I then raced to where Dane and I had planned to meet, hoping Dane could get Santana there.

I reached the building and headed for the roof. When I got there, I could see through my scope that Dane and Santana were fighting on the water tower across the way. Exactly as we had planned. Dane goaded Santana to make him attack, then he shifted his weight, taking both of them off the tower and onto an antenna spire. Both impaled on the metal bar. I lined up my shot and took Santana's head off.

I helped Dane off the spire and he started healing quickly. From there we went our separate ways. I headed back up to Barrow, figured I'd get Norris some other time. I knew I needed to write you. I hope this helps in some way. Billy may have been a vampire, but deep down he was a good kid.

Good luck,

John Ikos

SUBJECT: Reverend Gant • January 20th, 2007 – ~~February 4th, 2007~~

DATE: 2/10/07 FILE#: STD258

FILED BY: Special Agent Michael Henson

This report is not based on an official investigation. I was on personal leave at the time because I was being exiled… sorry, transferred to Alabama. My superiors have told me that I was acting with authorization by someone very high up the food chain, but no one will tell me who. I type this report knowing full well it's going to end up in a locked file cabinet somewhere that no one can see it, just like the Icarus incident.

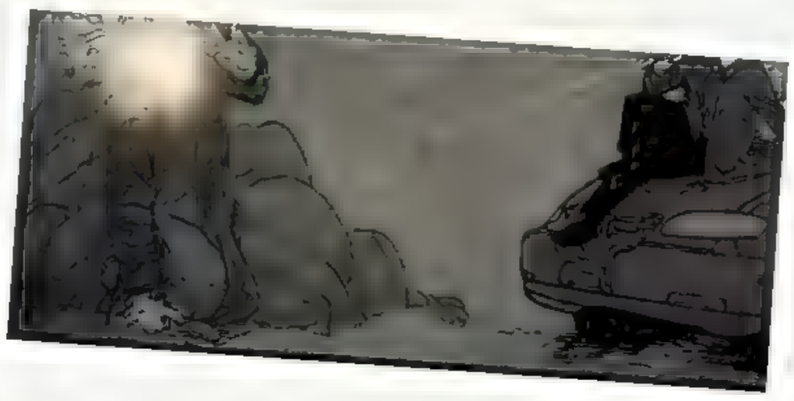
I was frustrated that my report on the shuttle accident was being ignored, so I did an end around and tried to send it directly to the President. For my troubles, I was transferred to our office in Mobile, Alabama. As I was loading my stuff into my SUV, I received a call from someone who refused to identify themselves as anything but a "friend." He knew about my report and my exile and seemed to believe that putting a vampire in space was not a random act. He suggested that whoever infected Cobb did so with a purpose. And that I should go to Florida and follow the fangs; find the one who bit him. It didn't take much to push my buttons on this one. I wanted answers.

I found the bar where the astronauts got together the night before a mission. The only thing odd the bartender remembered from that night was Cobb getting sick off of two beers. He told me how Cobb met a woman at the bar and then suddenly had to run to the men's room. I asked him about the woman. He did one better: he was able to print a photo for me from the security cameras. He also remembered seeing a hospital ID badge in her purse. It was the first solid lead I had.

As I made my way to the parking lot, I heard someone following me, but when I turned to look there was no one there. I turned back, though, and found a very large man… or rather vampire… standing inches from me. I drew my weapon, which he knocked away before I could blink. It skidded across the parking lot and under a car. I tried to retrieve it, but he was on me too quickly. He tossed me across the parking lot like a scrap of paper. I slammed into the windshield of a car so hard it shattered; my back almost did the same. He retrieved my gun. He was going to shoot me with it, make it look like a human-on-human crime. The only thing I could think of doing was a long shot. I pulled out an ultra-violet pen-light my sister gave me. I shined it on the vamp and it created a small light no bigger than a dime on his forehead. I held the light there as long as I could. It started burning through the vampire's flesh before he realized what it was. Seconds later the light shot through the back of his skull, having ripped through his brain. The vamp burst into flames and died at my feet.

I grabbed my gun off the ground and was about to look for a fire extinguisher when this weasely guy from the bar ran at me with a baseball bat. Wasn't sure if he was a vamp or not, but I wasn't taking any chances. I shot him. I think he was a bug-eater. I dealt with local authorities for the next few hours. It helped that the vamp turned to ash; I told them the bug-eater was trying to car-jack me. Turns out he had killed the bartender with the same bat, so they bought the story. I started checking local hospitals for the woman in the photo from the bar.

About three hospitals in I found a desk nurse that recognized the woman as Dinah King. And my luck was holding out: she was on duty.



AUTHOR ZED

DATE 2/10/07 FILE#: STD258

Reverend Gant • January 20th, 2007 – February 4th, 2007

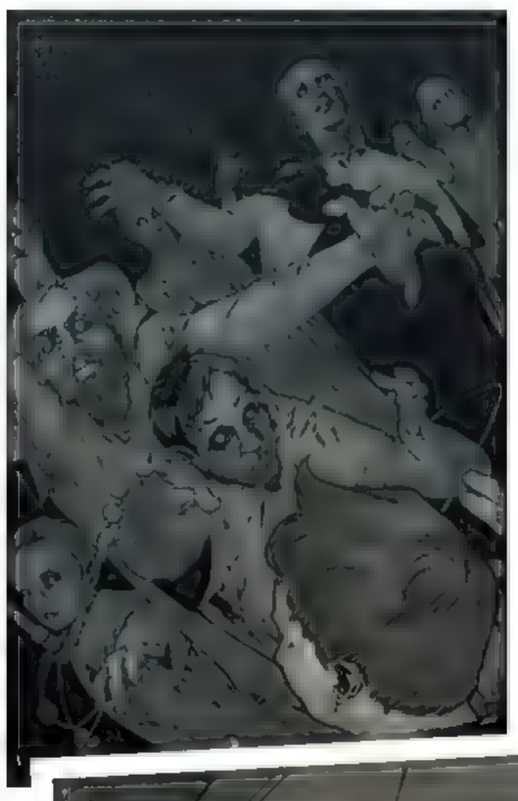
SUBJECT

Special Agent Michael Henson

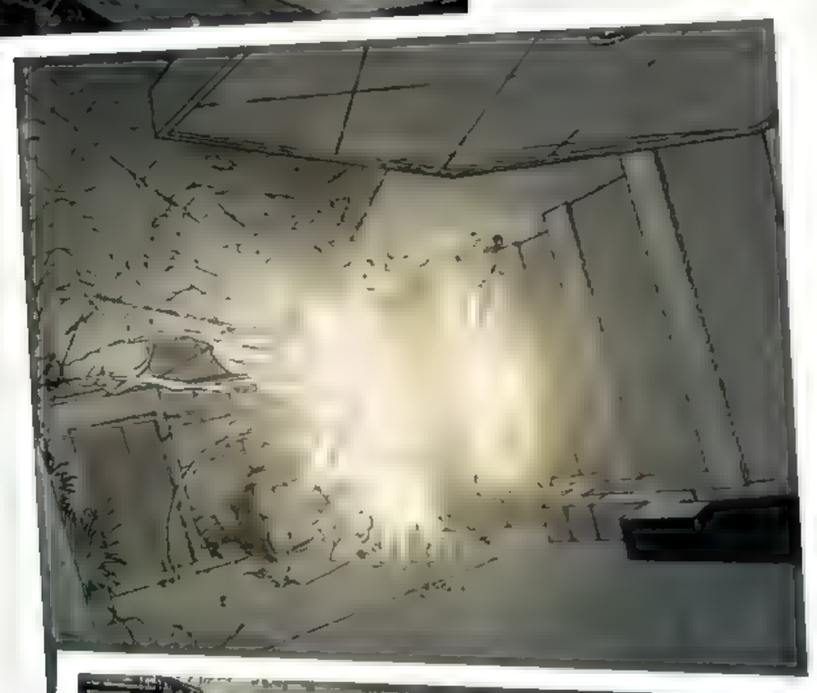
FILED BY

King was working the coma ward. Nurse Drayton escorted me there in time to see King inject a syringe of something into one of the patients. I drew my weapon and told her to step away from the patient. King played innocent for just a second, but realized I was starting to figure things out and she went all vampy. Tried to brain me with a metal cart, then eviscerated Nurse Drayton with her claws. Shooting at her was a waste of time, and of course she knocked my gun away after a second. I grabbed the only solid thing around me, a bedpan, and held it up like a shield. Little did I know that what she had injected into the coma patients would actually turn them into vampires… mindless, blood-crazed vampires that would attack anything, including King. She killed the ones that attacked her, but left the other to finish me off as she made her escape.

I went after the first one with the bedpan. Just kept hitting it until it fell to the ground, then banged the bedpan against its throat until I mashed all the way through. When I got to my feet, I discovered the others were gone and the hallway was clear. I heard a scream from around the corner and raced after it. My gun was empty. I found them following a nurse with a cart full of blood bags. I had her push it through to me, then led the mindless vamps down the hall like the Pied Piper. I ran them into a hyperbaric chamber and got the tech to crank the oxygen all the way up. I lit a trashcan on fire just outside the chamber and then ran like hell. When the vamps busted their way out, the oxygen hit the fire and exploded, taking out the vampires… and most of that floor.



From there I went to King's apartment, where I had the landlord let me in. There were bodies piled floor to ceiling. She had been feeding on them for quiet a while. How no one noticed the smell is beyond me. As I searched the apartment, my mysterious friend called to let me know he was covering up the hospital explosion as a disgruntled employee. I was angry, but he claimed he still needed evidence and there was none at the hospital because of the explosion. While I was at the apartment I discovered a flyer for a religious tent revival that had taken place a few weeks back. I also discovered that Dinah King's mother had died just before and her family hadn't seen Dinah since the funeral. I wondered if she went to the revival to find answers in religion.



Meanwhile, King and some other vamps went down to Morgan City, Louisiana, to conduct a little experiment. They locked an entire wedding reception in a room, then filled it with infected locusts. Then they stood outside the window and watched as the locusts tore the people apart. There were no survivors.

AUTHORIZED

Spreading the Disease

DATE: 2/10/07 FILE#: STD258

SUBJECT: Reverend Gant • January 20th, 2007 — ~~February 4th, 2007~~

FILED BY: Special Agent Michael Henson

I headed down to Hattiesburg, Mississippi and caught up with the New Children of God. I watched as Reverend Gant spoke about the grace of God and selected a sick child from the crowd. He then cut his own palm and let the blood run into a cup. He handed the cup to the boy and told him to drink. I watched in utter horror as the wheelchairbound boy transformed into a vampire. As I sat there in utter amazement, Gant then called me out by name and asked me to the stage. He told the audience and me about how he became a vampire. How he was driving a semi through Alaska and picked up a hitchhiker who wanted to go to Barrow. When he told the man that you can't drive to Barrow, he attacked him, ripping at his throat. Gant fought back, shot the vampire with the gun he kept at his side. But it was too late for Gant, he turned. But Gant saw it differently. He saw it as part of God's grand plan. That Jesus rose from the grave, as do vampires. That communion was God's way of telling us that being a vampire is the next step to get to heaven. He then offered me a drink of his blood, a chance to join the New Children of God. When I declined, he politely asked me to leave and had two very large vampires escort me out.

We got as far as my SUV before they showed their true colors. I didn't even get my weapon full out of my holster before they knocked it away. I would be dead if my mysterious friend hadn't decided to send backup in the form of two Navy SEALs. Gabe Johnson and Rafael Montoya showed up with two very large guns and removed the vampires' heads as nice as you please. I wanted to go back in and take Gant there and then, but Johnson refused. His orders were to get me away safely. When we returned at sunrise the next morning, Gant was gone; the tents were gone… only piles of corpses remained. Whatever Gant was doing, the need for secrecy was over.

Dinah King made a stop in Lafayette to throw a little party. A rave, to be exact, in an empty warehouse with no one around. They bused in young men and women to dance the night away, then plied them with drinks and watched as they left in the morning. As the sun rose, the partiers learned that their drinks had been tainted. They began to transform into vampires and then burn up in the morning light. There is no way to tell how many died or even who most of them were. The majority of them were using fake IDs. The missing persons department of Lafayette is going to be working a lot of overtime.

We stopped in Lafayette and that's where the trail went cold for a few days. I was about to pack it in when I got a call at almost 4 AM telling me to turn on the news. Something had happened in Tyler, Texas and my mysterious friend figured it was Gant and King. We headed there at once and found the local authorities having a hard time finding enough body bags. In a crowded

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sports bar, a couple of the patrons went nuts at the same time and ripped everyone else apart and feasted on their blood. Four people that didn't know each other snapped at the same time. The only thing they had in common was they drank the same beer. I had the beer tested at their local lab and sure enough there were strands of an unknown virus attached to the active yeast culture. The virus was extremely sensitive to UV light. Gant had discovered a way to transfer the vampire cells in alcohol and he was doing it from a local microbrewery in Tyler.

Johnson, Montoya, a local detective named Hilliard and myself went to investigate the microbrewery. What we found there were vampires and one Dinah King. Johnson and Montoya took out most of the vampires. Hilliard was killed in the process. I confronted King, trying to get an idea of what Gant was up to. She only said it was huge and we were too late. She grabbed me, about to take my life, when Montoya raced into the room and tackled us out through the covered window and into the bright daytime sun. King burned up before she hit the pavement. Johnson discovered an invoice in the files that gave us the final piece to the puzzle: an order to supply a large amount of kegs to the football stadium in Arlington. That day they were playing the pro football championship game. Seventy thousand people in the stadium and millions viewing at home. Gant had found himself the largest audience possible to spread his word.

We raced for the stadium, but traffic was so bad we abandoned the SUV and took off on foot. The game had already started and the announcers couldn't figure out why the roof of the stadium was closed on such a beautiful day. I knew, and our plan was for Montoya and me to get the roof of the stadium open at any cost. Johnson mentioned a backup plan and ran off with a large duffle bag on his shoulder. We reached the stadium and the head of security escorted us inside and towards the control booth. We told him to chain all the exits so no one could leave. We had to kill a couple vampires on the way, but the only thing we found in the booth was bloody corpses. We got there in time to see that Gant had taken over the half-time show. He was preaching his gospel while half the audience were becoming vampires and the other half were becoming lunch.

AUTHORIZED

Spreading the Disease

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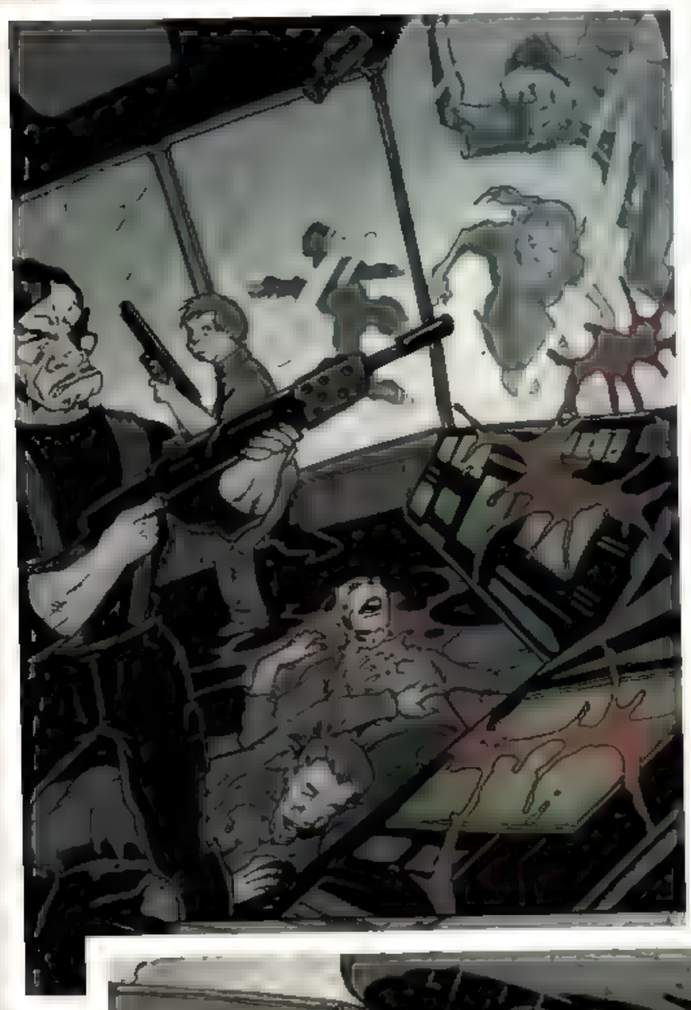
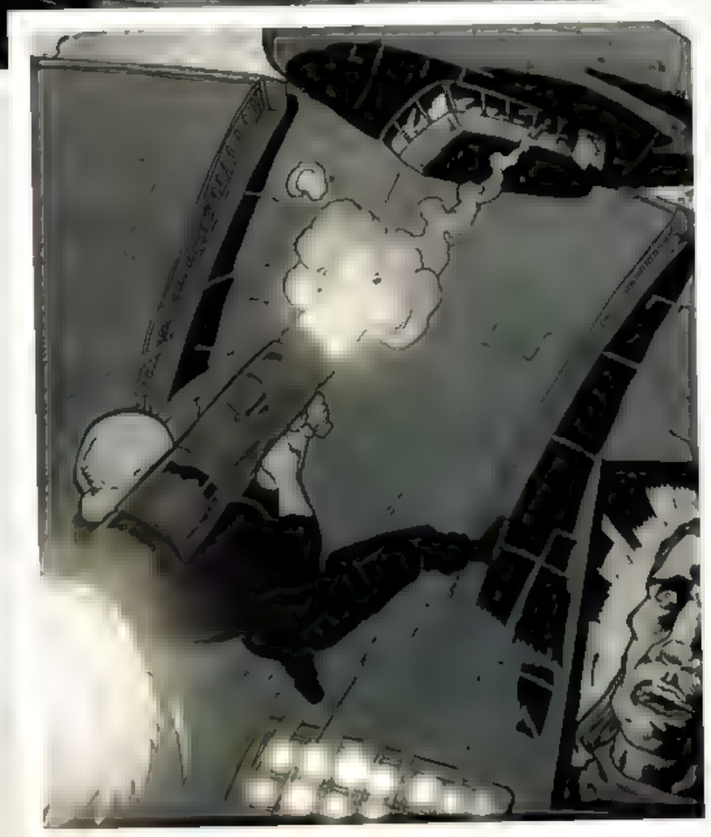
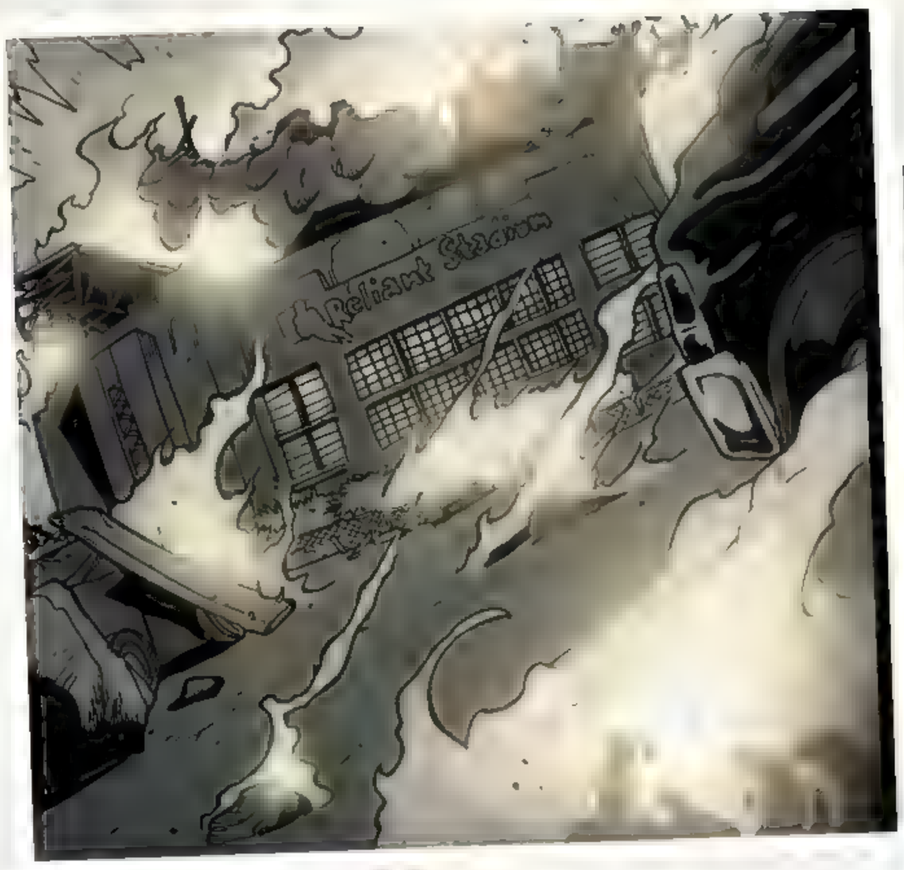


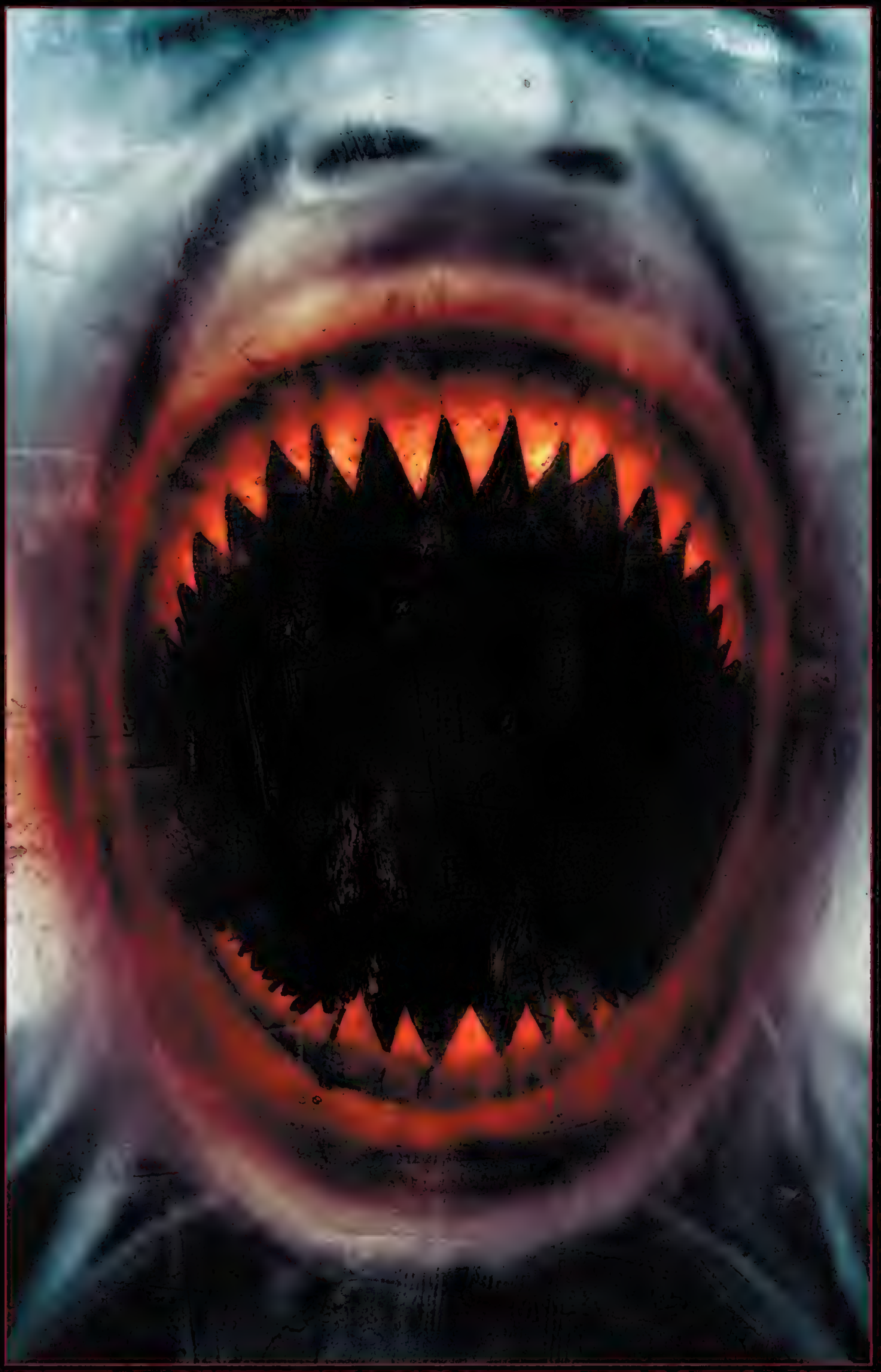


I couldn't let Gant win. I left Montoya in the control booth to get the roof open while I raced back out of the stadium to take out the television feeds. The roof takes approximately ten minutes to open completely. It would take two seconds for the vampires to realize it was being opened. Montoya hit the button and started shooting anything that came near him. He radioed Johnson for that backup plan. Johnson was on his way, flying a blimp. I raced across the parking lot in the security truck and didn't even hit the brakes. The truck wailed into the satellite dish at seventy-five miles an hour. I dove out of the truck a second before. I caught a glimpse of Johnson's backup plan as the blimp lowered itself into the stadium. He then pulled out a bazooka from the duffle bag and leapt out of the gondola. As he fell backwards towards the ground, he fired the bazooka at the blimp. The explosion ripped through the stadium, killing everyone inside.

As I walked through the debris, my mysterious friend called once more. He told me that the feed had been cut off before anyone could make sense of what was going on. They would be able to make Gant out to be another David Koresh or Jim Jones. They were going to cover up the whole vampire involvement again. He used me, knew I would stay on the case until I had answers and figured it would be easier to cover it up if he knew what was coming. He claimed that if the truth were known, no one would be able to sleep at night. That the world is happier being ignorant of what lies in the shadows. Maybe he's right. I don't know anymore. All I know is that seventy thousand people are dead and their families deserve to know the truth.

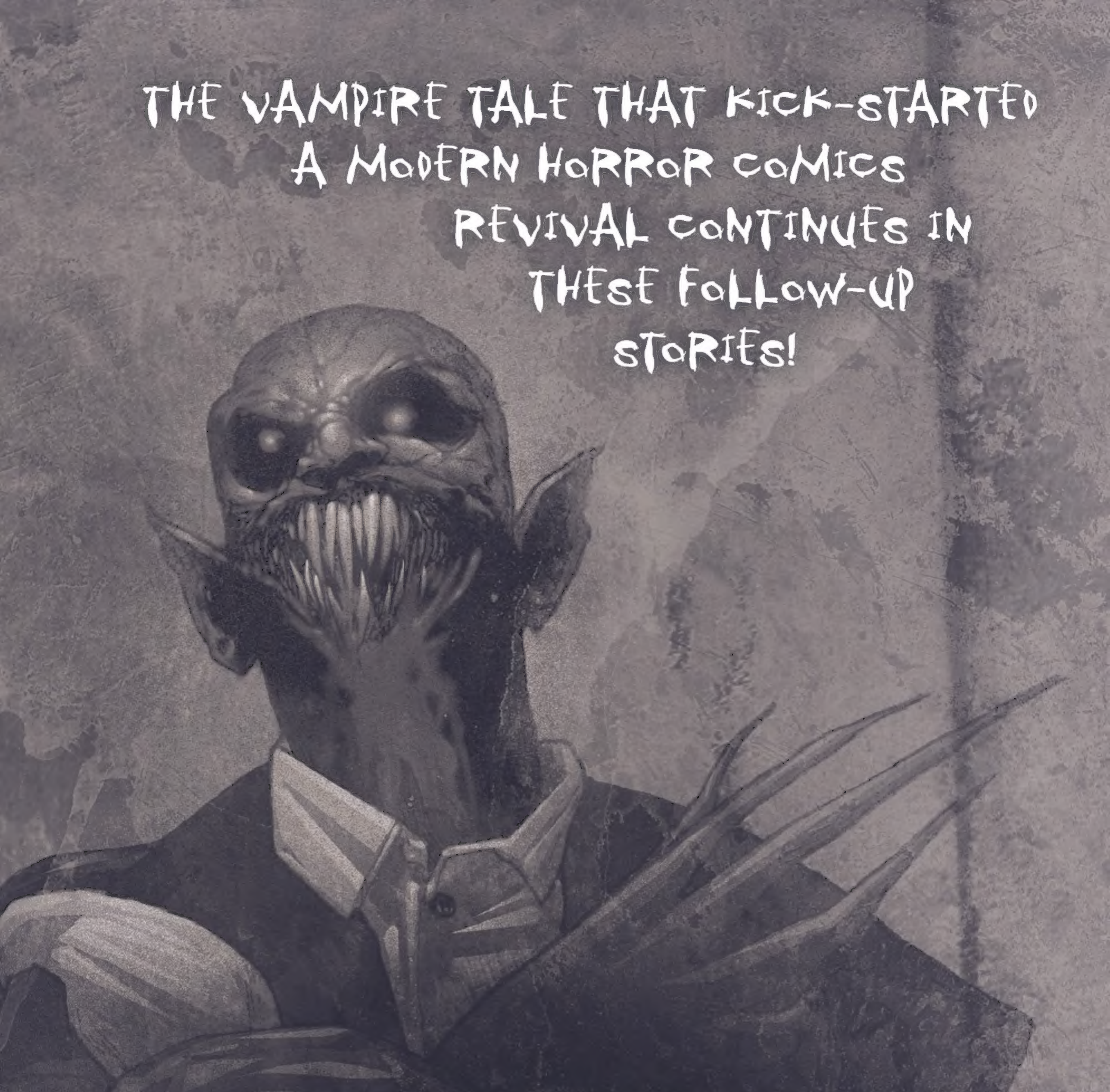


AUTHOR ZED



ART BY BEN TEMPLESMITH

THE VAMPIRE TALE THAT KICK-STARTED A MODERN HORROR COMICS REVIVAL CONTINUES IN THESE FOLLOW-UP STORIES!

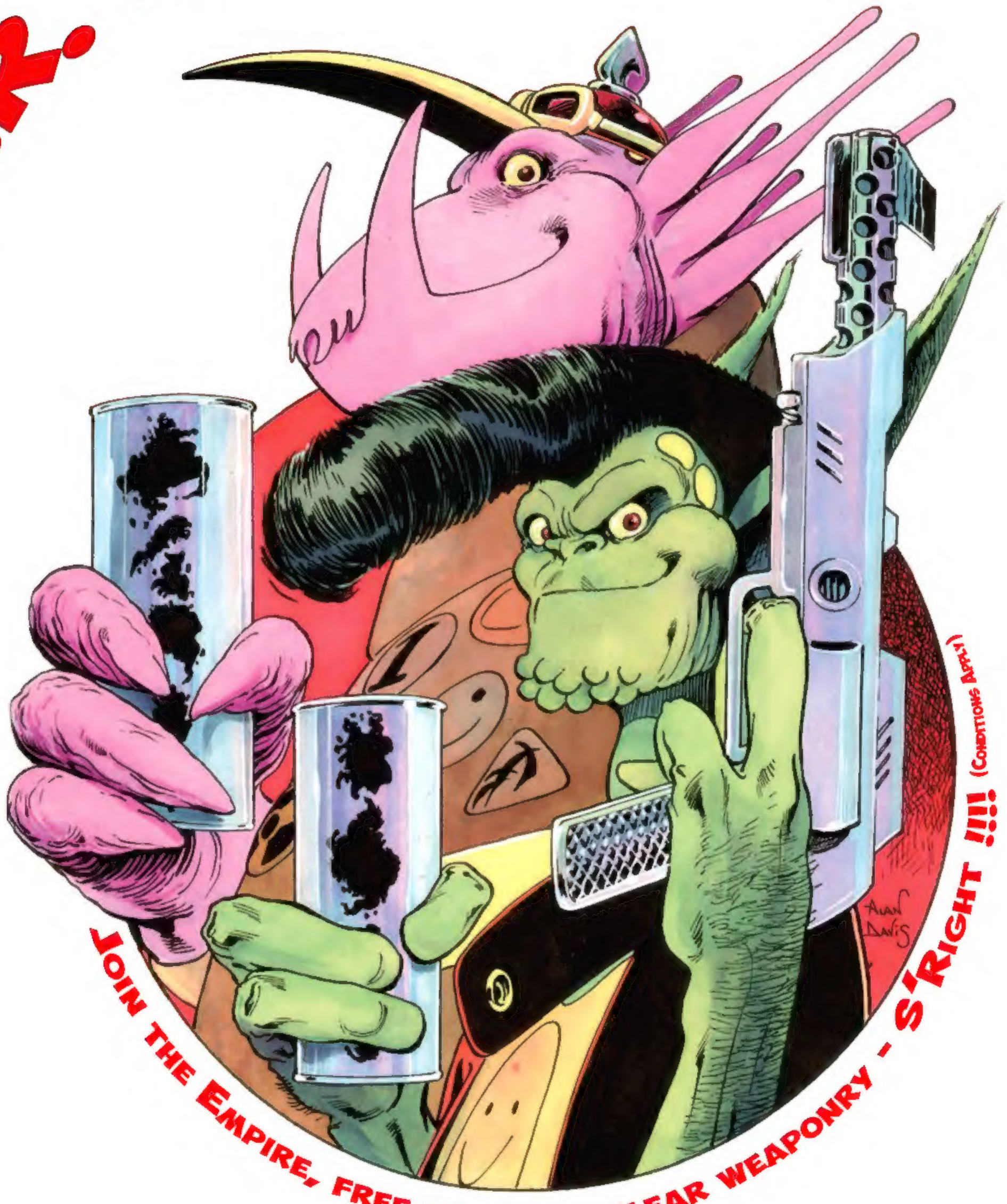


A TOWN PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, A GROUP OF VAMPIRES HUNGRY FOR BLOOD, AND ONLY A HUSBAND-AND-WIFE SHERIFF TEAM TO STOP THEM. THIS PREMISE SET THE STAGE FOR AN ICONIC HORROR FRANCHISE THAT WENT ON TO BECOME A FEATURE-LENGTH FILM FROM SONY PICTURES IN 2007. NOW, THE STORY STRETCHES FAR BEYOND BARROW TO THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST AND INTO SPACE!

CO-CREATORS **STEVE NILES** AND **BEN TEMPLESMITH** ARE JOINED BY WRITERS **MATT FRACTION** AND **DAN WICKLINE** WITH ARTISTS **KODY CHAMBERLAIN**, **NAT JONES**, **MILX**, **ALEX SANCHEZ**, AND **TONY SANDOVAL** TO CONTINUE THE VAMPYRIC SAGA. VOLUME 2 COLLECTS "DEAD BILLY DEAD" AND "JUAREZ" FROM *BLOODSUCKER TALES*, "PICKING UP THE PIECES" FROM *THREE TALES*, "THE JOURNAL OF JOHN IKOS" FROM THE *2005 ANNUAL*, *DEAD SPACE*, AND *SPREADING THE DISEASE*, PLUS A NUMBER OF EXTRAS THAT GO BEHIND THE SCENES OF THIS INNOVATIVE HORROR SERIES!

IDW

D.R. & QUINCH



JOIN THE EMPIRE, FREE THERMONUCLEAR WEAPONRY - S'RIGHT !!!! (CONDITIONS APPLY)

K6 NW